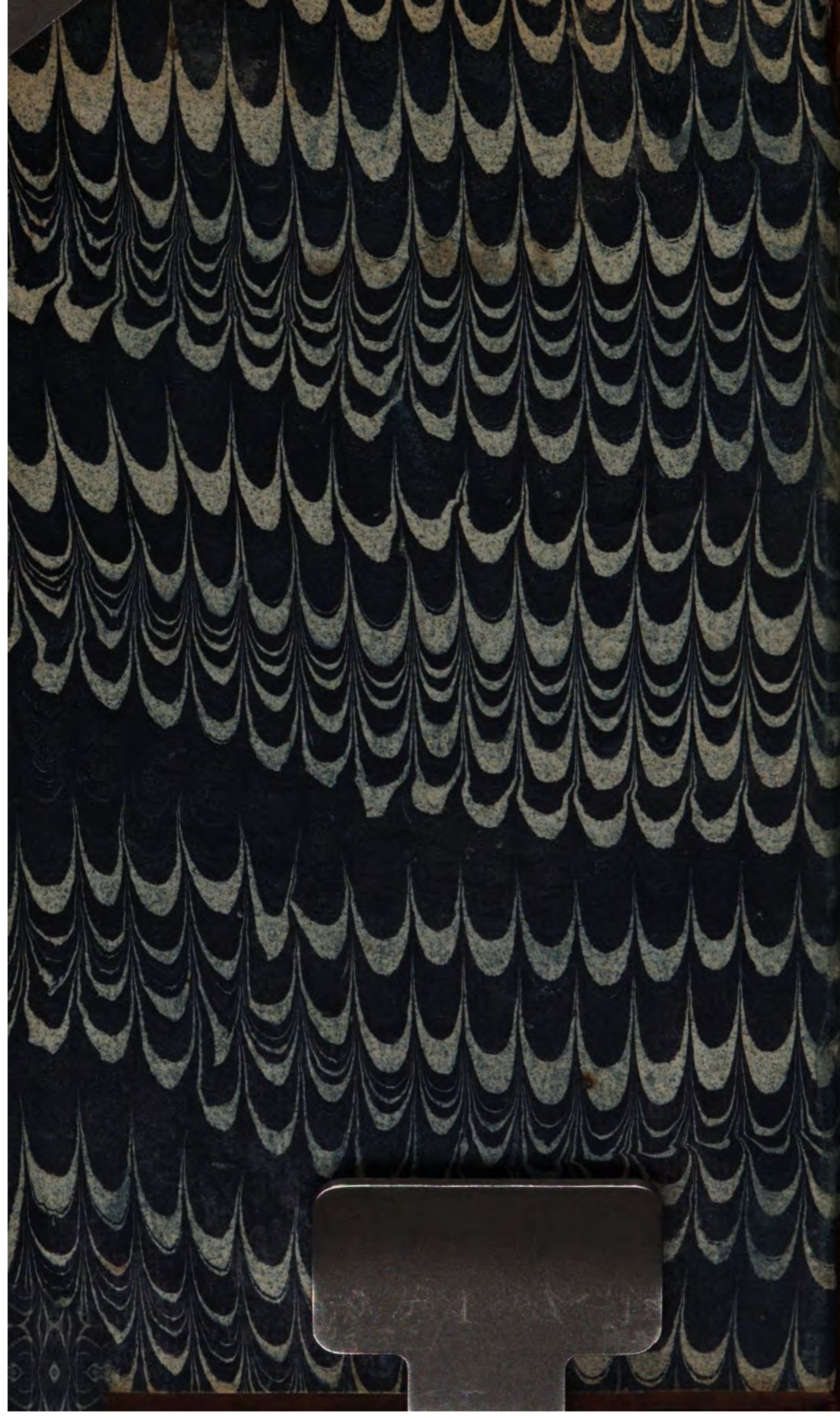
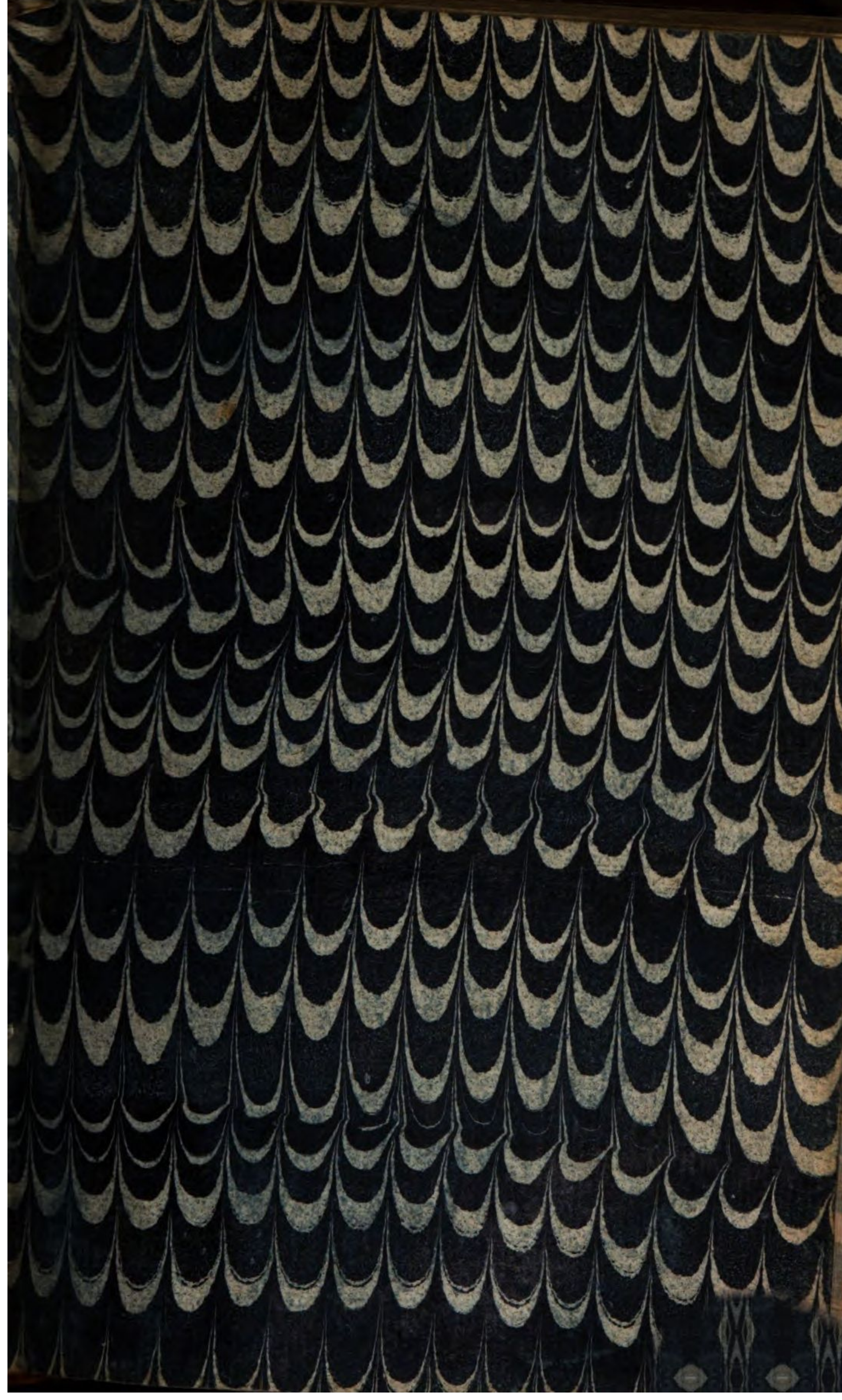






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M D C C X L I I



OVID's METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK II.

THere are few books that have had worse commentators on them than Ovid's Metamorphosis. Those of the graver sort have been wholly taken up in the Mythologies, and think they have appeared very judicious, if they have shewn us out of an old Author that Ovid is mistaken in a pedigree, or has turned such a person into a Wolf that ought to have been made a Tiger. Others have employed themselves on what never entered into the Poet's thoughts, in adapting a dull moral to every story, and making the persons of his poems to be only nick-names for such Virtues or Vices; particularly the pious Commentator, Alexander Ross, has dived deeper into our Author's design than any of the rest; for he discovers in him the greatest mysteries of the Christian religion, and finds almost in every page some typical representations of the World, the Flesh, and the Devil. But if these writers have gone too deep, others have been wholly employed in the surface, most of them serving only to help out a School-boy in the construing part; or if they go out of their way, it is only to mark out the gnomæ of the Author, as they call them, which are generally the heaviest pieces of a Poet, distinguished from the rest by Italian characters.

The best of Ovid's Expositors is he that wrote for the Dauphin's use, who has very well shewn the meaning of the Author, but seldom reflects on his beauties or imperfections; for in most places he rather acts the Geographer than the Critick; and instead of pointing out the fineness of a description, only tells you in what part of the world the place is situated. I shall therefore only consider Ovid under the character of a Poet, and endeavour to shew him impartially, without the usual prejudice of a Translator; which I am the more willing to do, because I believe such a comment would give the Reader a truer taste of poetry than a comment on any other Poet wou'd do; for in reflecting on the ancient Poets, men think they may venture to praise all they meet with in some, and scarce any thing in others; but Ovid is confest to have a mixture of both kinds, to have something of the best and worst poets, and by consequence to be the fairest subject for criticism.





The Story of PHAETON. *

THE Sun's bright palace, on high columns rais'd,
 With burnish'd gold and flaming jewels blaz'd;
 The folding gates diffus'd a silver light,
 And with a milder gleam refresh'd the sight;
 Of polish'd ivory was the cov'ring wrought: 5
 The matter vied not with the scûlptor's thought,
 For in the portal was display'd on high
 (The work of *Vulcan*) a fictitious sky:

P 2

A

* THE Story of *Phaeton* is told with a greater air of majesty and grandeur than any other in all *Ovid*. It is indeed the most important subject he treats of, except the deluge; and I cannot but believe that this is the conflagration he hints at in the first Book;

*Esse quoque in fati reminiscitur affore tempus,
 Quo mare, quo tellus, correptaque regia cœli
 Ardeat & mundi moles operosa laboret.*

(tho' the learned apply those verses to the future burning of the world) for it fully answers that description, if the

*---Cœli miserere tui; circumspice utrumque,
 Fumat uterque polus.---*

Fumat uterque polus ---- comes up to *Correptaque Regia cœli* ---- Besides it is *Ovid*'s custom to prepare the reader for a following story, by giving some intimations of it in a foregoing one; which was more particularly necessary to be done before he led us into so strange a story as this he is now upon.

V. 7. *For in the portal,*] We have here the picture of the universe drawn in little.

--- Balenarumque prementem

Ægeona suis immunia terga lacertis.

Ægeon makes a diverting figure in it.

--- Facies non omnibus una

Nec diversa tamen: qualem decet esse sororum.

The thought is very pretty, of giving *Doris* and her daughters such

A waving sea the inferiour earth embrac'd,
 And Gods and Goddeses the waters grac'd. 10
Ægeon here a mighty whale bestrode;
Triton, and *Proteus* (the deceiving God)
 With *Doris* here were carv'd, and all her train,
 Some loosely swimming in the figur'd main,
 While some on rocks their dropping hair divide, 15
 And some on fishes through the waters glide:
 Tho' various features did the Sisters grace,
 A Sister's likeness was in every face.
 On earth a different landskip courts the eyes, 19
 Men, Towns, and beasts, in distant prospects rise,
 And Nymphs, & streams, & woods, & rural Deities. }
 O'er all, the heav'n's refulgent image shines;
 On either gate were fix engraven Signs.

Here *Phaeton*, still gaining on th' ascent,
 To his suspected Father's palace went, 25
 'Till pressing forward through the bright abode,
 He saw at distance the illustrious God:
 He saw at distance, or the dazzling light
 Had flash'd too strongly on his aking sight.

The God sits high, exalted on a throne 30
 Of blazing gems, with purple garments on;

The

such a difference in their looks as is natural to different persons, and yet such a likeness as show'd their affinity.

*Terra viros, urbesque gerit, sylvasque, ferasque,
 Fluminaque, & Nymphas, & cetera numina ruris.*

The less important figures are well huddled together in the promiscuous description at the end, which very well represents what the painters call a *Groupe*.

The Hours , in order rang'd on either hand ,
 And Days , and Months , & Years , & Ages , stand.
 Here Spring appears with flow'ry chaplets bound ;
 Here Summer in her wheaten garland crown'd ; 35
 Here Autumn the rich trodden grapes besmear ;
 And hoary Winter shivers in the rear.

Phæbus beheld the Youth from off his throne ;
 That eye , which looks on all , was fix'd in one.
 He saw the boys confusion in his face , 40
 Surpriz'd at all the wonders of the place ;
 And cries aloud , „ What wants my Son ? for know
 „ My Son thou art , and I must call thee so.

„ Light of the world , the trembling Youth replies ,
 „ Illustrious parent ! since you don't despise 45
 „ The parent's name , some certain token give ,
 „ That I may *Clymenè*'s proud boast believe ,
 „ Nor longer under false reproaches grieve. }

The tender Sire was touch'd with what he said ,
 And flung the blaze of glories from his his head , 50
 P 3 And

---*Circum caput omne micantes*

Deposuit redios ; propiusque accedere jussit.

V. 50. *And flung the blaze ,*] It gives us a great image of *Phæbus* , that the youth was forc'd to look on him at a distance , and not able to approach him 'till he had lain aside the circle of rays that cast such a glory about his head. And indeed we may every where observe in *Ovid* , that he never fails of a due loftiness in his *ideas* , tho' he wants it in his words. And this I think infinitely better than to have sublime expressions and mean thoughts , which is generally the true character of *Claudian* and *Statius*. But this is not consider'd by them who run down *Ovid* in the gross , for a low middle way of writing. What can be more simple and unadorn'd , than his description of *Enceladus* in the first book? Ni-

And bid the Youth advance : „ My Son , said he ,
 „ Come to thy Father's arms ! for *Clymenè*
 „ Has told thee true ; a Parent's name I own ,
 „ And deem thee worthy to be call'd my Son.
 „ As a sure proof , make some request , and I , 55
 „ Whate'er it be , with that request comply ;
 „ By *Styx* I swear , whose waves are hid in night ,
 „ And roul impervious to my piercing fight.

The Youth transported , asks without delay ,
 To guide the Sun's bright chariot for a day. 60

The God repented of the oath he took ,
 For anguish thrice his radiant head he shook ;
 „ My Son , says he , some other proof require ,
 „ Rash was my promise , rash is thy desire.

„ I'd

*Nititur ille quidem , pugnatque resurgere saepe ,
 Dextra sed Ausonio manus est subjecta Peloro ,
 Lava Pachyne tibi , Lilibao crura premuntur ,
 Degravat Aetna caput , sub quâ resupinus arenas
 Ejectat , flammamque fero vomit ore Typhæus.*

But the image we have here is truly great and sublime of a
 Giant vomiting out a tempest of fire , and heaving up all
Sicily , with the body of an Island upon his breast , and a vast
 promontory on either arm.

V. 63. My son , says he ,] *Phœbus's* speech is very nobly
 usher'd in , with the *terque quaterque Concutiens illustre caput---*
 and well represents the danger and difficulty of the underta-
 king ; but that which is its peculiar beauty , and makes it tru-
 ly *Ovid's* , is the representing them just as a father wou'd to
 his young son ;

*Per tamen adversi gradieris cornua Tauri ,
 Hamoniosque arcus , violentique ora Leonis ,
 Sævaque circuitu curvantem brachia longo
 Scorpion , atque aliter curvantem brachia Cancrum.*

for one while he scares him with bugbears in the way.

--- *Vastè*

„ I'd fain deny this wish which thou hast made, 65
 „ Or, what I can't deny, would fain dissuade.
 „ Too vast and hazardous the task appears,
 „ Nor suited to thy strength, nor to thy years.
 „ Thy lot is mortal, but thy wishes fly
 „ Beyond the province of mortality: 70
 „ There is not one of all the Gods that dares
 „ (However skill'd in other great affairs)
 „ To mount the burning axle-tree, but I;
 „ Not *Jove* himself, the ruler of the sky, 74
 „ That hurles the three-fork'd thunder from above,
 „ Dares try his strength; yet who so strong as *Jove*?
 „ The steeds climb up the first ascent with pain:
 „ And when the middle firmament they gain,
 „ If downward from the heavens my head I bow,
 „ And see the earth and ocean hang below, 80
 „ Ev'n I am seiz'd with horror and affright,
 „ And my own heart misgives me at the sight.
 „ A mighty downfal steeps the ev'ning stage,
 „ And stedd'ny reins must curb the horses' rage.
 „ *Tethys* her self has fear'd to see me driv'n 85
 „ Down headlong from the precipice of heav'n.

P 4

Be-

--- *Vasti quoque rector Olympi,
 Qui fera terribili jaculatur fulmina dextra
 Non agat hos currus, & quid Jove majus habetur?
 Deprecor hoc unum quod vero nomine poena,
 Non honor est. Paenam, Phaeton, pro munere poscis.*

and in other places perfectly rattles like a Father; which by the way makes the length of the speech very natural, and concludes with all the fondness and concern of a tender Parent.

--- *Patrio Pater esse metu probor. aspice vultus
 Ecce meos: utinamque oculos in pectore posses
 Inserere, & Patrias intus deprendere curas! &c.*

- „ Besides, consider what impetuous force
 „ Turns stars and planets in a different course :
 „ I steer against their motions ; nor am I
 „ Born back by all the current of the sky. 90
 „ But how could you resist the orbs that roul
 „ In adverse whirls , and stem the rapid pole ?
 „ But you perhaps may hope for pleasing woods ,
 „ And stately domes , and cities fill'd with Gods ;
 „ While through a thousand snares your progress lies,
 „ Where forms of starry monsters stock the skies :
 „ For , should you hit the doubtful way aright ,
 „ The *Bull* with stooping horns stands opposite :
 „ Next him the bright *Hæmonian Bow* is strung ;
 „ And next , the *Lion's* grinning visage hung : 100
 „ The *Scorpion's* claws here clasp a wide extent ,
 „ And here the *Crab's* in lesser clasps are bent.
 „ Nor would you find it easie to compose (flows }
 „ The mettled steeds , when from their nostrils }
 „ The scorching fire , that in their entrails glows. }
 „ Ev'n I their head-strong fury scarce restrain , 106
 „ When thy grow warm and restif to the rein.
 „ Let not my Son a fatal gift require ,
 „ But , O ! in time , recall your rash desire ;
 „ You ask a gift that may your Parent tell , 110
 „ Let these my fears your parentage reveal ;
 „ And learn a Father from a Father's care :
 „ Look on my face ; or if my heart lay bare , }
 „ Could you but look , you'd read the Father }
 there.
 „ Chuse out a gift from seas , or earth , or skies ,
 „ For open to your wish all nature lies , 116
 „ Only

„ Only decline this one unequal task,
 „ For 'tis a mischief, not a gift you ask;
 „ You ask a real mischief, *Phaeton*:
 „ Nay hang not thus about my neck, my Son: 120
 „ I grant your wish, and *Stryx* has heard my voice,
 „ Chuse what you will, but make a wiser choice.

Thus did the God th'unwary youth advise;
 But he still longs to travel through the skies.
 When the fond Father (for in vain he pleads) 125
 At length to the *Vulcanian* chariot leads.
 A golden axle did the work uphold,
 Gold was the beam, the wheels were orb'd with gold.
 The spokes in rows of silver pleas'd the sight,
 The seat with parti-colour'd gems was bright;
Apollo shin'd amid the glare of light. 131 }
 The Youth with secret joy the work surveys;
 When now the morn disclos'd her purple rays;
 The stars were fled; for *Lucifer* had chas'd
 The stars away, and fled himself at last. 135
 Soon as the Father saw the rosy morn,
 And the Moon shining with a blunter horn,
 He bid the nimble *Hours* without delay
 Bring forth the steeds; the nimble *Hours* obey;

P. 5

From

V. 127. *A golden axle,*] *Ovid* has more turns and repetitions in his words than any of the Latin Poets, which are always wonderfully easie and natural in him. The repetition of *aureus*, and the transition to *argenteus*, in the description of the Chariot, give these verses a great sweetness and majesty.

*Aureus axis erat, temo aureus, aurea summa
 Curvatura rotæ; radiorum argenteus ordo.*

From their full racks the gen'rous steeds retire, 140
 Dropping ambrosial foams, and snorting fire.
 Still anxious for his Son, the God of day,
 To make him proof against the burning ray,
 His temples with celestial ointment wet,
 Of sov'raign virtue to repel the heat; 145
 Then fix'd the beamy circle on his head,
 And fetch'd a deep foreboding sigh, and said,

„ Take this at least, this last advice, my Son :
 „ Keep a stiff rein, and move but gently on :
 „ The coursers of themselves will run too fast, 150
 „ Your art must be to moderate their haste.
 „ Drive 'em not on directly through the skies,
 „ But where the *Zodiac's* winding circle lies,
 „ Along the midmost *Zone*; but sally forth
 „ Nor to the distant south, nor stormy north. 155
 „ The horses' hoofs a beaten track will show,
 „ But neither mount too high, nor sink too low,
 „ That no new fires or heaven or earth infest;
 „ Keep the mid way, the middle way is best. 159
 „ Nor,

V. 152. *Drive 'em not on directly,*] Several have endeavoured to vindicate *Ovid* against the old objection, that he mistakes the annual for the diurnal motion of the Sun. The *Dauphin's* notes tell us that *Ovid* knew very well the Sun did not pass through all the signs he names in one day, but that he makes *Phœbus* mention them only to frighten *Phaeton* from the undertaking. But though this may answer for what *Phœbus* says in his first speech, it cannot for what is said in this, where he is actually giving directions for his journey, and plainly

Seçtus in obliquum est lato curvamine limes.

Zonarumque trium contentus sine polumque

Effugit australem, junctamque aquilonibus arcton.

describes the motion through all the *Zodiac*.

„ Nor , where in radiant fold the *Serpent* twines ,
 „ Direct your course ; nor where the *Altar* shines.
 „ Shun both extremes ; the rest let Fortune guide ,
 „ And better for thee than thy self provide !
 „ See , while I speak , the shades disperse away ,
 „ *Aurora* gives the promise of a day ; 165 }
 „ I'm call'd , nor can I make a longer stay.
 „ Snatch up the reins ; or still th' attempt forsake ,
 „ And not my Chariot , but my counsel take ,
 „ While yet securely on the earth you stand ;
 „ Nor touch the horses with too rash a hand. 170
 „ Let me alone to light the world , while you
 „ Enjoy those beams which you may safely view.
 He spoke in vain ; the Youth with active heat
 And sprightly vigour vaults into the seat ;
 And joys to hold the reins , and fondly gives 175
 Those thanks his Father with remorse receives.

Mean while the restless horses neigh'd aloud ,
 Breathing out fire , and pawing where they stood.
Tethys , not knowing what had past , gave way ,
 And all the waste of heaven before 'em lay. 180
 They

V. 168. *And not my Chariot* ,] *Ovid's* verse is *consiliis non curribus utere nostris*. This way of joining two such different ideas as chariot and counsel to the same verb is mightily used by *Ovid* , but is a very low kind of wit , and has always in it a mixture of *Pun* , because the verb must be taken in a different sense when it is joined with one of the things , from what it has in conjunction with the other. Thus in the end of this story he tells you that *Jupiter* flung a thunderbolt at *Phaeton*---*Pariterque , animâque , rotisque expulit Aurigam* , where he makes a forced piece of *Latin* (*Animâ expulit aurigam*) that he may couple the soul and the wheels to the same verb.

They spring together out, and swiftly bear
 The flying Youth through clouds and yielding air;
 With wingy speed outstrip the eastern wind,
 And leave the breezes of the morn behind.
 The Youth was light, nor could he fill the seat, 185
 Or poise the chariot with its wonted weight:
 But as at sea th'unballast'd vessel rides,
 Cast to and fro, the sport of wind and tides;
 So in the bounding chariot tofs'd on high,
 The Youth is hurry'd headlong through the sky. 190
 Soon as the steeds perceive it, they forfake
 Their stated course, and leave the beaten track.
 The Youth was in a maze, nor did he know
 Which way to turn the reins, or where to go; 194
 Nor wou'd the horses, had he known, obey.
 Then the *Seven stars* first felt *Apollo's* ray,
 And wish'd to dip in the forbidden sea.
 The folded *Serpent* next the frozen pole,
 Stiff and benum'd before, began to roll, 199
 And rage'd with inward heat, and threaten'd war,
 And shot a redder light from every star;
 Nay, and 'tis said, *Boötes* too, that fain (wain.
 Thou would'st have fled, tho' cumber'd with thy
 Th'un-

V. 193. *The Youth was in a maze,*] It is impossible for a man to be drawn in a greater confusion than *Phaeton* is; but the *Antithesis* of light and darkness a little flattens the description. *Suntque oculis tenebræ per tantum lumen oborta.*

V. 196. *Then the seven stars,*] I wonder none of *Ovid's* commentators have taken notice of the oversight he has committed in this verse, where he makes the *Triones* grow warm before there was ever such a sign in the heavens; for he tells us in this very book, that *Jupiter* turned *Calisto* into this constellation, after he had repaired the ruins that *Phaeton* had made in the world.

METAMORPHOSES. 229

Th'unhappy Youth then , bending down his head ,
 Saw earth and ocean far beneath him spread : 205
 His colour chang'd , he startled at the sight ,
 And his eyes darken'd by too great a light.
 Now could he wish the fiery steeds untry'd ,
 His birth obscure , and his request deny'd :
 Now would he *Merops* for his Father own , 210
 And quit his boasted kindred to the Sun.

So fares the Pilot , when his ship is tost
 In troubled seas , and all its steerage lost ,
 He gives her to the winds , and in despair
 Seeks his last refuge in the Gods and prayer. 215

What cou'd he do ? his eyes , if backward cast ,
 Find a long path he had already past ;
 If forward , still a longer path they find :
 Both he compares , and measures in his mind ;
 And sometimes casts an eye upon the east , 220
 And sometimes looks on the forbidden west.
 The horse's names he knew not in the fright : (right.
 Nor wou'd he loose the reins , nor cou'd he hold 'em

Now all the horrors of the heavens he spies ,
 And monstrous shadows of prodigious size , 225
 That , deck'd with stars , lie scatter'd o'er the skies. }
 There is a place above , where *Scorpio* bent
 In tail and arms surrounds a vast extent ;
 In a wide circuit of the heavens he shines ,
 And fills the space of two celestial signs. 230
 Soon as the Youth beheld him , vex'd with heat ,
 Brandish his sting , and in his poison sweat ,

Half

Half dead with sudden fear he dropt the reins ;
 The horses felt 'em loose upon their mains ,
 And , flying out through all the plains above , 235
 Ran uncontroul'd where-e'er their fury drove ;
 Rush'd on the stars , and through a pathless way
 Of unknown regions hurry'd on the day.
 And now above , and now below they flew ,
 And near the Earth the burning chariot drew. 240

The clouds disperse in fumes, the wond'ring Moon
 Beholds her brother's steeds beneath her own ;
 The high lands smoak , cleft by the piercing rays ,
 Or , clad with woods , in their own fewel blaze. 244
 Next o'er the plains , where ripen'd harvests grow ,
 The running conflagration spreads below.
 But these are trivial ills : whole Cities burn ,
 And peopled Kingdoms into ashes turn.

The mountains kindle as the car draws near ,
Athos and *Tmolus* red with fires appear ; 250
Oeagrian Hamus (then a single name)
 And virgin *Helicon* increase the flame ;
Taurus and *Oete* glare amid the sky ,
 And *Ida* , spight of all her fountains , dry.
Eryx , and *Othrys* , and *Citharon* , glow ; 255
 And *Rhodopè* , no longer cloath'd in snow ;

High

V. 250. *Athos and Tmolus*,] *Ovid* has here, after the way of the old Poets, given us a catalogue of the mountains and rivers which were burnt. But, that I might not tire the *English* reader, I have left out some of them that make no figure in the description, and inverted the order of the rest according as the smoothness of my verse requir'd.

High *Pindus*, *Mimas*, and *Parnassus*, sweat,
 And *Ætna* rages with redoubled heat.
 Even *Scythia*, through her hoary regions warm'd,
 In vain with all her native frost was arm'd. 260
 Cover'd with flames, the tow'ring *Appennine*,
 And *Caucasus*, and proud *Olympus*, shine;
 And, where the long-extended *Alpes* aspire,
 Now stands a huge continu'd range of fire. 264

Th'aftonisht Youth, where-e'er his eyes could turn,
 Beheld the Universe around him burn :
 The World was in a blaze; nor could he bear
 The sultry vapours and the scorching air,
 Which from below, as from a furnace, flow'd;
 And now the axle-tree beneath him glow'd: 270
 Loft in the whirling clouds, that round him broke,
 And white with ashes, hov'ring in the smoke,
 He flew where-e'er the horses drove, nor knew
 Whither the horses drove, or where he flew. 274

'Twas then, they say, the swarthy *Moor* begun
 To change his hue, and blacken in the sun.
 Then *Libya* first, of all her moisture drain'd,
 Became a barren waste, a wild of sand.

The

V. 275. 'Twas then, they say, the swarthy *Moor*,] This is the only *Metamorphosis* in all this long story, which contrary to custom is inserted in the middle of it. The Critics may determine whether what follows it be not too great an excursion in him who proposes it as his whole design to let us know the changes of things. I dare say that if *Ovid* had not religiously observed the reports of the ancient *Mythologists*, we should have seen *Phaeton* turned into some creature or other that hates the light of the Sun; or perhaps into an Eagle that still takes pleasure to gaze on it.

The Water-nymphs lament their empty urns,
Bæotia, robb'd of silver *Dirce*, mourns, 280
Corinth *Pyrene*'s wasted spring bewails,
 And *Argos* grieves whilst *Amymone* fails.

The floods are drain'd from every distant coast,
 Even *Tanais*, tho' fix'd in ice, was lost.
 Enrag'd *Caicus* and *Lycormas* roar, 285
 And *Xanthus*, fated to be burnt once more.
 The fam'd *Meander*, that unwearied strays
 Through mazy windings, smokes in every maze.
 From his lov'd *Babylon* *Euphrates* flies;
 The big-swoln *Ganges* and the *Danube* rise 290 }
 In thick'ning fumes, and darken half the skies.
 In flames *Ismenos* and the *Phasis* rol'd,
 And *Tagus* floating in his melted gold.
 The Swans, that on *Cayster* often try'd 294
 Their tuneful songs, now sung their last and dy'd.
 The frighted *Nile* ran off, and under ground
 Conceal'd his head, nor can it yet be found :

His

296. The frighted Nile, } Ovid has made a great many
 pleasant images towards the latter end of this story. His ver-
 ses on the Nile

*Nilus in extremum fugit perterritus orbem
 Occulitque caput quod adhuc latet: ostia septem
 Pulveruienta vacant, septem sine flumine valles.*

are as noble as *Virgil* could have written; but then he ought
 not to have mentioned the channel of the sea afterwards,

Mare contrahitur, siccaque est campus arena.
 because the thought is too near the other. The image of
 the *Cyclades* is a very pretty one;

--- *Quos altum texerat aquor
 Existunt montes, & sparsas Cycladas augent.*

But to tell us that the swans grew warm in *Cayster*,

--- Me-

METAMORPHOSES. 233

His seven divided currents all are dry ,
 And where they roul'd , seven gaping trenches lye.
 No more the *Rhine* or *Rhone* their course maintain ,
 Nor *Tiber* , of his promis'd empire vain. 301

The ground , deep-cleft , admits the dazzling ray ,
 And startles *Pluto* with the flash of day.
 The seas shrink in , and to the sight disclose
 Wide naked plains , where once their billows rose ;
 Their rocks are all discover'd , and increase 306
 The number of the scattered *Cyclades*.
 The fish in shoals about the bottom creep ,
 Nor longer dares the crooked Dolphin leap :
 Gasping for breath , th' unshapen *Phoca* die , 310
 And on the boiling wave extended lye.
Nereus , and *Doris* with her virgin train ,
 Seek out the last recesses of the main ;
 Beneath unfathomable depths they faint ,
 And secret in their gloomy caverns pant. 315
 Stern *Neptune* thrice above the waves upheld
 His face , and thrice was by the flames repell'd.

Q When

The *Earth* at length , on every side embrac'd
 With scalding seas , that floated round her waist ,

--- *Medio volucres caluere Caystra.*
 and that the Dolphins durst not leap ,

--- *Nec se super aquora curvi*
Tollere consuetas audent Delphines in auras.

is intolerably trivial on so great a subject as the burning of
 the world.

V. 318. *The Earth at length* ,] We have here a speech of the
Earth , which will doubtless seem very unnatural to an *English*
 reader.

When now she felt the springs and rivers come , 320
 And crowd within the hollow of her womb ,
 Up-lifted to the heavens her blasted head ,
 And clapt her hand upon her brows , and said)
 (But first , impatient of the sultry heat ,
 Sunk deeper down , and sought a cooler seat :) 325
 „ If you , great King of Gods , my death approve ,
 „ And I deserv it , let me die by *Jove* ;
 „ If I must perish by the force of fire ,
 „ Let me transfix'd with thunderbolts expire. 329
 „ See , whilst I speak , my breath the vapours choke ,
 (For now her face lay wrapt in clouds of smoke)
 „ See my sing'd hair , behold my faded eye ,
 „ And wither'd face , where heaps of cinders lye !
 „ And does the plow for this my body tear ? 334
 „ This the reward for all the fruits I bear ,
 „ Tortur'd with rakes , and haras'd all the year ? }
 „ That herbs for cattle daily I renew ,
 „ And food for man , and frankincense for you ?
 „ But grant me guilty ; what has *Neptune* done ?
 „ Why are his waters boiling in the sun ? 340
 „ The wavy empire , which by lot was given ,
 „ Why does it waste , & further shrink from heaven ?
 „ If I nor he your pity can provoke , (ke !
 „ See your own Heavens , the heavens begin to smo-
 „ Shou'd once the sparkles catch those bright abodes ,
 „ Destruction seizes on the Heavens and Gods ; 346
 „ At-

reader. It is I believe the boldest *Prosopopœia* of any in the
 old Poets ; or if it were never so natural , I cannot but
 think she speaks too much in any reason for one in her
 condition.

„ *Atlas* becomes unequal to his freight ,
 „ And almost faints beneath the glowing weight.
 „ If Heaven , and Earth , and Sea , together burn ,
 „ All must again into their chaos turn. 350
 „ Apply some speedy cure , prevent our fate ,
 „ And succour Nature , e're it be too late. (spread ,
 She ceas'd ; for choak'd with vapours round her
 Down to the deepest shades she sunk her head.

Jove call'd to witness every Power above , 355
 And even the God , whose Son the chariot drove ,
 That what he acts he is compell'd to do ,
 Or universal ruine must ensue.
 Strait he ascends the high Ethereal throne , 359
 From whence he us'd to dart his thunder down ,
 From whence his showers and storms he us'd to pour ,
 But now could meet with neither storm nor shower.
 Then , aiming at the Youth , with lifted hand ,
 Full at his head he hurl'd the forked brand , 364
 In dreadful thund'rings. Thus th' Almighty Sire
 Suppress'd the raging of the fires with fire.

At once from life , and from the chariot driven ,
 Th' ambitious boy fell thunder-struck from heaven.
 The horses started with a sudden bound ,
 And flung the reins and chariot to the ground : 370
 The studded harness from their necks they broke ,
 Here fell a wheel , and here a silver spoke ,
 Here were the beam and axle torn away ;
 And , scatter'd o'er the earth , the shining fragments lay.
 The breathless *Phaeton* , with flaming hair , 375
 Shot from the chariot , like a falling star ,

That in a summer's evening from the top
 Of heaven drops down, or seems at least to drop ;
 'Till on the *Po* his blasted corps was hurl'd ,
 Far from his country , in the western world. 380

PHAETON's Sisters transform'd into Trees

The *Latian* nymphs came round him , and amaz'd
 On the dead youth , transfix'd with thunder , gaz'd ;
 And , whilst yet smoaking from the bolt he lay ,
 His shatter'd body to a tomb convey ;
 And o'er the tomb an epitaph devise : 385
 " Here he who drove the Sun's bright chariot lies ;
 " His Father's fiery steeds he could not guide ,
 " But in the glorious enterprize he dy'd.

Apollo hid his face , and pin'd for grief ,
 And , if the story may deserve belief , 390
 The space of one whole day is said to run ,
 From morn to wonted even , without a Sun :
 The burning ruines , with a fainter ray ,
 Supply the Sun , and counterfeit a day ;
 A day , that still did Natures face disclose : 395
 This comfort from the mighty mischief rose.

But *Clymenè* , enrag'd with grief , laments ,
 And as her grief inspires , her passion vents :
 Wild for her Son , and frantick in her woes , 399
 With hair dishevel'd , round the world she goes ,
 To

To seek where-e'er his body might be cast ;
 'Till, on the borders of the *Po*, at last
 The name inscrib'd on the new tomb appears.
 The dear dear name she bathes in flowing tears,
 Hangs o'er the tomb, unable to depart, 405
 And hugs the marble to her throbbing heart.

Her Daughters too lament, and sigh, and mourn,
 (A fruitless tribute to their Brother's urn)
 And beat their naked bosoms, and complain,
 And call aloud for *Phaeton* in vain: 410
 All the long night their mournful watch they keep,
 And all the day stand round the tomb, and weep.

Four times, revolving, the full Moon return'd ;
 So long the Mother, and the Daughters mourn'd :
 When now the eldest, *Phaethusa*, strove 415
 To rest her weary limbs, but could not move ;
Lampetia would have help'd her, but she found
 Her self with-held, and rooted to the ground :
 A third in wild affliction, as she grieves, 419
 Would rend her hair, but fills her hands with leaves ;
 One sees her thighs transform'd, another views
 Her arms shot out, and branching into boughs.
 And now their legs, and breasts, and bodies flood
 Crufted with bark, and hard'ning into wood ;
 But still above were female heads display'd, 425
 And mouths, that call'd the Mother to their aid.
 What could, alas ! the weeping mother do ?
 From this to that with eager haste she flew,
 And kiss'd her sprouting daughters as they grew. }
 She tears the bark that to each body cleaves, 430
 And from their verdant fingers strips the leaves :

The blood came trickling , where she tore away
 The leaves and bark : The maids were heard to say,
 " Forbear , mistaken parent , Oh ! forbear ;
 " A wounded daughter in each tree you tear ; 435
 " Farewel for ever. " Here the bark encreas'd ,
 Clos'd on their faces , and their words suppress'd.

The new-made trees in tears of amber run ,
 Which , harden'd into value by the Sun ,
 Distill for ever on the streams below : 440
 The limpid streams their radiant treasure show ,
 Mixt in the sand ; whence the rich drops convey'd
 Shine in the dress of the bright *Latian* maid.

*The Transformation of CYCNUS into
 a Swan.*

Cycnus beheld the Nymphs transform'd , ally'd
 To their dead Brother , on the mortal side , 445
 In friendship and affection nearer bound ;
 He left the cities and the realms he own'd ,
 Thro' pathless fields and lonely shores to range ,
 And woods , made thicker by the Sisters' change.
 Whilst here , within the dismal gloom , alone , 450
 The melancholy Monarch made his moan ,
 His voice was lessen'd , as he try'd to speak ,
 And issu'd through a long extended neck ;
 His hair transforms to down , his fingers meet
 In skinny films , and shape his oary feet ; 455
 From

From both his sides the wings and feathers break ;
 And from his mouth proceeds a blunted beak :
 All *Cycnus* now into a Swan was turn'd,
 Who, still remembering how his kinsman burn'd,
 To solitary pools and lakes retires, 460
 And loves the waters as oppos'd to fires.

Mean-while *Apollo* in a gloomy shade
 (The native lustre of his brows decay'd)
 Indulging sorrow, sickens at the sight
 Of his own sun-shine, and abhors the light: 465
 The hidden griefs, that in his bosom rise,
 Sadden his looks, and over-cast his eyes,
 As when some dusky orb obstructs his ray,
 And sullies, in a dim eclipse, the day.

Now secretly with inward griefs he pin'd, 470
 Now warm resentments to his grief he joyn'd,
 And now renounc'd his office to mankind.
 " E'er since the birth of time, said he, I've born
 " A long ungrateful toil without return ;
 " Let now some other manage, if he dare, 475
 " The fiery Steeds, and mount the burning car ;
 " Or, if none else, let *Jove* his fortune try,
 " And learn to lay his murd'ring thunder by ;
 " Then will he own, perhaps, but own too late,
 " My Son deserv'd not so severe a fate. 480

The Gods stand round him, as he mourns, & pray
 He would resume the conduct of the day,
 Nor let the world be lost in endless night:
Jove too himself, descending from his height,

Excuses what had happen'd , and intreats , 485
 Majestically mixing prayers and threats.
 Prevail'd upon at length , again he took
 The harness'd Steeds , that still with horror shook ,
 And plies 'em with the lash , and whips 'em on ,
 And , as he whips , upbraids 'em with his Son. 490

The Story of CALISTO.

The day was settled in its course ; and *Jove*
 Walk'd the wide circuit of the heavens above ,
 To search if any cracks or flaws were made ;
 But all was safe : The earth he then survey'd ,
 And cast an eye on every different coast , 495
 And every land ; but on *Arcadia* most.
 Her fields he cloath'd , and chear'd her blasted face
 With running fountains , and with springing grafs.
 No tracks of heaven's destructive fire remain ,
 The fields & woods revive , & Nature smiles again.

But as the God walk'd to and fro the earth , 501
 And rais'd the plants , and gave the spring its birth ,
 By chance a fair *Arcadian* Nymph he view'd ,
 And felt the lovely charmer in his blood.
 The Nymph nor spun, nor dress'd with artful pride ;
 Her vest was gather'd up , her hair wasty'd ; 506
 Now in her hand a slender spear she bore ,
 Now a light quiver on her shoulders wore ;
 To chast *Diana* from her youth inclin'd
 The sprightly warriors of the wood she join'd. 510

Dia-

Diana too the gentle huntress lov'd,
Nor was there one of all the Nymphs that rov'd
O'er *Menalus*, amid the maiden throng,
More favour'd once; but favour lasts not long. 514

The Sun now shone in all its strength, and drove
The heated Virgin panting to a grove;
The grove around a grateful shadow cast:
She dropt her arrows, and her bow unbrac'd;
She flung her self on the cool grassy bed;
And on the painted quiver rais'd her head. 520

Jove saw the charming huntress unprepar'd,
Stretch'd on the verdant turf, without a guard.

" Here I am safe, he cries, from *Juno's* eye;

" Or should my jealous Queen the theft descry,

" Yet would I venture on a theft like this, 525

" And stand her rage for such, for such a bliss!

Diana's shape and habit strait he took,

Soften'd his brows, and smooth'd his awful look,

And mildly in a female accent spoke. }

" How fares my girl? How went the morning chase?

To whom the Virgin, starting from the grass, 531

" All-hail, bright Deity, whom I prefer

" To *Jove* himself, tho' *Jove* himself were here.

The God was nearer than she thought, and heard

Well-pleas'd himself before himself preferr'd. 535

He then salutes her with a warm embrace;

And, ere she half had told the morning chase,

With love inflam'd, and eager on his bliss,

Smother'd her words, and stop'd her with a kiss:

Q 5

His

His kisses with unwonted ardour glow'd, 540
 Nor could *Diana's* shape conceal the God.
 The Virgin did whate'er a virgin cou'd ;
 (Sure *Juno* must have pardon'd , had she view'd)
 With all her might against his force she strove ;
 But how can mortal maids contend with *Jove* ! 545

 Posselt at length of what his heart desir'd ,
 Back to his heavens th'exulting God retir'd.
 The lovely huntress, rising from the grass,
 With down-cast eyes, and with a blushing face,
 By shame confounded, and by fear dismay'd, 550
 Flew from the covert of the guilty shade,
 And almost, in the tumult of her mind,
 Left her forgotten bow, and shafts behind.

 But now *Diana*, with a sprightly train
 Of quiver'd Virgins, bounding o'er the plain, 555
 Call'd to the Nymph ; the Nymph began to fear
 A second fraud, a *Jove* disguis'd in her :
 But, when she saw the sister Nymphs, suppress'd
 Her rising fears, and mingled with the rest.

 How in the look does conscious guilt appear ! 560
 Slowly she mov'd, and loiter'd in the rear ;
 Nor lightly tripp'd, nor by the Goddess ran,
 As once she us'd, the foremost of the train.
 Her looks were flush'd, and fullen was her mien,
 That sure the virgin Goddess (had she been 565 }
 Aught but a virgin) must the guilt have seen.
 'Tis said the Nymphs saw all, and guess'd aright :
 And now the Moon had nine times lost her light,
 When

When *Dian* , fainting in the mid-day beams ,
Found a cool covert , and refreshing streams , 570
That in soft murmurs through the forest flow'd ,
And a smooth bed of shining gravel show'd.

A covert so obscure , and streams so clear ,
The Goddess prais'd : " And now no spies are near ,
" Let's strip , my gentle maids , and wash , she cries ;
Pleas'd with the motion , every maid complies , 576
Only the blushing huntress stood confus'd ,
And form'd delays , and her delays excus'd ;
In vain excus'd : her fellows round her press'd :
And the reluctant Nymph by force undress'd. 580
The naked huntress all her shame reveal'd ,
In vain her hands the pregnant womb conceal'd ;
" Begone ! the Goddess cries with stern disdain ,
" Begone ! nor dare the hallow'd stream to stain : }
She fled , for-ever banish'd from the train. 585 }

This *Juno* heard , who long had watch'd her time
To punish the detested rival's crime ;
The time was come : for , to enrage her more ,
A lovely boy the teeming rival bore.

The Goddess cast a furious look , and cry'd , 590
" It is enough ! I'm fully satisfy'd !
" This boy shall stand a living mark , to prove
" My husband's baseness , and the strumpet's love ;
" But vengeance shall awake : those guilty charms ,
" That drew the Thunderer from *Juno*'s arms , 595
" No longer shall their wonted force retain ,
" Nor please the God , nor make the mortal vain.

Tis

This said, her hand within her hair she wound,
 Swung her to earth, and drag'd her on the ground:
 The prostrate wretch lifts up her arms in prayer; 600
 Her arms grow shaggy, and deform'd with hair,
 Her nails are sharpen'd into pointed claws,
 Her hands bear half her weight, and turn to paws;
 Her lips, that once could tempt a God, begin
 To grow distorted in an ugly grin. 605

And, lest the supplicating brute might reach
 The ears of *Jove*, she was depriv'd of speech:
 Her surly voice thro' a hoarse passage came
 In savage sounds: her mind was still the same.
 The furry monster fix'd her eyes above, 610
 And heav'd her new unwieldy paws to *Jove*,
 And beg'd his aid with inward groans; and tho'
 She could not call him false, she thought him so.

How did she fear to lodge in woods alone,
 And haunt the fields & meadows once her own! 615
 How often would the deep-mouth'd dogs pursue,
 Whilst from her hounds the frightened huntress flew!
 How did she fear her fellow-brutes, and shun
 The shaggy Bear, tho' now herself was one!
 How from the sight of rugged wolves retire, 620
 Although the grim *Lycaon* was her Sire!

But now her Son had fifteen summers told,
 Fierce at the chase, and in the forest bold;
 When, as he beat the woods in quest of prey,
 He chanc'd to rouse his mother where she lay. 625
 She knew her Son, and kept him in her sight,
 And fondly gaz'd: The boy was in a fright,

And

And aim'd a pointed arrow at her breast ,
 And would have slain his mother in the beast ; 629
 But *Jove* forbade , and snatch'd 'em through the air
 In whirlwinds up to heaven , and fix'd 'em there :
 Where the new Constellations nightly rise ,
 And add a lustre to the northern skies.

When *Juno* saw the rival in her height , 634
 Spangled with stars , and circled round with light ,
 She sought old *Ocean* in his deep abodes ,
 And *Tethys* ; both rever'd among the Gods.
 They ask what brings her there : " Ne'er ask, says she,
 " What brings me here , Heaven is no place for me.
 " You'll see , when night has cover'd all things o'er ,
 " *Jove's* starry Bastard and triumphant Whore 641
 " Usurp the heavens ; you'll see 'em proudly roul
 " In their new orbs , and brighten all the pole.
 " And who shall now on *Juno's* altars wait ,
 " When those she hates grow greater by her hate ?
 " I on the Nymph a brutal form impress'd , 646
 " *Jove* to a Goddess has transform'd the beast.
 " This , this was all my weak revenge could do :
 " But let the God his chaste amours pursue ,
 " And , as he acted after *Io's* rape , 650
 " Restore th'adult'refs to her former shape ;
 " Then may he cast his *Juno* off , and lead
 " The great *Lycaon's* off-spring to his bed.
 " But you , ye venerable Powers , be kind ,
 " And , if my wrongs a due resentment find , 655
 " Receive not in your waves their setting beams ,
 " Nor let the glaring strumpet taint your streams.

The

The Goddeſs ended, and her wiſh was given.
 Back ſhe return'd in triumph up to heaven;
 Her gawdy Peacocks drew her through the ſkies, 660
 Their tails were ſpotted with a thouſand eyes;
 The eyes of *Argus* on their tails were rang'd,
 At the ſame time the raven's colour chang'd.

*The Story of CORONIS, and Birth
 of ÆSCULAPIUS.*

The Raven once in ſnowy plumes was dreſt,
 White as the whiteſt Dove's unſully'd breſt, 665
 Fair as the guardian of the Capitol,
 Soft as the Swan; a large and lovely fowl:
 His tongue, his prating tongue had chang'd him quite
 To ſooty blackneſs from the pureſt white.

The ſtory of his change ſhall here be told; 670
 In *Theſſaly* there liv'd a Nymph of old,
Coronis nam'd; a peerleſs maid ſhe ſhin'd,
 Confeſt the faireſt of the fairer kind.
Apollo lov'd her, 'till her guilt he knew, 674
 While true ſhe was, or whiſt he thought her true.
 But his own bird the Raven chanc'd to find
 The falſe one with a ſecret rival join'd.
Coronis begg'd him to ſuppreſs the tale,
 But could not with repeated prayers prevail.
 His milk-white pinions to the God he ply'd; 680
 The buſy Daw flew with him, ſide by ſide,

And

And by a thousand teizing questions drew
Th'important secret from him as they flew.
The Daw gave honest counsel, tho' despis'd,
And, tedious in her tattle, thus advis'd. 685.

" Stay, silly bird, th'ill-natur'd task refuse,
" Nor be the bearer of unwelcome news.
" Be warn'd by my example: you discern
" What now I am, and what I was shall learn.
" My foolish honesty was all my crime; 690
" Then hear my story. Once upon a time,
" The two-shap'd *Erichonius* had his birth
" (Without a mother) from the teeming earth;
" *Minerva* nurs'd him, and the infant laid
" Within a chest, of twining osiers made. 695
" The daughters of King *Cecrops* undertook
" To guard the chest, commanded not to look
" On what was hid within. I stood to see
" The charge obey'd, perch'd on a neighb'ring tree.
" The Sisters *Pandrosos* and *Hersè* keep 700
" The strict command; *Aglauros* needs would peep,
" And saw the monstrous infant in a fright,
" And call'd her Sisters to the hideous fight:
" A Boy's soft shape did to the waist prevail,
" But the boy ended in a Dragon's tail. 705
" I told the stern *Minerva* all that pass'd,
" But for my pains, discarded and disgrac'd,
" The frowning Goddess drove me from her sight,
" And for her favorite chose the bird of night.
" Be then no tell-tale; for I think my wrong 710
" Enough to teach a bird to hold her tongue.

" But

- " But you, perhaps, may think I was remov'd,
 " As never by the heavenly maid belov'd:
 " But I was lov'd; ask *Pallas* if I lye;
 " Tho' *Pallas* hate me now, she won't deny: 715
 " For I, whom in a feather'd shape you view,
 " Was once a Maid (by heaven the story's true) }
 " A blooming maid, and a King's daughter too.
 " A crowd of Lovers own'd my beauty's charms;
 " My beauty was the cause of all my harms; 720
 " *Neptune*, as on his shores I went to rove,
 " Observ'd me in my walks, and fell in love.
 " He made his courtship, he confess'd his pain,
 " And offer'd force when all his arts were vain.
 " Swift he pursu'd: I ran along the strand, 725
 " 'Till, spent and weary'd on the sinking sand,
 " I shriek'd aloud, with cries I fill'd the air
 " To Gods & men; nor God nor man was there: }
 " A virgin Goddess heard a virgin's prayer.
 " For, as my arms I lifted to the skies, 730
 " I saw black feathers from my fingers rise;
 " I strove to fling my garment on the ground;
 " My garment turn'd to plumes, and girt me round;
 " My hands to beat my naked bosom try;
 " Nor naked bosom now nor hands had I. 735
 " Lightly I tript, nor weary as before
 " Sunk in the sand, but skim'd along the shore;
 " 'Till, rising on my wings, I was prefer'd
 " To be the chaste *Minerva's* virgin bird:
 " Prefer'd in vain! I now am in disgrace: 740
 " *Nyctimene* the Owl enjoys my place.

" On her incestuous life I need not dwell,
 " (In *Lesbos* still the horrid tale they tell)
 " And of her dire amours you must have heard,
 " For which she now does penance in a Bird, 745
 " That, conscious of her shame, avoids the light,
 " And loves the gloomy cov'ring of the night;
 " The Birds, where-e'er she flutters, scare away
 " The hooting wretch, and drive her from the day.

The Raven, urg'd by such impertinence, 750
 Grew passionate, it seems, and took offence,
 And curst the harmless Daw; the Daw withdrew:
 The Raven to her injur'd Patron flew,
 And found him out, and told the fatal truth
 Of false *Coronis* and the favour'd Youth. 755

The God was wroth; the colour left his look,
 The wreath his head, the harp his hand forsook: }
 His silver bow and feather'd shafts he took,
 And lodg'd an arrow in the tender breast,
 That had so often to his own been prest. 760
 Down fell the wounded Nymph, and sadly groan'd,
 And pull'd his arrow reeking from the wound;
 And weltring in her blood, thus faintly cry'd,
 " Ah cruel God! tho' I have justly dy'd,
 " What has, alas! my unborn infant done, 765
 " That he should fall, and two expire in one?
 This said, in agonies she fetch'd her breath.

The God dissolves in pity at her death;
 He hates the bird that made her falsehood known,
 And hates himself for what himself had done; 770
 The feather'd shaft, that sent her to the Fates,

And his own hand, that sent the shaft, he hates.
 Fain would he heal the wound, and ease her pain,
 And tries the compass of his art in vain.
 Soon as he saw the lovely Nymph expire, 775
 The pile made ready, and the kindling fire,
 With sighs and groans her obsequies he kept,
 And, if a God could weep, the God had wept.
 Her corps he kiss'd, and heavenly incense brought,
 And solemniz'd the death himself had wrought. 780

But, lest his off-spring should her fate partake,
 Spight of th' immortal mixture in his make,
 He ript her womb, and set the child at large,
 And gave him to the Centaur *Chiron's* charge:
 Then in his fury black'd the Raven o'er, 785
 And bid him prate in his white plumes no more.

O C Y R R H O E *transform'd to a Mare.*

Old *Chiron* took the babe with secret joy,
 Proud of the charge of the celestial boy.
 His daughter too, whom on the sandy shore
 The Nymph *Chariclo* to the Centaur bore, 790
 With hair dishevel'd on her shoulders came
 To see the child, *Ocyrrhoe* was her name;
 She knew her father's arts, and could rehearse
 The depths of prophecy in sounding verse.
 Once as the sacred infant she survey'd, 795
 The God was kindled in the raving Maid,
 And thus she utter'd her prophetick tale;
 "Hail, great Phyfician of the world, all-hail;
 "Hail,

METAMORPHOSES. 251

" Hail, mighty infant, who in years to come
 " Shalt heal the nations, and defraud the tomb; 800
 " Swift be thy growth! thy triumphs unconfin'd!
 " Make kingdoms thicker, and increase mankind.
 " Thy daring art shall animate the dead,
 " And draw the Thunder on thy guilty head:
 " Then shalt thou die; but from the dark abode 805
 " Rise up victorious, and be twice a God.
 " And thou, my Sire, not destin'd by thy birth
 " To turn to dust, and mix with common earth,
 " How wilt thou toss, and rave, and long to die,
 " And quit thy claim to immortality; 810
 " When thou shalt feel, enrag'd with inward pains,
 " The *Hydra's* venom rankling in thy veins!
 " The Gods, in pity, shall contract thy date,
 " And giveth thee over to the power of Fate.

Thus, entering into destiny, the Maid 815
 The secrets of offended *Jove* betray'd:
 More had she still to say; but now appears
 Oppress'd with sobs and sighs, and drown'd in tears.
 " My voice, says she is gone, my language fails;
 " Through every limb my kindred shape prevails:
 " Why did the God this fatal gift impart, 821
 " And with prophetick raptures swell my heart!
 " What new desires are these! I long to pace
 " O'er flowery meadows, and to feed on grass;
 " I hasten to a brute, a Maid no more; 825
 " But why, alas! am I transform'd all o'er?
 " My Sire does half a human shape retain,
 " And in his upper parts preserves the Man.

Her tongue no more distinct complaints affords ;
 But in shrill accents and mis-shapen words 830
 Pours forth such hideous wailings , as declare
 The human form confounded in the Mare :
 'Till by degrees accomplish'd in the beast ,
 She neigh'd outright, and all the steed exprest.
 Her stooping body on her hands is born , 835
 Her hands are turn'd to hoofs , and shod in horn ;
 Her yellow tresses ruffle in a mane ,
 And in a flowing tail she frisks her train.
 The Mare was finish'd in her voice and look ,
 And a new name from the new figure took. 840

*The Transformation of B A T T U S to a
Touch-stone.*

Sore wept the Centaur , and to *Phœbus* pray'd ;
 But how could *Phœbus* give the Centaur aid ?
 Degraded of his power by angry *Jove* ,
 In *Elis* then a herd of beeves he drove ;
 And wielded in his hand a staff of oak , 845
 And o'er his shoulders threw the Shepherd's cloak ;
 On seven compacted reeds he us'd to play ,
 And on his rural pipe to waste the day.

As once , attentive to his pipe , he play'd ,
 The crafty *Hermes* from the God convey'd 850 }
 A drove , that sep'rate from their fellows stray'd. }
 The theft an old insidious Peasant view'd ,
 (They call'd him *Battus* in the neighbourhood)
 Hir'd by a wealthy *Pylian* Prince to feed 854
 His favourite Mares , and watch the generous breed.
 The

The thievish God suspected him , and took
 The Hind aside , and thus in whispers spoke ;
 " Discover not the theft , whoe'er thou be ,
 " And take that milk-white heifer for thy fee.
 " Go , stranger , cries the Clown , securely on , 860
 " That stone shall sooner tell ; and show'd a stone.

The God withdrew , but strait return'd again ,
 In speech and habit like a country Swain ;
 And cries out , " Neighbour , hast thou seen a stray
 " Of Bullocks and of Heifers pass this way ? 865
 " In the recovery of my cattle join ,
 " A Bullock and a Heifer shall be thine.
 The Peasant quick replies , " You'll find 'em there
 " In yon dark vale : and in the vale they were.
 The double bribe had his false heart beguil'd : 870
 The God , successful in the tryal , smil'd ;
 " And dost thou thus betray my self to me ?
 " Me to my self dost thou betray ? says he :
 Then to a *Touch-stone* turns the faithless Spy ,
 And in his name records his infamy. 875

*The Story of AGLAURUS, transform'd
 into a Statue.*

This done , the God flew up on high , and pass'd
 O'er lofty *Athens* , by *Minerva* grac'd ,
 And wide *Munichia* , whilst his eyes survey
 All the vast region that beneath him lay. 879

'Twas now the feast , when each *Athenian* Maid
 Her yearly homage to *Minerva* paid ;

In canisters, with garlands cover'd o'er,
 High on their heads their mystick gifts they bore:
 And now, returning in a solemn train,
 The troop of shining Virgins fill'd the plain. 885

The God well-pleas'd beheld the pompous show,
 And saw the bright procession pass below;
 Then veer'd about, and took a wheeling flight,
 And hover'd o'er them: As the spreading Kite, 889
 That smells the slaughter'd victim from on high,
 Flies at a distance, if the Priests are nigh,
 And sails around, and keeps it in her eye;
 So kept the God the Virgin choir in view,
 And in slow winding circles round them flew.

As *Lucifer* excells the meanest star, 895
 Or, as the full-orb'd *Phœbe Lucifer*;
 So much did *Hersè* all the rest outvy,
 And gave a grace to the solemnity.
Hermes was fir'd, as in the clouds he hung:
 So the cold bullet, that with fury flung 900
 From *Balearick* engines mounts on high,
 Glows in the whirl, and burns along the sky.
 At length he pitch'd upon the ground, and show'd
 The form divine, the features of a God.
 He knew their virtue o'er a female heart, 905
 And yet he strives to better them by art.
 He hangs his mantle loose, and sets to show
 The golden edging on the seam below;
 Adjusts his flowing curls, and in his hand
 Waves, with an air, the sleep-procuring wand; 910

The

The glittering sandals to his feet applies ,
And to each heel the well-trim'd pinion ties.

His ornaments with nicest art display'd ,
He seeks th' apartment of the Royal maid.

The roof was all with polish'd ivory lin'd, 915

That, richly mix'd, in clouds of tortoise shin'd.

Three rooms, contiguous, in a range were plac'd,

The midmost by the beauteous *Hersè* grac'd ;

Her virgin sisters lodg'd on either side.

Aglauros first th' approaching God descry'd, 920

And, as he cross'd her chamber, ask'd his name,

And what his business was, and whence he came.

" I come, reply'd the God, from Heaven, to woo

" Your sister, and to make an aunt of you ;

" I am the Son and Messenger of *Jove*, 925

" My name is *Mercury*, my business love ;

" Do you, kind damsel, take a Lover's part,

" And gain admittance to your sister's heart.

She star'd him in the face with looks amaz'd,

As when she on *Minerva's* secret gaz'd, 930

And asks a mighty treasure for her hire,

And, till he brings it, makes the God retire.

Minerva griev'd to see the Nymph succeed ;

And now remembering the late impious deed,

When, disobedient to her strict command, 935

She touch'd the chest with an unhallow'd hand ;

In big-swoln sighs her inward rage express'd,

That heav'd the rising *Ægis* on her breast ;

Then fought out *Envy* in her dark abode,

Defil'd with ropy gore and clots of blood : 940

Shut from the winds , and from the wholesom skies ;
 In a deep vale the gloomy dungeon lies ,
 Dismal and cold , where not a beam of light
 Invades the winter , or disturbs the night.

Directly to the cave her course she steer'd; 945 }
 Against the gates her martial lance she rear'd ; }
 The gates flew open , and the Fiend appear'd.
 A pois'nous morsel in her teeth she chew'd ,
 And gorg'd the flesh of Vipers for her food.
Minerva loathing , turn'd away her eye ; 950
 The hideous monster , rising heavily ,
 Came stalking forward with a sullen pace ,
 And left her mangled offals on the place.
 Soon as she saw the Goddess gay and bright ,
 She fetch'd a groan at such a chearful sight. 955
 Livid and meagre were her looks , her eye
 In foul distorted glances turn'd awry ;
 A hoard of gall her inward parts possess'd ,
 And spread a greenness o'er her canker'd breast ; 959
 Her teeth were brown with rust ; and from her ton-
 In dangling drops , the stringy poison hung. (gue ,
 She never smiles but when the wretched weep ,
 Nor lulls her malice with a moment's sleep ,
 Restless in spite : while watchful to destroy ,
 She pines and sickens at another's joy ; 965
 Foe to her self , distressing and distress ,
 She bears her own tormenter in her breast.
 The Goddess gave (for she abhorr'd her sight)
 A short command : " To *Athens* speed thy flight ;
 " On curst *Aglauros* try thy utmost art , 970
 " And fix thy rankest venoms in her heart.

This

This said, her spear she push'd against the ground,
 And mounting from it with an active bound,
 Flew off to heaven: The Hag with eyes askew
 Look'd up, and mutter'd curses as she flew; 975
 For fore she fretted, and began to grieve
 At the success which she her self must give.
 Then takes her staff, hung round with wreaths of
 And sails along, in a black whirlwind born, (thorn,
 O'er fields & flowery meadows: where she steers 980
 Her baneful course, a mighty blast appears,
 Mildews and blights; the meadows are defac'd,
 The fields, the flowers, & the whole year laid waste:
 On mortals next, and peopled towns she falls,
 And breathes a burning plague among their walls. 985

When *Athens* she beheld, for arts renown'd,
 With peace made happy, and with plenty crown'd,
 Scarce could the hideous Fiend from tears forbear,
 To find out nothing that deserv'd a tear.
 Th' apartment now she enter'd, where at rest 990
Aglauros lay, with gentle sleep oppress'd.
 To execute *Minerva's* dire command,
 She stroak'd the virgin with her canker'd hand,
 Then prickly thorns into her breast conveyd,
 That stung to madness the devoted maid: 995
 Her subtle venom still improves the smart,
 Frets in the blood, and festers in the heart.

To make the work more sure, a scene she drew,
 And plac'd before the dreaming virgin's view
 Her Sister's marriage, and her glorious fate: 1000
 Th' imaginary Bride appears in state;

The Bride-groom with unwonted beauty glows ;
For *Envy* magnifies whate'er she shows.

Full of the dream , *Aglauros* pin'd away
In tears all night , in darkness all the day 1005
Consum'd like ice , that just begins to run ,
When feebly smitten by the distant Sun ;
Or like unwholsome weeds , that set on fire
Are slowly wasted , and in smoke expire.
Given up to envy (for in every thought 1010
The thorns , the venom , and the vision wrought)
Oft did she call on Death , as oft decreed ,
Rather than see her sister's wish succeed ,
To tell her awful Father what had past :
At length before the door her self she cast ; 1015
And , sitting on the ground with sullen pride ,
A passage to the love-sick God deny'd.
The God caress'd , and for admission pray'd ,
And sooth'd in softest words th'envenom'd Maid.
In vain he sooth'd ; " Begone ! the Maid replies , 1020
" Or here I keep my seat , and never rise.
" Then keep thy seat for ever , cries the God ,
And touch'd the door , wide-opening to his rod.
Fain would she rise , and stop him , but she found
Her trunk too heavy to forsake the ground ; 1025
Her joynts are all benum'd , her hands are pale ,
And Marble now appears in every nail.
As when a cancer in the body feeds ,
And gradual death from limb to limb proceeds ;
So does the chilness to each vital part 1030
Spread by degrees , and creeps into her heart ;
Till

'Till hard'ning every where, and speechless grown,
She sits unmov'd, and freezes to a stone.
But still her envious hue and sullen mien
Are in the sedentary figure seen.

1035

E U R O P A ' s *Rape.*

When now the God his fury had allay'd,
And taken vengeance of the stubborn Maid,
From where the bright *Athenian* turrets rise
He mounts aloft, and re-ascends the skies.
Jove saw him enter the sublime abodes,
And, as he mix'd among the crowd of Gods,
Beckon'd him out, and drew him from the rest,
And in soft whispers thus his will exprest.

1040

„ My trusty *Hermes*, by whose ready aid (vey'd,
„ Thy Sire's commands are thro' the world con-
„ Resume thy wings, exert their utmost force,
„ And to the walls of *Sidon* speed thy course;
„ There find a herd of Heifers wand'ring o'er
„ The neighbouring hill, and drive 'em to the shore.

1050

Thus spoke the God, concealing his intent.
The trusty *Hermes* on his message went,
And found the herd of Heifers wand'ring o'er
A neighbouring hill, and drove 'em to the shore;
Where the King's Daughter with a lovely train
Of Fellow-Nymphs, was sporting on the plain.

1055

The

The dignity of empire laid aside,
 (For love but ill agrees with kingly pride.)
 The Ruler of the skies, the thundering God,
 Who shakes the world's foundations with a nod,
 Among a herd of lowing Heifers ran, 1060
 Frisk'd in a Bull and bellow'd o'er the plain.
 Large rolls of fat about his shoulders clung,
 And from his neck the double dewlap hung.
 His skin was whiter than the snow that lies
 Unfully'd by the breath of southern skies; 1065
 Small shining horns on his curl'd forehead stand,
 As turn'd and polish'd by the work-man's hand;
 His eye-balls roll'd, not formidably bright,
 But gaz'd and languish'd with a gentle light;
 His every look was peaceful, and express 1070
 The softness of the Lover in the Beast.

Agenor's Royal Daughter, as she play'd
 Among the fields, the milk-white Bull survey'd,
 And view'd his spotless body with delight,
 And at a distance kept him in her sight. 1075
 At length she pluck'd the rising flowers, and fed
 The gentle beast, and fondly stroak'd his head.
 He stood well-pleas'd to touch the charming Fair,
 But hardly could confine his pleasure there.
 And now he wantons o'er the neighbouring strand,
 Now rows his body on the yellow sand; 1081
 And

V. 1056. *The dignity of empire,*] This story is prettily told,
 and very well brought in by those two serious lines,
*Non bene conveniunt, nec in unâ sede morantur,
 Majestas & Amor. Sceptri gravitate relictâ, &c.*
 without which the whole fable would have appear'd very
 prophane.

And now , perceiving all her fears decay'd ,
Comes tossing forward to the royal Maid ;
Gives her his breast to stroke , and downward turns
His grisly brow , and gently stoops his horns. 1085
In flowery wreaths the royal Virgin drest
His bending horns , and kindly clapt his breast,
'Til now grown wanton , and devoid of fear ,
Not knowing that she prest the Thunderer ,
She plac'd her self upon his back , and rode 1090
O'er fields and meadows seated on the God.

He gently march'd along , and by degrees
Left the dry meadow , and approach'd the seas ;
Where now he dips his hoofs and wets his thighs ,
Now plunges in , and carries off the prize. 1095
The frighted Nymph looks backward on the shoar ,
And hears the tumbling billows round her roar ;
But still she holds him fast : one hand is born
Upon his back ; the other grasps a horn :

Her

V. 1096. *The frighted Nymph looks ,] This consternation and Behaviour of Europa ,*

--- *Elusam designat imagine tauri*

Europen : verum taurum , freta vera putaras.

Ipsa videbatur terras spectare relictas ,

Et comites clamare suas , tactumque vereri

Affilientis aque , timidasque reducere plantas.

is better described in *Arachne's* picture in the sixth book, than it is here ; and in the beginning of *Tatius* his *Clitophon* and *Leucippe* , than in either place. It is indeed usual among the *Latin* Poets (who had more art and reflection than the *Grecian*) to take hold of all opportunities to describe the picture of any place or action , which they generally do better than they could the place or action it self ; because in the description of a picture you have a double subject before you , either to describe the picture it self , or what is represented in it.

Her train of ruffling garments flies behind, 1100
 Swells in the air, and hovers in the wind.

Through storms and tempests he the Virgin bore;
 And lands her safe on the *Dictæan* shore;
 Where now, in his divinest form array'd,
 In his true shape he captivates the Maid; 1105
 Who gazes on him, and with wondering eyes
 Beholds the new majestick figure rise:
 His glowing features, and celestial light,
 And all the God discover'd to her sight.





OVID's METAMORPHOSES:

BOOK III.

The Story of CADMUS.

WHEN now *Agenor* had his Daughter lost,
He sent his Son to search on every coast;
And sternly bid him to his arms restore
The darling maid, or see his face no more,
But live an exile in a foreign clime;
Thus was the Father pious to a crime.

The restless Youth search'd all the world around;
But how can *Jove* in his amours be found?

When

There is so great a variety in the arguments of the Metamorphoses, that he who would treat of 'em rightly, ought to be a master of all stiles, and every different way of writing. *Ovid* indeed shows himself most in a familiar story, where the chief grace is to be easie and natural; but wants neither strength of thought nor expression, when he endeavours after it, in the more sublime and manly subjects of his poem. In the present fable the Serpent is terribly described, and his behaviour very well imagined, the actions of both parties in the encounter are natural, and the language that represents them more strong and masculine than what we usually meet with in this Poet: if there be any faults in the narration, they are these, perhaps, which follow.

When tir'd at length with unsuccessful toil,
 To shun his angry Sire and native soil, 10
 He goes a suppliant to the *Delphick* dome;
 There asks the God what new-appointed home
 Should end his wand'rings, and his toils relieve.
 The *Delphick* oracles this answer give.

" Behold among the fields a lonely Cow, 15
 " Unworn with yokes, unbroken to the plow;
 " Mark well the place where first she lays her down,
 " There measure out thy walls, and build thy Town,
 " And from thy guide *Baotia* call the land, 19
 " In which the destin'd walls and Town shall stand.

No sooner had he left the dark abode,
 Big with the promise of the *Delphick* God,
 When in the fields the fatal Cow he view'd,
 Nor gall'd with yokes, nor worn with servitude: }
 Her gently at a distance he pursu'd; 25
 And, as he walk'd aloof, in silence pray'd
 To the great Power whose counsels he obey'd.
 Her way through flowery *Panopè* she took,
 And now, *Cephissus*, cross'd thy silver brook; 29
 When to the Heavens her spacious front she rais'd,
 And bellow'd thrice, then backward turning gaz'd
 On those behind, 'till on the destin'd place
 She stoop'd, and couch'd amid the rising grass.

Cadmus salutes the soil, and gladly hails 34
 The new-found mountains, and the nameless vales,
 And thanks the Gods, and turns about his eye
 'To see his new dominions round him lye;
 Then

METAMORPHOSES. 265

Then sends his servants to a neighbouring grove
 For living streams, a sacrifice to *Jove*.
 O'er the wide plain there rose a shady wood 40
 Of aged trees; in its dark bosom stood
 A bushy thicket, pathless and unworn,
 O'er-run with brambles, and perplex'd with thorn:
 Amidst the brake a hollow den was found,
 With rocks and shelving arches vaulted round. 45

Deep in the dreary den, conceal'd from day;
 Sacred to *Mars*, a mighty Dragon lay,
 Bloated with poison to a monstrous size;
 Fire broke in flashes when he glanc'd his eyes:
 His towering crest was glorious to behold, 50
 His shoulders and his sides were scal'd with gold;
 Three tongues he brandish'd when he charg'd his foes;
 His teeth stood jaggy in three dreadful rows:
 The *Tyrians* in the den for water sought,
 And with their urns explor'd the hollow vault: 55
 From side to side their empty urns rebound,
 And rouse the sleepy Serpent with the sound.
 Strait he bestirs him, and is seen to rise;
 And now with dreadful hissings fills the skies,
 And darts his forky tongues, & roul's his glaring
 eyes. }

The *Tyrians* drop their vessels in the fright, 61
 All pale and trembling at the hideous fight.
 Spire above spire uprear'd in air he stood,
 And gazing round him, over-look'd the wood:

S Then

V. 63. *Spire above spire*. Ovid, to make his Serpent more terrible, and to raise the character of his Champion, has given

Then floating on the ground, in circles rowl'd; 65
 Then leap'd upon them in a mighty fold.
 Of such a bulk, and such a monstrous size,
 The Serpent in the polar circle lyes,
 That stretches over half the northern skies.
 In vain the *Tyrians* on their arms rely, 70
 In vain attempt to fight, in vain to fly:
 All their endeavours and their hopes are vain;
 Some die entangled in the winding train;
 Some are devour'd; or feel a loathsome death,
 Swoln up with blasts of pestilential breath. 75

And now the scorching Sun was mounted high,
 In all its lustre, to the noon-day sky;
 When, anxious for his friends, & fill'd with cares,
 To search the woods th' impatient Chief prepares.
 A Lion's hide around his loins he wore, 80
 The well-pois'd Jav'lin to the field he bore
 Inur'd to blood; the far-destroying dart
 And, the best weapon, an undaunted heart.

Soon

given too great a loose to his imagination, and exceeded all the bounds of probability. He tells us, that when he raised up but half his body he over-looked a tall forest of Oaks, and that his whole body was as large as that of the Serpent in the skies. None but a madman would have attacked such a monster as this is described to be; nor can we have any notion of a mortal's standing against him. *Virgil* is not ashamed of making *Aeneas* fly and tremble at the sight of a far less formidable foe, where he gives us the description of *Polyphemus*, in the third book; he knew very well that a monster was not a proper enemy for his Hero to encounter: But we should certainly have seen *Cadmus* hewing down the *Cyclops*, had he fallen in *Ovid's* way; or if *Statius's* little *Tydeus* had been thrown on *Sicily*, it is probable he would not have spared one of the whole brotherhood.

--- *Phænicas, sive illi tela parabant,*
Sive fugam, sive ipse timor prohibebat utrumque,
Occupat:---

METAMORPHOSES. 267

Soon as the Youth approach'd the fatal place,
 He saw his servants breathless on the grass; 85
 The scaly foe amid their corps he view'd,
 Basking at ease, and feasting in their blood.
 „ Such friends, he cries, deserv'd a longer date,
 „ But *Cadmus* will revenge, or share their fate.
 Then heav'd a stone, and rising to the throw, 90
 He sent it in a whirlwind at the foe:
 A tower, assaulted by so rude a stroke,
 With all its lofty battlements had shook;
 But nothing here th'unwieldy rock avails,
 Rebouncing harmless from the plaited scales, 95
 That, firmly join'd, preserv'd him from a wound,
 With native armour crufted all around.
 The pointed Jav'lin more successful flew,
 Which at his back the raging warrior threw;
 Amid the plaited scales it took its course, 100
 And in the spinal marrow spent its force.

S 2

The

V. 70. *In vain the Tyrians,*] The Poet could not keep up his narration all along, in the grandeur and magnificence of an heroick stile: He has here sunk into the flatness of prose, where he tells us the behaviour of the *Tyrians* at the sight of the Serpent:

----*Tegimen direpta Leoni*

Pellis erat; telum splendent lancea ferro,

Et jaculum? teloque animus præstantior omni.

And in a few lines after lets drop the majesty of his verse, for the sake of one of his little turns. How does he languish in that which seems a labour'd line? *Tristia sanguineâ lambentem vulnera linguâ.* And what pains does he take to express the Serpent's breaking the force of the stroke, by shrinking back from it?

Sed leve vulnus erat, quia se retrahebat ab ictu.

Læsq; colla dabat retrò, plagamque sedere

Cedendo fecit, nec longius ire sinebat.

The monster hiss'd aloud, and rag'd in vain;
 And writh'd his body to and fro with pain;
 And bit the spear, and wrench'd the wood away;
 The point still buried in the marrow lay. 109
 And now his rage, increasing with his pain,
 Reddens his eyes, and beats in every vein;
 Churn'd in his teeth the foamy venom rose,
 Whilst from his mouth a blast of vapours flows,
 Such as th' infernal *Stygian* waters cast; 110
 The plants around him wither in the blast.
 Now in a maze of rings he lies enrol'd,
 Now all unravel'd, and without a fold;
 Now, like a torrent, with a mighty force
 Bears down the forest in his boisterous course. 115
Cadmus gave back, and on the Lion's spoil
 Sustain'd the shock, then forc'd him to recoil;
 The pointed Jav'lin warded off his rage:
 Mad with his pains, and furious to engage,
 The Serpent champs the steel, and bites the spear,
 'Till blood and venom all the point besmear. 121
 But still the hurt he yet receiv'd was slight;
 For, whilst the Champion with redoubled might
 Strikes home the Jav'lin, his retiring foe
 Shrinks from the wound, and disappoints the blow.

The dauntless Hero still pursues his stroke, 126
 And presses forward, 'till a knotty Oak
 Retards his foe, and stops him in the rear:
 Full in his throat he plung'd the fatal spear,
 That in th' extended neck a passage found, 130
 And pierc'd the solid timber through the wound.

Fix'd

Fix'd to the reeling trunk, with many a stroke
Of his huge tail, he lash'd the sturdy Oak;
'Till spent with toil, and labouring hard for breath,
He now lay twisting in the pangs of death. 135

Cadmus beheld him wallow in a flood
Of swimming poison, intermix'd with blood.
When suddenly a speech was heard from high,
(The speech was heard, nor was the speaker nigh)
,, Why dost thou thus with secret pleasure see, 140
,, Insulting man! what thou thy self shalt be?
Astonish'd at the voice, he stood amaz'd,
And all around with inward horror gaz'd:
When *Pallas* swift descending from the skies,
Pallas, the guardian of the bold and wise, 145
Bids him plow up the field, and scatter round
The Dragon's teeth o'er all the furrow'd ground;
Then tells the Youth how to his wondering eyes
Embattled armies from the field should rise.

He sows the Teeth at *Pallas*'s command, 150
And flings the future People from his hand.
The clods grow warm, and crumble where he sows;
And now the pointed spears advance in rows;
Now nodding plumes appear, and shining crests,
Now the broad shoulders and the rising breasts; 155

S 3 O'er

V. 51. *And flings the future,*] The description of the men rising out of the ground is as beautiful a passage as any in *Quid*: It strikes the imagination very strongly; we see their motion in the first part of it, and their multitude in the *Messis virorum* at last.

O'er all the field the breathing harvest swarms,
A growing host, a crop of men and arms.

So through the parting stage a figure rears
Its body up, and limb by limb appears
By just degrees; 'till all the Man arise, 160
And in his full proportion strikes the eyes.

Cadmus surpriz'd, and startled at the sight
Of his new foes, prepar'd himself for fight:

When

V. 56. *The breathing harvest,*] *Messis clypeata virorum.* The beauty in these words would have been greater, had only *messis virorum* been expressed without *clypeata*; for the reader's mind would have been delighted with two such different ideas compounded together, but can scarce attend to such a complex image as is made out of all three.

This way of mixing two different ideas together in one image, as it is a great surprize to the reader, is a great beauty in poetry, if there be sufficient ground for it in the nature of the thing that is described. The *Latin Poets* are very full of it, especially the worst of them, for the more correct use it but sparingly, as indeed the nature of things will seldom afford a just occasion for it. When any thing we describe has accidentally in it some quality that seems repugnant to its nature, or is very extraordinary and uncommon in things of that species, such a compounded image as we are now speaking of is made, by turning this quality into an epithete of what we describe. Thus *Claudian*, having got a hollow ball of Chrystal with water in the midst of it for his subject, takes the advantage of considering the chrystal as hard, stony, precious water, and the water as soft, fluid, imperfect chrystal; and thus sports off above a dozen Epigrams, in setting his words and ideas at variance among one another. He has a great many beauties of this nature in him, but he gives himself up so much to this way way of writing, that a man may easily know where to meet with them when he sees his subject, and often strains so hard for them that he many times makes his descriptions bombastic and unnatural. What work would he have made with *Virgil's* Golden bough, had he been to describe it? We should certainly have seen the yellow bark,

When one cry'd out, " Forbear, fond man, forbear
 , To mingle in a blind promiscuous war. 165

This said, he struck his Brother to the ground,
 Himself expiring by another's wound;
 Nor did the third his conquest long survive,
 Dying e'er scarce he had begun to live.

The dire exemple ran through all the field, 170
 'Till heaps of Brothers were by Brothers kill'd;

S 4

The

bark, golden sprouts, radiant leaves, blooming metal, branching Gold, and all the quarrels that could have been raised between words of such different natures: When we see *Virgil* contented with his *Auri frondentis*; and what is the same, though much finer expressed, --- *Frondesceit virga metallo*. This composition of different ideas is often met with in a whole sentence, where circumstances are happily reconciled that seem wholly foreign to each other; and is often found among the *Latin Poets*, (for the *Greeks* wanted art for it) in their descriptions of Pictures, Images, Dreams, Apparitions, Metamorphoses, and the like; where they bring together two such thwarting ideas, by making one part of their descriptions relate to the representation, and the other to the thing that is represented. Of this nature is that verse, which, perhaps, is the wittiest in *Virgil*; *Attollens humeris Famamque & Fata nepotum*, *Æn.* 8. where he describes *Aeneas* carrying on his shoulders the Reputation and Fortunes of his Posterity; which, though very odd and surprizing, is plainly made out, when we consider how these disagreeing ideas are reconciled, and his Posterity's fame and fate made portable by being engraven on the shield. Thus, when *Ovid* tells us that *Pallas* tore in pieces *Arachne's* work, where she had embroidered all the rapes that the Gods had committed, he says--- --- *Rupit caelestia crimina*. I shall conclude this tedious reflection with an excellent stroke of this nature, out of *Mr. Montagu's Poem to the King*; where he tells us how the King of *France* would have been celebrated by his subjects, if he had ever gained such an honourable wound as *King William's* at the fight of the *Boin*:

*His bleeding arm had furnish'd all their rooms,
 And run for ever purple in the looms.*

The furrows swam in blood: and only five
Of all the vast increase were left alive.

Echion one, at *Pallas*'s command,
Let fall the guiltless weapon from his hand; 175
And with the rest a peaceful treaty makes,
Whom *Cadmus* as his friends and partners takes:
So founds a City on the promis'd earth,
And gives his new *Beotian* Empire birth. 179

Here *Cadmus* reign'd; and now one would have
The Royal Founder in his exile blest: (guess't
Long did he live within his new abodes,
Ally'd by marriage to the deathless Gods;
And, in a fruitful wife's embraces old,
A long increase of children's children told: 185
But no frail man, however great or high,
Can be concluded blest before he die.

Actæon was the first of all his race,
Who griev'd his Grandfire in his borrow'd face;
Condemn'd by stern *Diana* to bemoan 190
The branching horns, and visage not his own;
To shun his once-lov'd dogs, to bound away,
And from their Huntsman to become their Prey.

And

V. 180. Here *Cadmus* reign'd.] This is a pretty solemn transition to the story of *Actæon*, which is all naturally told. The Goddess, and her Maids undressing her, described with diverting circumstances. *Actæon*'s flight, confusion and griefs are passionately represented; but it is pity the whole narration should be so carelessly closed up.

----- *Ut abesse queruntur,*
Nec capere oblata segnem spectacula præda.
Vellet abesse quidem, sed adest, velletque videre,
Non etiam sentire, Canum fera facta suorum.

And yet consider why the change was wrought,
 You'll find it his misfortune, not his fault. 195
 Or if a fault, it was the fault of chance:
 For how can guilt proceed from ignorance?

*The Transformation of ACTÆON into
 a Stag.*

In a fair chace a shady mountain stood,
 Well stor'd with game, & mark'd with trails of blood.
 Here did the huntsmen 'till the heat of day 200
 Pursue the Stag, and load themselves with prey;
 When thus *Actæon* calling to the rest:
 " My friends, says he, our sport is at the best.
 " The Sun is high advanc'd, and downward sheds
 " His burning beams directly on our heads; 205
 " Then by consent abstain from further spoils,
 " Call off the dogs, and gather up the toiles;
 " And e'er to-morrow's Sun begins his race,
 " Take the cool morning to renew the chace.
 They all consent, and in a chearful train 210
 The jolly huntsmen, loaden with the slain,
 Return in triumph from the sultry plain.

Down in a vale with pine and cypress clad,
 Refresh'd with gentle winds, and brown with shade,
 The chaste *Diana's* private haunt, there stood 215
 Full in the centre of the darksome wood,
 A spacious grotto all around o'er-grown
 With hoary moss, and arch'd with pumice-stone.

From out its rocky clefts the waters flow ;
 And trickling swell into a lake below. 220
 Nature had every where so play'd her part ,
 That every where she seem'd to vie with Art.
 Here the bright Goddess, toil'd & chaf'd with heat ;
 Was wont to bathe her in the cool retreat.

Here did she now with all her train resort , 225
 Panting with heat , and breathless from the sport ;
 Her armour-bearer laid her bow aside ,
 Some loos'd her sandals , some her veil unty'd ;
 Each busy Nymph her proper part undrest ,
 While *Crocale* , more handy than the rest , 230
 Gather'd her flowing hair , and in a noose
 Bound it together , whilst her own hung loose.
 Five of the more ignoble sort by turns
 Fetch up the water and unlade their urns.

Now all undrest the shining Goddess stood , 235
 When young *Actæon* wilder'd in the wood ,
 To the cool grott by his hard fate betray'd ,
 The fountains fill'd with naked Nymphs survey'd.
 The frightened virgins shriek'd at the surprize ,
 (The forest echo'd with their piercing cries.) 240
 Then in a huddle round their Goddess prest :
 She , proudly eminent above the rest ,
 With blushes glow'd ; such blushes as adorn
 The ruddy welkin ; or the purple morn ;
 And tho' the crowding Nymphs her body hide , 245
 Half backward shrunk and view'd him from aside.
 Surpriz'd , at first she would have snatch'd her Bow ,
 But sees the circling waters round her flow ;

These

METAMORPHOSES. 275

These in the hollow of her hand she took,
 And dash'd 'em in his face, while thus she spoke: 250
 "Tell if thou can'st the wonderous sight disclos'd,
 "A Goddess naked to thy view expos'd.

This said, the Man begun to disappear
 By slow degrees, and ended in a Deer.
 A rising horn on either brow he wears, 255
 And stretches out his neck, and pricks his ears;
 Rough is his skin, with sudden hairs o'er-grown,
 His bosom pants with fears before unknown.
 Transform'd at length, he flies away in haste,
 And wonders why he flies away so fast. 260
 But as by chance, within a neighbouring brook,
 He saw his branching horns and alter'd look,
 Wretched *Actæon*! in a doleful tone
 He try'd to speak, but only gave a groan;
 And as he wept, within the wat'ry glass 265
 He saw the big round drops, with silent pace,
 Run trickling down a savage hairy face.
 What should he do? Or seek his old abodes,
 Or herd among the Deer, and skulk in woods;
 Here shame dissuades him, there his fear prevails, 270
 And each by turns his aking heart assails.

As he thus ponders, he behind him spies
 His opening Hounds, and now he hears their cries:
 A generous pack, or to maintain the chace,
 Or snuff the vapour from the scented grass. 275
 He

V. 274. *A generous, pack,*] I have not here troubled my
 self to call over *Actæon's* pack of dogs in rhyme: *Spot & White-*
foot

He bounded off with fear, and swiftly ran
 O'er craggy mountains, and the flowery plain;
 Through brakes and thickets forc'd his way, and flew
 Through many a ring, where once he did pursue.
 In vain he oft endeavour'd to proclaim 280
 His new misfortune, and to tell his name;
 Nor voice nor words the brutal tongue supplies;
 From shouting men, and horns, and dogs he flies, }
 Deafen'd and stunn'd with their promiscuous cries. }
 When now the fleetest of the pack, that prest 285
 Close at his heels, and sprung before the rest,
 Had fasten'd on him, straight another pair
 Hung on his wounded haunch, and held him there,
 'Till all the pack came up, and every hound }
 Tore the sad Huntsman grov'ling on the ground, }
 Who now appear'd but one continu'd wound. 291 }
 With

foot make but a mean figure in heroick verse; and the *Greek* names *Ovid* uses would sound a great deal worse. He closes up his own catalogue with a kind of a jest on it, *Quosque referre mora est* --- which, by the way, is too light and full of humour for the other serious parts of this story.

This way of inserting Catalogues of proper names in their Poems, the *Latins* took from the *Greeks*, but have made them more pleasant than those they imitate, by adapting so many delightful characters to their persons names; in which part *Ovid's* copiousness of invention, & great insight into nature, has given him the precedence to all the Poets that ever came before or after him. The smoothness of our *English* verse is too much lost by the repetition of proper names, which is otherwise very natural and absolutely necessary in some cases; as before a battel, to raise in our minds an answerable expectation of the event, and a lively idea of the numbers that are engaged. For had *Homer* or *Virgil* only told us in two or three lines before their fights, that there were forty thousand of each side, our imagination could not possibly have been so affected, as when we see every Leader singled out, and every Regiment in a manner drawn up before our eyes.

With dropping tears his bitter fate he moans,
 And fills the mountain with his dying groans:
 His servants with a piteous look he spies,
 And turns about his supplicating eyes. 295
 His servants, ignorant of what had chanc'd,
 With eager haste and joyful shouts advanc'd,
 And call'd their Lord *Actæon* to the game:
 He shook his head in answer to the name;
 He heard, but wish'd he had indeed been gone, 300
 Or only to have stood a looker on.
 But, to his grief, he finds himself too near,
 And feels his rav'nous dogs with fury tear
 Their wretched master panting in a Deer. }

The Birth of B A C C H U S.

Actæon's sufferings, and *Diana's* rage, 305
 Did all the thoughts of Men and Gods engage;
 Some call'd the evils, which *Diana* wrought,
 Too great, and disproportion'd to the fault:
 Others again esteem'd *Actæon's* woes
 Fit for a virgin Goddess to impose. 310
 The hearers into different parts divide,
 And reasons are produc'd on either side.

Juno alone, of all that heard the news,
 Nor would condemn the Goddess, nor excuse:
 She heeded not the justice of the deed, 315
 But joy'd to see the race of *Cadmus* bleed;
 For still she kept *Europa* in her mind,
 And, for her sake, detested all her kind.

Besides

Besides, to aggravate her hate, she heard
 How *Semele*, to *Jove's* embrace preferr'd, 320
 Was now grown big with an immortal load,
 And carry'd in her womb a future God.
 Thus terribly incens'd, the Goddess broke
 To sudden fury, and abruptly spoke.

„ Are my reproaches of so small a force? 325
 „ 'Tis time I then pursue another course:
 „ It is decreed the guilty wretch shall die,
 „ If I'm indeed the Mistress of the sky;
 „ If rightly stil'd among the Powers above
 „ The Wife and Sister of the thundering *Jove*; 330
 „ (And none can sure a Sister's right deny)
 „ It is decreed the guilty wretch shall die.
 „ She boasts an honour I can hardly claim;
 „ Pregnant she rises to a Mother's name;
 „ While proud & vain she triumphs in her *Jove*, 335
 „ And shows the glorious tokens of his love:
 „ But if I'm still the Mistress of the skies,
 „ By her own Lover the fond Beauty dies.

This

V. 320. *How Semele*,] This is one of *Ovid's* finished stories, The transition to it is proper and unforced: *Juno*, in her two speeches, acts incomparably well the parts of a resenting Goddess and a tattling Nurse: *Jupiter* makes a very majestick figure with his Thunder and Lightning, but it is still such a one as shows who drew it; for who does not plainly discover *Ovid's* hand in the

Quâ tamen usque potest, vires sibi demere tentat.

Nec, quo centimanum dejecerat igne Typhœa,

Nunc armatur eo: nimium feritatis in illo.

Est aliud levius fulmen, cui dextra Cyclopi

Savitæ flammæque minus, minus addidit ira,

Tela secunda vocant Superi.

This said, descending in a yellow cloud,
Before the gates of *Semele* she stood. 340

Old *Beroë*'s decrepit shape she wears,
Her wrinkled visage, and her hoary hairs;
Whilst in her trembling gait she totters on,
And learns to tattle in the Nurse's tone.

The Goddess, thus disguis'd in age, beguil'd 345
With pleasing stories her false Foster-child.

Much did she talk of love, and when she came
To mention to the Nymph her Lover's name,
Fetching a sigh, and holding down her head,
„ 'Tis well, says she, if all be true that's said. 350

„ But trust me, child, I'm much inclin'd to fear

„ Some counterfeit in this your *Jupiter*.

„ Many an honest well-designing maid,

„ Has been by these pretended Gods betray'd.

„ But if he be indeed the thundering *Jove*, 355

„ Bid him, when next he courts the rites of love,

„ Descend triumphant from th'etherial sky,

„ In all the pomp of his divinity;

„ Encompass'd round by those celestial charms,

„ With which he fills th'immortal *Juno*'s arms. 360

Th'un-

V. 350. 'Tis well, says she,] *Virgil* has made a *Beroë* of one of his Goddesses in the fifth *Æneid*; but if we compare the speech she there makes with that of her name-sake in this story, we may find the genius of each Poet discovering it self in the language of the Nurse: *Virgil*'s *Iris* could not have spoken more majestically in her own shape; but *Juno* is so much altered from her self in *Ovid*, that the Goddess is quite lost in the Old-woman.

Th'unwary Nymph, ensnar'd with what she said;
 Desir'd of *Jove*, when next he sought her bed,
 To grant a certain gift which she would chuse;
 „ Fear not, reply'd the God, that I'll refuse 364
 „ Whate'er you ask: May *Styx* confirm my voice,
 „ Chuse what you will, & you shall have your choice.
 „ Then, says the Nymph, when next you seek my
 „ May you descend in those celestial charms, (arms,
 „ With which your *Juno*'s bosom you enflame, 369
 „ And fill with transport Heaven's immortal Dame.
 The God surpriz'd would fain have stopp'd her voice:
 But he had sworn, and she had made her choice.

To keep his promise he ascends, and shrouds
 His awful brow in whirlwinds and in clouds;
 Whilst all around, in terrible array, 375
 His thunders rattle, and his light'nings play:
 And yet, the dazzling lustre to abate,
 He set not out in all his pomp and state,
 Clad in the mildest light'ning of the skies,
 And arm'd with thunder of the smallest size: 380
 Not those huge bolts by which the Giants slain
 Lay overthrown on the *Phlegrean* plain;
 'Twas of a lesser mould, and lighter weight;
 They call it Thunder of a second-rate.
 For the rough *Cyclops*, who by *Jove*'s command 385
 Temper'd the bolt, and turn'd it to his hand,
 Work'd up less flame and fury in its make,
 And quench'd it sooner in the standing lake.
 Thus dreadfully adorn'd, with horror bright,
 Th'illustrious God, descending from his height,
 Came rushing on her in a storm of light. 391 }
 The

The mortal Dame, too feeble to engage
The light'ning's flashes, and the thunder's rage,
Consum'd amidst the glories she desir'd,
And in the terrible embrace expir'd. 395

But, to preserve his offspring from the tomb,
Jove took him smoaking from the blasted womb;
And, if on ancient tales we may rely,
Inclos'd th'abortive infant in his thigh.
Here, when the babe had all his time fulfil'd 400
Io first took him for her foster-child;
Then the *Niseans*, in their dark abode,
Nurs'd secretly with milk the thriving God.

The Transformation of TIRESIAS.

'Twas now, while these transactions past on earth,
And *Bacchus* thus procur'd a second birth, 405
When *Jove*, dispos'd to lay aside the weight
Of publick empire, and the cares of state;
As to his Queen in nectar bowls he quaff'd,
,, In troth, says he, and as he spoke he laugh'd
,, The sense of pleasure in the male is far 410
,, More dull and dead than what you females share.
Juno the truth of what was said deny'd;
Tiresias therefore must the cause decide;
For he the pleasure of each sex had try'd. 415

It happen'd once, within a shady wood, 415
Two twisted Snakes he in conjunction view'd;
When with his staff their slimy folds he broke,
And lost his manhood at the fatal stroke.

T

But,

But, after seven revolving years, he view'd
 The self-same Serpents in the self-same wood; 420
 „ And if, says he, such virtue in you lye,
 „ That he who dares your slimy folds untie
 „ Must change his kind, a second stroke I'll try. }
 Again he struck the Snakes, and stood again
 New-sex'd, and strait recover'd into Man. 425
 Him therefore both the Deities create
 The soveraign umpire in their grand debate;
 And he declar'd for *Jove*: When *Juno* fir'd,
 More than so trivial an affair requir'd,
 Depriv'd him, in her fury, of his sight, 430
 And left him groping round in sudden night.
 But *Jove* (for so it is in Heaven decreed,
 That no one God repeal another's deed;)
 Irradiates all his soul with inward light, 434
 And with the prophet's art relieves the want of sight.

The Transformation of ECHO.

Fam'd far and near for knowing things to come,
 From him th'enquiring nations sought their doom;
 The fair *Liriope* his answers try'd,
 And first th'unerring Prophet justify'd.
 This Nymph the God *Cephus* had abus'd, 440
 With all his winding waters circumfus'd,
 And on the *Nereid* got a lovely boy,
 Whom the soft maids even then beheld with joy.

The tender Dame solicitous to know
 Whether her child should reach old age or no, 445

Com-

METAMORPHOSES. 283

Consults the sage *Tiresias*, who replies,
 " If e'er he knows himself, he surely dies.
 Long liv'd the dubious mother in suspense,
 'Till time unriddled all the Prophet's sense.

Narcissus now his sixteenth year began, 450
 Just turn'd of boy, and on the verge of man;
 Many a friend the blooming youth caress'd,
 Many a love-sick maid her flame confess'd:
 Such was his pride, in vain the friend caress'd,
 The love-sick maid in vain her flame confess'd. 455

Once, in the woods, as he pursu'd the chace,
 The babbling *Echo* had descry'd his face;
 She, who in others words her silence breaks,
 Nor speaks her self but when another speaks.
Echo was then a maid, of speech bereft, 460
 Of wonted speech; for tho' her voice was left,
Juno a curse did on her tongue impose,
 To sport with every sentence in the close.
 Full often when the Goddess might have caught
Jove and her rivals in the very fault, 465
 This Nymph with subtle stories would delay
 Her coming, 'till the lovers slipp'd away.
 The Goddess found out the deceit in time,
 And then she cry'd " That tongue, for this thy crime,
 " Which could so many subtle tales produce, 470
 " Shall be hereafter but of little use.
 Hence 'tis she prattles in a fainter tone,
 With mimick sounds, and accents not her own.

This love-sick Virgin, over-joy'd to find
 The Boy alone, still follow'd him behind; 475
 When glowing warmly at her near approach,
 As sulphur blazes at the taper's touch,
 She long'd her hidden passion to reveal,
 And tell her pains, but had not words to tell:
 She can't begin, but waits for the rebound, 480
 To catch his voice, and to return the sound.

The

V. 480. *She can't begin,*] If playing on words be excusable in any Poem it is in this, where *Echo* is a speaker; but it is so mean a kind of wit, that if it deserves excuse it can claim no more.

Mr. *Locke*, in his *Essay of human understanding*, has given us the best account of Wit in short, that can any where be met with. Wit, says he, lyes in the assemblage of ideas, and putting those together with quickness and variety, wherein can be found any resemblance or congruity, thereby to make up pleasant pictures and agreeable visions in the fancy. Thus does true wit, as this incomparable Author observes, generally consist in the likeness of ideas, and is more or less wit, as this likeness in ideas is more surprizing and unexpected. But as true wit is nothing else but a similitude in ideas, so is false wit the similitude in words, whether it lyes in the likeness of letters only, as in Anagram and Acrostic; or of syllables, as in doggerel rhimes; or whole words, as Puns, Echos, and the like. Beside these two kinds of false and true wit, there is another of a middle nature, that has something of both in it. When in two ideas that have some resemblance with each other, and are both expressed by the same word, we make use of the ambiguity of the word to speak that of one idea included under it, which is proper to the other. Thus, for example, most languages have hit on the word, which properly signifies fire, to express love by, (and therefore we may be sure there is some resemblance in the ideas mankind have of them;) from hence the witty Poets of all languages, when they have once called love a fire, consider it no longer as the passion, but speak of it under the notion of real fire, and, as the turn of wit requires,

The Nymph, when nothing could *Narcissus* move,
Still dash'd with blushes for her flighted love,
Liv'd in the shady covert of the woods.

In solitary caves and dark abodes ; 485

Where pining wander'd the rejected Fair ,

'Till harass'd out , and worn away with care ,

The foundingskeleton , of blood bereft ,

Besides her bones and voice had nothing left.

Her bones are petrify'd , her voice is found 490

In vaults , where still it doubles every sound.

T 3 The

quires, make the same word in the same sentence stand for either of the ideas that is annexed to it. When *Ovid's Apollo* falls in love he burns with a new flame ; when the Sea-Nymphs languish with this passion, they kindle in the water ; the *Greek Epigrammatist* fell in love with one that flung a snow-ball at him, and therefore takes occasion to admire how fire could be thus concealed in snow. In short, whenever the Poet feels any thing in this love that resembles something in fire, he carries on this agreement into a kind of allegory ; but if, as in the preceding instances, he finds any circumstance in his love contrary to the nature of fire, he calls his love a fire, and by joining this circumstance to it surprises his reader with a seeming contradiction. I should not have dwelt so long on this instance, had it not been so frequent in *Ovid*, who is the greatest admirer of this mixed wit of all the Ancients , as our *Cowley* is among the Moderns. *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Horace*, and the greatest Poets scorned it , as indeed it is only fit for Epigram and little copies of verses ; one would wonder therefore how so sublime a genius as *Milton* could sometimes fall into it, in such a work as an Epic Poem. But we must attribute it to his humouring the vicious taste of the age he lived in, and the false judgment of our unlearned English readers in general, who have few of them a relish of the more masculine and noble beauties of Poetry.

The Story of NARCISSUS.

Thus did the Nymphs in vain carefs the Boy,
 He still was lovely, but he still was coy;
 When one fair Virgin of the flighted train 594
 Thus pray'd the Gods, provok'd by his disdain,
 „ Oh may he love like me, and love like me in
 vain!

Rhamnusia pity'd the neglected Fair,
 And with just vengeance answer'd to her prayer.

There stands a fountain in a darksom wood,
 Nor stain'd with falling leaves nor rising mud; 500
 Untroubled by the breath of winds it rests,
 Unfully'd by the touch of men or beasts;

High

Ovid seems particularly pleas'd with the subject of this story, but has notoriously fallen into a fault he is often taxed with, of not knowing when he has said enough, by his endeavouring to excel. How has he turned and twisted that one thought of *Narcissus's* being the person beloved, and the lover too?

Cunctaque miratur quibus est mirabilis ipse.

--- *Qui probat, ipse probatur.*

Dumque petit petitur, pariterque incendit & ardet.

Atque oculos idem qui decipit incitat error.

Perque oculos perit ipse suos ---

Uror amore mei, flammis moveoque ferroque.

But we cannot meet with a better instance of the extravagance and wantonness of *Ovid's* fancy, than in that particular circumstance at the end of the story of *Narcissus's* gazing on his face after death in the *Stygian* waters. The design was very bold, of making a Boy fall in love with himself here on earth, but to torture him with the same passion after death, and not to let his ghost rest in quiet, was intolerably cruel and uncharitable.

High bowers of shady trees above it grow,
 And rising grass and chearful greens below.
 Pleas'd with the form and coolness of the place,
 And over-heated by the morning chace, 506
Narcissus on the grassie verdure lyes:
 But whilst within the chrystal fount he tries
 To quench his heat, he feels new heats arise. }
 For as his own bright image he survey'd, 510
 He fell in love with the fantastick shade;
 And o'er the fair resemblance hung unmov'd,
 Nor knew, fond youth! it was himself he lov'd.
 The well-turn'd neck and shoulders he descries,
 The spacious forehead, and the sparkling eyes; 515
 The hands that *Bacchus* might not scorn to show,
 And hair that round *Apollo's* head might flow,
 With all the purple youthfulness of face,
 That gently blushes in the wat'ry glass.
 By his own flames consum'd the lover lyes, 520
 And gives himself the wound by which he dies.

T 4

To

V. 508. *But whilst within,*] *Dumque sitim sedare cupit sitis altera crevit.* We have here a touch of that mixed wit I have before spoken of, but I think the measure of Pun in it outweighs the true wit; for if we express the thought in other words the turn is almost lost. This passage of *Narcissus* probably gave *Milton* the hint of applying it to *Eve*, though I think her surprize at the sight of her own face in the water, far more just and natural, than this of *Narcissus*. She was a raw, unexperienced being, just created, and therefore might easily be subject to the delusion; but *Narcissus* had been in the world sixteen years, was brother and son to the water-nymphs, and therefore to be supposed conversant with fountains long before this fatal mistake.

To the cold water oft he joins his lips,
 Oft catching at the beauteous shade he dips
 His arms, as often from himself he slips.
 Nor knows he who it is his arms pursue §25
 With eager clasps, but loves he knows not who.
 What could, fond youth, this helpless passion move?
 What kindle in thee this unpity'd love?
 Thy own warm blush within the water glows,
 With thee the colour'd shadow comes and goes, 530
 Its empty being on thy self relies;
 Step thou aside, and the frail charmer dies.

Still o'er the fountain's wat'ry gleam he stood,
 Mindless of sleep, and negligent of food;
 Sill view'd his face, and languish'd as he view'd.
 At length he rais'd his head, and thus began 536
 To vent his griefs, and tell the woods his pain.
 „ You trees, says he, and thou surrounding grove,
 „ Who oft have been the kindly scenes of love,
 „ Tell

V. 538. *You trees, says he,*] Ovid is very justly celebrated for the passionate speeches of his Poem. They have generally abundance of nature in them; but I leave it to better judgments to consider whether they are not often too witty and too tedious. The Poet never cares for smothering a good thought that comes in his way, and never thinks he can draw tears enough from his reader, by which means our grief is either diverted or spent before we come to his conclusion; for we cannot at the same time be delighted with the wit of the Poet, and concerned for the person that speaks it; and a great Critick has admirably well observed, *Lamentationes debent esse breves & concisæ, nam lachryma subito excrescit, & difficile est Auditorem vel Lectorem in summo animi affectu diu tenere.* Would any one in Narcissus's condition have cry'd out--- *Inopem me copia fecit?* Or can any thing be more unnatural than to turn off from his sorrows for the sake of a pretty reflection?

„ Tell me, if e'er within your shades did lye 540
 „ A youth so tortur'd, so perplex'd as I?
 „ I who before me see the charming fair,
 „ Whilst there he stands, and yet he stands not there:
 „ In such a maze of love my thoughts are lost;
 „ And yet no bulwark'd town, nor distant coast, 545
 „ Preserves the beauteous youth from being seen,
 „ No mountains rise, nor oceans flow between.
 „ A shallow water hinders my embrace;
 „ And yet the lovely mimick wears a face
 „ That kindly smiles, and when I bend to join 550
 „ My lips to his, he fondly bends to mine.
 „ Hear, gentle youth, and pity my complaint;
 „ Come from thy well, thou fair inhabitant.
 „ My charms an easy conquest have obtain'd
 „ O'er other hearts, by thee alone disdain'd. 555
 „ But why should I despair? I'm sure he burns
 „ With equal flames, and languishes by turns.
 „ When-e'er I stoop he offers at a kiss,
 „ And when my arms I stretch, he stretches his.
 „ His eye with pleasure on my face he keeps, 560
 „ He smiles my smiles, and when I weep he weeps.
 „ When-e'er I speak, his moving lips appear
 „ To utter something, which I cannot hear.

T 5

„ Ah

O utinam nostro secedere corpore possem!

Votum in Amante novum; vellem, quod amamus, abesset.

None, I suppose, can be much grieved for one that is so witty on his own afflictions. But I think we may every where observe in *Ovid*, that he employs his Invention more than his Judgment, and speaks all the ingenious things that can be said on the subject, rather than those which are particularly proper to the person and circumstances of the speaker.

„ Ah wretched me ! I now begin too late
 „ To find out all the long-perplex'd deceit ; 565
 „ It is my self I love , my self I see ;
 „ The gay delusion is a part of me.
 „ I kindle up the fires by which I burn ,
 „ And my own beauties from the well return. 569
 „ Whom should I court ? how utter my complaint ?
 „ Enjoyment but produces my restraint ,
 „ And too much plenty makes me die for want. }
 „ How gladly would I from my self remove !
 „ And at a distance set the thing I love.
 „ My breast is warm'd with such unusual fire , 575
 „ I wish him absent whom I most desire.
 „ And now I faint with grief ; my fate draws nigh ;
 „ In all the pride of blooming youth I die.
 „ Death will the sorrows of my heart relieve.
 „ O might the visionary youth survive , 580
 „ I should with joy my latest breath resign !
 „ But oh ! I see his fate involv'd in mine.

This said , the weeping youth again return'd
 To the clear fountain , where again he burn'd ;
 His tears defac'd the surface of the well 585
 With circle after circle , as they fell :
 And now the lovely face but half appears ,
 O'er-run with wrinkles , and deform'd with tears.
 „ Ah whither , cries *Narcissus* , dost thou fly ?
 „ Let me still feed the flame by which I die. 590
 „ Let me still see , tho' I'm no further blest.
 Then rends his garment off , and beats his breast :
 His naked bosom redden'd with the blow ,
 In such a blush as purple clusters show ,

E'er

E'er yet the Sun's autumnal heats refine 595
 Their sprightly juice, and mellow it to wine.
 The glowing beauties of his breast he spies,
 And with a new redoubled passion dies.
 As wax dissolves, as ice begins to run,
 And trickle into drops before the Sun; 600
 So melts the youth, and languishes away,
 His beauty withers, and his limbs decay;
 And none of those attractive charms remain,
 To which the flighted *Echo* su'd in vain.

She saw him in his present misery, 605
 Whom, spight of all her wrongs, she griev'd to see.
 She answer'd sadly to the Lover's moan,
 Sigh'd back his sighs, and groan'd to every groan:
 „ Ah youth! belov'd in vain, *Narcissus* cries; 609
 „ Ah youth! belov'd in vain, the Nymph replies.
 „ Farewel, says he; the parting sound scarce fell
 From his faint lips, but she reply'd, " Farewell.
 Then on th'unwholsome earth he gasping lyes,
 'Till death shuts up those self-admiring eyes.
 To the cold shades his flitting ghost retires, 615
 And in the *Stygian* waves it self admires.

For him the *Naiads* and the *Dryads* mourn,
 Whom the sad *Echo* answers in her turn;
 And now the Sister-Nymphs prepare his urn:
 When, looking for his corps, they only found 620
 A rising stalk, with yellow blossoms crown'd.

The Story of PENTHEUS.

This sad event gave blind *Tiresias* fame,
Through *Greece* establish'd in a Prophet's name.

Th'un-hallow'd *Pentheus* only durst deride
The cheated people, and their eyeless guide. 625
To whom the Prophet in his fury said,
Shaking the hoary honours of his head; (thee
" 'Twere well, presumptuous man, 'twere well for
" If thou wert eyeless too, and blind, like me:
' For the time comes, nay, 'tis already here, 630
" When the young God's solemnities appear;
" Which if thou dost not with just rites adorn,
' Thy impious carcase, into pieces torn,
" Shall strew the woods, and hang on every thorn. }
" Then, then, remember what I now foretel, 635
' And own the blind *Tiresias* saw too well.
Still *Pentheus* scorns him, and derides his skill,
But time did all the Prophet's threats fulfill.
For now thro' prostrate *Greece* young *Bacchus* rode,
Whilst howling matrons celebrate the God. 640
All ranks and sexes to his *Orgies* ran,
To mingle in the pomps, and fill the train.
When *Penthus* thus his wicked rage express'd;
" What madness, *Thebans*, has your souls possess'd?
" Can

V. 643. *When Pentheus thus.*] There is a great deal of spirit and fire in this speech of *Pentheus*, but I believe none besides *Ovid* would have thought of the transformation of the Serpent's teeth for an incitement to the *Thebans* courage, when

" Can hollow timbrels, can a drunken shout, 645
 " And the lewd clamours of a beastly rout,
 " Thus quell your courage? Can the weak alarm
 " Of women's yells those stubborn souls disarm,
 " Whom nor the sword nor trumpet e'er could fright,
 " Nor the loud din and horror of a fight? 650
 " And you, our Sires, who left your old abodes,
 " And fix'd in foreign earth your country Gods;
 " Will you without a stroke your city yield,
 " And poorly quit an undisputed field?
 " But you, whose youth and vigour should inspire
 " Heroick warmth, and kindle martial fire, 656
 " Whom burnish'd arms and crested helmets grace,
 " Not flowery garlands and a painted face;
 " Remember him to whom you stand ally'd:
 " The Serpent for his well of waters dy'd. 660
 " He fought the strong; do you his courage show,
 " And gain a conquest o'er a feeble foe.
 " If *Thebes* must fall, oh might the Fates afford
 " A nobler doom from famine, fire, or sword!
 " Then might the *Thebans* perish with renown: 665
 " But now a beardless victor sacks the town;
 " Whom nor the prancing steed, nor pond'rous
 " shield,
 " Nor the hack'd helmet, nor the dusty field,
 " But

when he desires them not to degenerate from their great Forefather the *Dragon*, and draws a parallel between the behaviour of them both.

*Este, precor memores, quâ sitis stirpe creati,
 Illiusque animos, qui multos perdidit unus,
 Sumite serpentis: pro fontibus ille, lacuque
 Interiit, at vos pro famâ vincite vestrâ.
 Ille dedit letho fortes, vos pellite molles,
 Et patrium revocate decus. ---*

" But the soft joys of luxury and ease,
 " The purple vests, and flowery garlands please. 670
 " Stand then aside, I'll make the counterfeit
 " Renounce his God-head, and confess the cheat.
 " *Acrisius* from the *Grecian* walls repell'd (yield?
 " This boasted Power; why then should *Pentheus*
 " Go quickly, drag th'audacious boy to me; 675
 " I'll try the force of his divinity.

Thus did th'audacious wretch those rites profane;
 His friends dissuade th'audacious wretch in vain;
 In vain his Grandfire urg'd him to give o'er
 His impious threats; the wretch but raves the more.

So have I seen a river gently glide, 681
 In a smooth course, and inoffensive tide;
 But if with dams its current we restrain,
 It bears down all, and foams along the plain.

But now his servants came besmear'd with blood,
 Sent by their haughty Prince to seize the God; 686
 The God they found not in the frantick throng,
 But dragg'd a zealous votary along.

The Mariners transform'd to Dolphins.

Him *Pentheus* view'd with fury in his look,
 And scarce with-held his hands, while thus he spoke:
 „ Vile

The story of *Acetes* has abundance of nature in all the parts
 of it, as well in the description of his own perentage and
 employment, as in that of the sailors characters and manners.
 But the short speeches scattered up and down in it, which
 make the *Latin* very natural, cannot appear so well in our
 lan-

„ Vile slave! whom speedy vengeance shall pursue,
 „ And terrify thy base seditious crew:
 „ Thy country, and thy parentage reveal,
 „ And, why thou join’st in these mad *Orgies*, tell.

The captive views him with undaunted eyes, 695
 And, arm’d with inward innocence, replies.

„ From high *Meonia*’s rocky shores I came,
 „ Of poor descent, *Acætes* is my name:
 „ My Sire was meanly born; no oxen plow’d
 „ His fruitful fields, nor in his pastures low’d. 700
 „ His whole estate within the waters lay;
 „ With lines and hooks he caught the finny prey.
 „ His art was all his livelihood; which he
 „ Thus with his dying lips bequeath’d to me; 704
 „ In streams, my boy, and rivers take thy chance;
 „ There swims, said he, thy whole inheritance.

„ Long did I live on this poor legacy;
 „ Tiltir’d with rocks, and my own native sky;
 „ To arts of navigation I inclin’d;
 „ Observ’d the turns and changes of the wind: 710
 „ Learn’d the fit havens, and began to note
 „ The stormy *Hyades*, the rainy *Goat*,
 „ The bright *Tæygete*, and the shining *Beans*,
 „ With all the sailor’s catalogue of stars.

„ Once,

language, which is much more stubborn and unpliant, and therefore are but as so many rubs in the story, that are still turning the narration out of its proper course. The transformation at the latter end is wonderfully beautiful.

„ Once, as by chance for *Delos* I design'd , 715
 „ My vessel, driv'n by a strong gust of wind ,
 „ Moor'd in a *Chian* creek ; ashore I went ,
 „ And all the following night in *Chios* spent.
 „ When morning rose , I sent my mates to bring
 „ Supplies of water from a neighb'ring spring , 720
 „ Whilst I the motion of the winds explor'd ;
 „ Then summon'd in my crew , and went aboard.
 „ *Opheltes* heard my summons , and with joy
 „ Brought to the shoar a soft and lovely Boy ,
 „ With more than female sweetness in his look , 725
 „ Whom straggling in the neighb'ring fields he took.
 „ With fumes of wine the little captive glows ,
 „ And nods with sleep , and staggers as he goes.
 „ I view'd him nicely , and began to trace
 „ Each heavenly feature , each immortal grace , }
 „ And saw Divinity in all his face. 731
 „ I know not who , said I , this God should be ;
 „ But that he is a God I plainly see :
 „ And thou , who-e'er thou art , excuse the force
 „ These men have us'd ; and oh befriend our course !
 „ Pray not for us , the nimble *Dictys* cry'd , 736 }
 „ *Dictys* , that could the Main-top-mast bestride , }
 „ And down the ropes with active vigour slide.
 „ To the same purpose old *Epopeus* spoke ,
 „ Who over-look'd the oars , and tim'd the stroke ;
 „ The same the Pilot , and the same the rest ; 741
 „ Such impious avarice their souls possess.
 „ Nay , Heaven forbid that I should bear away
 „ Within my vessel so divine a prey ,

„ Said

- „ Said I ; and stood to hinder their intent : 745
 „ When *Lycabas* , a wretch for murder sent
 „ From *Tuscany* , to suffer banishment ,
 „ With his clench'd fist had struck me over-board ,
 „ Had not my hands in falling grasp'd a cord.
- „ His base confederates the fact approve ; 750
 „ When *Bacchus* , (for 'twas he) begun to move ,
 „ Wak'd by the noise & clamours which they rais'd ;
 „ And shook his drowzie limbs , & round him gaz'd :
 „ What means this noise ? he cries ; am I betray'd ?
 „ Ah ! whither , whither must I be convey'd ? 755
 „ Fear not , said *Proreus* , child , but tell us where
 „ You wish to land , and trust our friendly care.
 „ To *Naxos* then direct your course , said he ;
 „ *Naxos* a hospitable port shall be
 „ To each of you , a joyful home to me. 760
 „ By every God , that rules the sea or sky ,
 „ The perjur'd villains promise to comply ,
 „ And bid me hasten to unmoor the ship.
 „ With eager joy I launch into the deep ;
 „ And , heedless of the fraud , for *Naxos* stand : 765
 „ They whisper oft , and beckon with the hand ,
 „ And give me signs , all anxious for their prey ,
 „ To tack about , and steer another way.
 „ Then let some other to my post succeed ,
 „ Said I , I'm guiltless of so foul a deed. 770
 „ What , says *Ethalion* , must the ship's whole crew
 „ Follow your humour , and depend on you ?
 „ And strait himself he seated at the prore ,
 „ And tack'd about , and sought another shore.

" The beauteous youth now found himself be-
 tray'd,
 " And from the deck the rising waves survey'd,
 " And seem'd to weep, and as he wept he said;
 " And do you thus my easy faith beguile?
 " Thus do you bear me to my native isle?
 " Will such a multitude of men employ 780
 " Their strength against a weak defenceless boy?

" In vain did I the God-like youth deplore,
 " The more I begg'd, they thwarted me the more.
 " And now by all the Gods in Heaven that hear
 " This solemn oath, by *Bacchus* self, I swear, 785
 " The mighty miracle that did ensue,
 " Although it seems beyond belief, is true.
 " The vessel, fix'd and rooted in the flood,
 " Unmov'd by all the beating billows stood.
 " In vain the Mariners would plow the main 790
 " With sails unfurl'd, and strike their oars in vain;
 " Around their oars a twining ivy cleaves,
 " And climbs the mast, and hides the cords in leaves:
 " The sails are cover'd with a chearful green,
 " And berries in the fruitful canvas seen. 795
 " Amidst the waves a sudden forrest rears
 " Its verdant head, and a new spring appears.

" The God we now behold with open'd eyes;
 " A herd of spotted Panthers round him lyes
 " In glaring forms; the grapy clusters spread 800
 " On his fair brows, and dangle on his head.
 " And whilst he frowns, and brandishes his spear,
 " My mates, surpriz'd with madness or with fear,
 " Leap'd

" Leap'd over-board ; first pejur'd *Madon* found
 " Rough scales and fins his stiff'ning sides surround ;
 " Ah what, cries one, has thus transform'd thy look?
 " Straight his own mouth grew wider as he spoke :
 " And now himself he views with like surprize.
 " Still at his oar th'industrious *Libys* plies ;
 " But , as he plies , each busy arm shrinks in , 810
 " And by degrees is fashion'd to a fin.
 " Another , as he catches at a cord ,
 " Misses his arms , and , tumbling over-board ,
 " With his broad fins and forky tail he laves
 " The rising surge , and flounces in the waves. 815
 " Thus all my crew transform'd around the ship , }
 " Or dive below , or on the surface leap , }
 " And spout the waves , and wanton in the deep. }
 " Full nineteen Sailors did the ship convey ,
 " A shoal of nineteen Dolphins round her play. 820
 " I only in my proper shape appear ,
 " Speechless with wonder , and half dead with fear ,
 " 'Till *Bacchus* kindly bid me fear no more.
 " With him I landed on the *Chian* shore , }
 " And him shall ever gratefully adore. 825 }
 " This forging slave , says *Pentheus* , would prevail ,
 " O'er our just fury by a far-fetch'd tale :
 " Go , let him feel the whips , the swords , the fire ,
 " And in the tortures of the rack expire.
 " Th'officious servants hurry him away , 830
 " And the poor captive in a dungeon lay.
 " But , whilst the whips and tortures are prepar'd ,
 " The gates fly open , of themselves unbarr'd ;
 " At liberty th'unfetter'd Captive stands ,
 " And flings the loosen'd shackles from his hands. 835

The Death of PENTHEUS.

But *Pentheus*, grown more furious than before,
 Resolv'd to send his messengers no more,
 But went himself to the distracted throng
 Where high *Citharon* echo'd with their song.
 And * as the fiery War-horse paws the ground, 840
 And snorts and trembles at the trumpet's sound;
 Transported thus he heard the frantick rout,
 And rav'd and maden'd at the distant shout.

A spacious circuit on the hill there stood,
 Level and wide, and skirted round with wood; 845
 Here the rash *Pentheus*, with unhallow'd eyes,
 The howling dames and mystick *Orgies* spies.
 His Mother sternly view'd him where he stood,
 And kindled into madness as she view'd:
 Her leafy jav'lin at her Son she cast, 850
 And cries, "The Boar that lays our country waste!
 "The Boar, my Sisters! aim the fatal dart,
 "And strike the brinled monster to the heart.

Pentheus astonish'd heard the dismal sound,
 And sees the yelling Matrons gath'ring round; 855
 He sees, and weeps at his approaching fate,
 And begs for mercy, and repents too late.
 „ Help, help! my aunt *Autonoe*, he cry'd;
 „ Remember how your own *Acteon* dy'd.

Deaf

* *Ovid* has two very good Similes on *Pentheus*, where he compares him to a River in a former story, and to a War-horse in the present.

METAMORPHOSES. 301

Deaf to his cries, the frantick Matron crops 860

One stretch'd-out arm, the other *Ino* lops.

In vain does *Pentheus* to his Mother sue,

And the raw bleeding stumps presents to view:

His Mother howl'd; and, heedless of his prayer,

Her trembling hand she twisted in his hair, 865 }

,, And this, she cry'd, shall be *Agave's* share.

When from the neck his struggling head she tore,

And in her hands the ghastly visage bore,

With pleasure all the hideous trunk survey;

Then pull'd and tore the mangled limbs away, }

As starting in the pangs of death it lay. 871 }

Soon as the wood its leafy honours casts,

Blown off and scatter'd by autumnal blasts,

With such a sudden death lay *Pentheus* slain,

And in a thousand pieces strow'd the plain. 875

By so distinguishing a judgment aw'd,

The *Thebans* tremble, and confess the God.





The Story of SALMACIS and HERMAPHRODITUS.

*From the Fourth Book of OVID's Meta-
morphoses.*

HOW *Salmacis*, with weak enfeebling streams
Softens the body, and unnerves the limbs,
And what the secret cause, shall here be shown;
The cause is secret, but th'effect is known.

The *Naiads* nurs't an infant heretofore, 5
That *Cytherea* once to *Hermes* bore :
From both th'illustrious authors of his race
The child was nam'd ; nor was it hard to trace }
Both the bright Parents through the Infant's face. }
When fifteen years , in *Ida's* cool retreat , 10
The Boy had told , he left his native seat ,
And sought fresh fountains in a foreign soil ;
The pleasure lessen'd the attending toil.
With eager steps the *Lycian* fields he crost ,
And fields that border on the *Lycian* coast ; 15
A river here he view'd so lovely bright ,
It shew'd the bottom in a fairer light ,
Nor kept a sand conceal'd from human sight. }

The

The stream produc'd nor slimy ooze, nor weeds,
 Nor miry rushes, nor the spiky reeds; 20
 But dealt enriching moisture all around,
 The fruitful banks with chearful verdure crown'd,
 And kept the spring eternal on the ground. }
 A Nymph presides, nor practis'd in the chace,
 Nor skilful at the bow, nor at the race; 25
 Of all the blue-ey'd daughters of the main,
 The only stranger to *Diana's* train:
 Her Sisters often, as 'tis said, wou'd cry
 " Fie *Salmacis*, what always idle! fie.
 " Or take thy quiver, or thy arrows seize, 30
 " And mix the toils of hunting with thy ease.
 Nor quiver she nor arrows e'er wou'd seize,
 Nor mix the toils of hunting with her ease.
 But oft would bathe her in the chrystal tide,
 Oft with a comb her dewy locks divide; 35
 Now in the limpid streams she view'd her face,
 And drest her image in the floating glass:
 On beds of leaves she now repos'd her limbs,
 Now gather'd flowers that grew about her streams;
 And then by chance was gathering, as she stood 40
 To view the Boy, and long'd for what she view'd.

Fain wou'd she meet the youth with hasty feet,
 She fain wou'd meet him, but refus'd to meet
 Before her looks were set with nicest care,
 And well deserv'd to be reputed fair. 45
 " Bright youth, she cries, whom all thy features prove
 " A God, and if a God, the God of love;
 " But if a Mortal, blest thy Nurse's breast,
 " Blest are thy Parents, and thy Sisters blest:

" But oh how blest ! how more than blest thy Bride ;
 " Ally'd in blifs , if any yet ally'd. 51
 " If so , let mine the stoln enjoyments be ;
 " If not , behold a willing Bride in me.

The Boy knew nought of love , and toucht with
 shame ,

He strove , and blusht , but still the blush became : 55
 In rising blushes still fresh beauties rose ;

The sunny side of fruit such blushes shows ,
 And such the Moon , when all her silver white
 Turns in eclipses to a ruddy light.

The Nymph still begs , if not a nobler blifs , 60
 A cold salute at least , a Sister's kiss :

And now prepares to take the lovely Boy
 Between her arms. He , innocently coy ,
 Replies , " Or leave me to my self alone ,
 " You rude uncivil Nymph , or I'll be gone. 65

" Fair stranger then , says she , it shall be so ;
 And , for she fear'd his threats , she feign'd to go ;
 But hid within a covert's neighbouring green ,
 She kept him still in sight , her self unseen.

The Boy now fancies all the danger o'er , 70
 And innocently sports about the shore ;

Playful and wanton to the stream he trips ,
 And dips his foot , and shivers , as he dips.

The coolness pleas'd him , and with eager haste
 His airy garments on the banks he cast ; 75

His godlike features , and his heavenly hue ,
 And all his beauties were expos'd to view.

His

METAMORPHOSES. 305

His naked limbs the Nymph with rapture spies ,
 While hotter passions in her bosom rise ,
 Flush in her cheeks , and sparkle in her eyes. 80
 She longs , she burns to clasp him in her arms ,
 And looks , and fighs , and kindles at his charms.

Now all undrest upon the banks he stood ,
 And clapt his sides , and leapt into the flood :
 His lovely limbs the silver waves divide , 85
 His limbs appear more lovely through the tide ;
 As lillies shut within a chrystal case ,
 Receive a glossy lustre from the glass.
 " He's mine , he's all my own , the *Naiad* cries ,
 And flings off all , and after him she flies. 90
 And now she fastens on him as he swims ,
 And holds him close , and wraps about his limbs.
 The more the Boy resisted , and was coy ,
 The more she clipt , and kist the struggling Boy.
 So when the wrigling Snake is snatcht on high 95
 In Eagle's claws , and hisses in the sky ,
 Around the foe his twirling tail he flings ,
 And twists her legs , and writhes about her wings.

The restless Boy still obstinately strove
 To free himself , and still refus'd her love. 100
 Amidst his limbs she kept her limbs intwin'd ,
 " And why , coy youth , she cries , why thus unkind ! }
 " Oh may the Gods thus keep us ever join'd !
 " Oh may we never , never part again !
 So pray'd the Nymph , nor did she pray in vain : 105
 For now she finds him , as his limbs she prest ,
 Grow nearer still , and nearer to her breast ;

'Till , piercing each the other's flesh , they run
Together , and incorporate in one :

Last in one face are both their faces join'd , 110 }
As when the stock and grafted twig combin'd
Shoot up the same , and wear a common rind :
Both bodies in a single body mix ,
A single body with a double sex. 114

The Boy , thus lost in Woman , now survey'd
The river's guilty stream , and thus he pray'd,
(He pray'd , but wonder'd at his softer tone ,
Surpriz'd to hear a voice but half his own)
You Parent-Gods , whose heavenly names I bear ,
Hear your *Hermaphrodite* , and grant my prayer ;
Oh grant , that whomsoe'er these streams contain , }
If Man he enter'd , he may rise again
Supple , unfinew'd and but half a Man !

The heavenly Parents answer'd from on high ,
Their two-shap'd son , the double votary ;
Then gave a secret virtue to the flood ,
And ting'd its source to make his wishes good.



POEMAT A.

HONORATISSIMO VIRO

CAROLO MONTAGU, Armigero,
Scaccharii Cancellario, Ærarii Præfec-
to, Regi à secretioribus consiliis, &c.

CUM tanta auribus tuis obstrepat Vatum
nequissimorum turba, nihil est cur que-
raris aliquid inusitatum tibi contigisse,
ubi præclarum hoc argumentum meis
etiam numeris violatum conspexeris.

Quantum virtute bellica præstent Britanni, recens
ex rebus gestis testatur gloria; quam vero in hu-
manioribus Pacis studiis non emineamus, indicio
sunt quos nuper in lucem emisimus versiculi. Quod
si CONGREVIUS ille tuus, divino, quo solet,
furore correptus materiam hanc non exornasset,
vix tanti esset ipsa Pax, ut illa letaremur tot
perditissimis Poetis tam misere decantata. At,
dum alios insector, mei ipsius oblitus fuisse videor,
qui haud minores forsitan ex Latinis tibi molestias
allaturus sum, quam quas illi ex vernaculis suis
carminibus attulerunt; nisi quod inter ipsos cru-
ciatus lenimentum aliquod dolori tribuat tormenti
varietas. Nec quidem unquam adduci possem, ut
poema patrio sermone conscriptum oculis tuis subji-
cerem, qui ab istis conatibus cæteros omnes scri-
bendo non minus deterres, quam favendo excitaveris.

HUMANITATIS TUÆ

CULTOR DEVOTISSIMUS,

JOSEPHUS ADDISON.

Pax



*Pax GULIELMI Auspiciis Eu-
ropæ reddita. 1697.*

Postquam ingens clamorque virûm, strepitusque
tubarum,

Atque omnis belli cecidit fragor; aspice, Cæsar,
Quæ tibi solliciti, turba importuna, Poetæ
Munera deducunt: generosæ a pectore flammæ,
Diræque armorum effigies, simulachraque belli
Tristia diffugiant: O tandem absiste triumphis
Expletus, penitusque animo totum excute Martem.

Non ultra ante oculos numerofo milite campi
Miscentur, solito nec fervent arva tumultu;
Stat circum alta quies, curvoque innixus aratro 10
Desertas fossas, & castra minantia castris
Rusticus invertit, tacita formidine lustrans
Horroremque loci, & funestos stragibus agros.
Jamque super vallum & munimina longa virescit
Expectata seges, jam propugnacula rident 15
Vere novo; insuetos mirabitur incola culmos,
Luxuriemque soli, & turgentem a sanguine messem.

Aspicias ut toto excitus venit advena mundo
Bellorum invisens sedem, & confusa ruinis
Oppida, & everfos flammarum turbine muros! 20
Ut trepidos rerum Annales, tristemque laborum
Inquirat seriem, attonitis ut spectat ocellis

Semirutas turre , & adhuc polluta cruore
Flumina , famososque ORMONDI volnere campos !

Hic , ubi saxa jacent disperso infecta cerebro , 25
Atque interruptis hiscunt divortia muris ,
Vexillum intrepidus * fixit , cui tempora dudum
Budenfes palmæ , peregrinaque laurus obumbrat.
Ille ruens aciem in mediam , qua ferrea grando
Sparfa fuit circum , & plumbi densissimus imber , 30
Sulphuream noctem , tetrasque bitumine nubes
Ingreditur , crebroque rubentem fulgure fumum.
Ut vario anfractu , & disiectis undique saxis
Mænia discedunt , scopulisque immane minantur
Desuper horrificis , & formidabile pendent ! 35

Hic pestem occultam , & fœcundas sulphure moles
Cernere erat , magno quas inter mota tumultu
Prælia fervebant ; subito cum claustra fragore
Horrendum disrupta tonant , semiuſtaque membra ,
Fumantesque artus , laniataque corpora lethum 40
Corripit informe , & rotat ater in æthere turbo.

Sic , postquam Enceladi dejecit fulmine fratres
Cœlicolum Pater , & vetuit contemnere Divos :
Divulsam terræ faciem , ingentesque ruinas
Mortales stupuere ; altum hinc mirantur abesse 45
Pelion , invertique imis radicibus Oſſam ;
Hic fluvium moles inter confusaque saxa
Reptare , atque aliis discentem currere ripis.
Stant dubii , & notos montes umbrasque requirunt ,
Errore ambiguo elusi , & novitate locorum. 50

Nempe hic AURIACI nuper vexilla secutæ

Con-

* Dominus CUTTS. Baro de Gowran , &c.

310 P O E M A T A.

Confluxere acies , hic , aspera corda , Britanni ,
Germanusque ferox , & juncto fœdere Belga ;
Quique truci Boreæ & cœlo damnatus iniquo
Vitam agit in tenebris ; & qui dudum ore perusto 55
Decolor admoti prodit vestigia Phœbi :

Undique conveniunt , totum conscripta per orbem
Agmina , Nassovique latus socialibus armis
Circumfusa tegunt , fremitusque & murmura miscent,
Tam vario disjuncta situ , tot dissona linguis. 60

Te tamen e mediis , * Ductor fortissime , turmis
Exere , tu vitam (si quid mea carmina possunt)
Accipies , populique encomia sera futuri ,
Quem varias edoctum artes , studiisque Minervæ
Omnibus ornatum Marti Rhedycina furenti 65
Credidit invita , & tanto se jactat alumno. (æstus

Hunc nempe ardorem , atque immensos pectoris
Non jubar Arctoum , aut nostri penuria cœli ,
Sed plaga torridior , qua Sol intentius omnes
Effundit radios , totique obnoxia Phœbo 70

India progenuit , tenerisque incoxit ab annis
Virtutem immodicam , & generosæ incendia mentis.

Jam quoque torpentem qui infelix suspicit Arcton ,
Brumamque æternam frigusque perambulat , ursæ
Horridus exuviis , GULIELMI ingentia facta 75
Describit sociis , pugnataque in ordine bella
Attentus numerat , neque brumam aut frigora curat.
En ! vastos nivium tractus & pallida regna
Deserit , imperio extremum † qui subjicit orbem ,

In-

* Insign. Dom. Christoph. Codrington , unus ex Regii Satellitii Præfectis.

† Russiæ Imperator.

Indigenasque hyemes, Britonumque Heroa pererrat
 Luminibus tacitis; subeunt nunc fusa Namurcæ 81
 Mænia, nunc tardo quæ sanguine plurima fluxit
 Boinia, nunc dubii palma indiscreta Seneffi.
 Quæ facies, & quanta viri! quo vertice in auras
 Affurgit! quali firmat vestigia gressu, 85
 Majestate rudi, & torvo spectabilis ore!

Sic olim Alcides, immania membra Leonis
 Instratus spoliis, vasta se mole ferebat,
 Evandri amplexus dextramque adjungere dextræ
 Cum peteret, tectisque ingens succederet hospes. 90

Dum pugnas, GULIELME, tuas, camposque cruen-
 Accipit, in venis ebullit vividus humor, (tos
 Corda micant crebro, & mentem ferit æmulus ardor.
 Non jam Riphæos hostis populabitur agros
 Impune, aut agitabit inultas Sarmata prædas. 95
 Quis tamen ille procul fremitus! Quæ murmura vulgi
 Nassovium ingeminant! video cava littora circum
 Fervere remigibus, subitisque albescere velis.

Anglia solve metus, & inanes mitte querelas,
 NASSOVI secura tui, desiste tumentes 100
 Prospicere in fluctus animo suspensa, trucesque
 Objurgare notos, tardamque requirere puppim:
 Optatus tibi Cæsar adest, nec ut ante videbis
 Sollicitum belli studiis, fatalia Gallo
 Consilia & tacitas versantem in pectore pūgnas. 105
 Olli grata quies & pax tranquilla verendum
 Composuit vultum, lætosque afflavit honores.

Ut denso circum se plurimus agmine miles
 Agglomerat lateri! ut patriam veteresque penates
 Respicit exultans! juvat ostentare recentes 110
 Ore cicatrices, & vulnera cruda, notasque

Mucronum infignes , afflataque sulphure membra.
 Chara stupet conjux , reducisque incerta mariti
 Vestigat faciem ; trepida formidine proles
 Stat procul , & patrios horrescit nescia vultus. 115
 Ille graves casus , duri & discrimina belli
 Enumerat , tumidisque instaurat prælia verbis.
 Sic , postquam in patriam fœcunda heroibus Argo
 Phryxeam attulerat pellem , lanamque rigentem
 Exposuit Graiis , & tortile velleris aurum , 120
 Navita terrificis infamia littora monstribus
 Describit , mixto spirantem incendia fumo
 Serpentem , vigilesque feras , plaustroque gementes
 Insolito tauros , & anhelos igne juvencos. 124

Te tamen , O quantis GULIELME erepte periclis ,
 Accipimus reducem : tibi Diva Britannia fundit
 Plebemque & Proceres : medias quacunque per urbes
 Ingredieris , crebræ confurgunt undique pompæ ,
 Gaudiaque & plausus : mixto ordine vulgus euntem
 Circumstat fremitu denso : Tibi Jupiter annum 130
 Serius invertit , luces mirata serenas
 Ridet Hyems , festoque vacat cœlum omne triumpho.

Jamque * Nepos tibi parvus adest , lætoque juven-
 Incessu , & blando testatur gaudia risu. (tæ
 Ut patrius vigor atque elati gratia vultus 135
 Cæsareum spirant , majestatemque verendam
 Infundunt puero ! ut Mater formosa serenat
 Augustam frontem , & sublimia temperat ora !
 Agnosco faciem ambiguam , mixtosque parentes.
 Ille tuas , GULIELME , acies , & tristia bella , 140
 Pugnas-

* Celsissimus Princeps Dux Glocestrensis.

Pugnasque innocua dudum sub imagine lufit.
 Nunc indignanti similis fugitiva pusillæ
 Terga premit turmæ, & falsis terroribus implet,
 Sternitque exiguum ficto cognomine Gallum.
 Nunc simulat turres, & propugnacula parva 145
 Nominibus signat variis; subitoque tumultu
 Sedulus infirmas arces, humilemque Namurcam
 Diruit; interea generosæ in pectore flammæ
 Assurgunt sensim juveni, notat ignis honestas
 Purpureo fervore genas, & amabilis horror. 150
 Quis tamen Augustæ immensas in carmine pompas
 Instruet, in luteos ubi vulgo effusa canales
 Vina rubent, variatque infectas purpura sordes?
 Quis lapsus referet stellarum, & fictile cœlum,
 Qua laceram ostendunt redolentia compita chartam,
 Sulphuris exuvias, tubulosque bitumine cassos? 156
 En procul attonitam video clarescere noctem
 Fulgore insolito! ruit undique lucidus imber,
 Flagrantesque hyemes; crepitantia sidera passim
 Scintillant, totoque pluunt incendia cœlo. 160
 Nec minus in terris Vulcanus mille figuras
 Induit, ignivomasque feras, & fulgida monstra,
 Terribiles visu formas! hic membra Leonis
 Hispida mentitur, tortisque comantia flammis
 Colla quatit, rutilasque jubas; hic lubricus Anguem
 Ludit, subfiliens, & multo sibilat igne. 166
 Lætitiâ ingentem atque effusa hæc gaudia civis
 Jam tandem securus agit, positoque timore
 Exercet ventos, classemque per ultima mundi
 Impune educit, pelagoque licentius errat: 170
 Seu constricta gelu, mediisque horrentia Cancri
 Mensibus arva videt; seu turgida malit olenti

Tendere vela noto, qua thurea flamina miscet
Æolus, & placidis perfundit odoribus auras.

Vos animæ illustres heroum, umbræque recentes,
Quarum trunca jacent & adhuc stillantia crudis 176
Corpora vulneribus, quibus hæc optabilis orbi
Parta quies, nondum Nasso abducite vestro
Fida satellitia, at solitis stipate catervis

Ductorem, & tenues circum diffundite turmas. 180

Tuque MARIA, tuos non unquam oblita Britannos,
O Diva, O patiens magnum expectare maritum,
Ne terris Dominum inideas, quanquam amplius
illum

Detineant, longamque agitent sub vindice pacem.

BAROMETRI Descriptio.

QUA penetrat fossor terræ cæca antra, metallo
Fœcunda informi, rudibusque nitentia venis;
Dum stupet occultas gazas, nummosque futuros,
Eruit argenti latices, nitidumque liquorem;
Qui nullo effusus prodit vestigia tractu, 5
Nec terram signo revolubilis imprimitudo, (dam
Sed fractus sparsim in globulos formam usque rotun-
Servat, & in teretes lapsans se colligit orbes.

Incertum qua sit natura, an negligat ultra
Perficier, jubar & maturus inutile temnat; 10
An potius Solis vis imperfecta relinquat
Argentum male coctum, divitiasque fluentes:
Quicquid erit, magno se jactat nobilis usu;
Nec Deus effulsit magis aspectabilis olim,

Cum

Cum Danaen flavo circum pretiosus amictu
Ambiit, & gratam suadente libidine formam,
Depluit irriguo liquefactum Numen in Auro.

Quin age, fume tubum fragilem, cui denflora ær
Exclusus; fundo vitri subsidat in imo

Argenti stagnum; ut pluvia impendente metallum
Mobile descendat, vel contra, ubi postulat æstus,
Prodeat hinc liquor emergens, & rursus inane
Occupet ascensu, tubulumque excurrat in omnem.

Jam cœli faciem tempestatesque futuras
Conscia lympa monet, brumamque & frigora narrat.

Nam quoties liquor insurgit, vitreoque canali
Sublatum nequeunt ripæ cohibere priores;
Tum lætos sperare dies licet, arva fatentur
Æstatem, & large diffuso lumine rident.

Sin sese immodicum attollens argenteus humor,
Et nimium oppressus, contendat ad ardua vitri,
Jam sitiunt herbæ, jam succos flamma feraces
Excoquit, & languent confumto prata virore.

Cum vero tenues nebulas spiracula terræ
Fundunt, & madidi fluitant super æquora fumi,

Pabula venturæ pluviae; tum fusile pondus
Inferiora petit; nec certior Ardea cœlos
Indicat humentes, medias quando ætheris oras
Tranando, crassa fruitur sublimius aura,
Discutit & madidis rorantia nubila pennis.

Nunc guttæ agglomerant, dispersas frigora stipant
Particulas, rarusque in nimbum cogitur humor:
Prata virent, segetem fœcundis imbribus æther
Irrigat, & bibulæ radici alimenta ministrat.

Quin ubi plus æquo descendens uda metalli (cellam,
Fundum amat, impatiens pluviae, metuensque pro-

Agricolæ caveant ; non hoc impune colonus
 Aspicit ; ostendet mox foeta vaporibus aura
 Collectas hyemes , tempestatemque sonoram.
 At licet Argentum mole incumbente levatum 50
 Subfidat , penitusque imo se condat in alveo ,
 Cætera quæque tument ; everfis flumina ripis
 Expatiata ruunt , spumantibus æstuat undis
 Diluvium , rapidique effusa licentia ponti.

Nulla tacet secreta poli mirabile vitrum , 55
 Quin varios cœli vultus & tempora prodit.
 Ante refert , quando tenui velamine tutus
 Incedes , quando sperabis frigidus ignem.

Augurio hoc fretus , quanquam atri nubila cœli
 Dirumpunt obscura diem , pluviasque minantur ; 60
 Machina si neget , & sudum promittat apertum ,
 Audax carpat iter nimbo pendente viator ;
 Nec metuens imbrem , poscentes Messor aristas
 Prosternat : terræ jam bruma incumbit inermis , 64
 Frigoraque haud nocitura cadunt , feriuntque paratos.





ΠΥΓΜΑΙΟ-ΓΕΡΑΝΟΜΑΧΙΑ,

S I V E,

P R Æ L I U M

I N T E R

P Y G M Æ O S & G R U E S commissum.

Pennatas acies, & lamentabile bellum
 Pygmeadum refero: parvas tu, Musa, cohortes
 Instrue, tu gladios, mortemque minantia rostra,
 Offensoſque Grues, indignantesque puſillam 4
 Militiam celebra; volucrumque hominumque tu-
 Heroum ingentes animos & triſtia bella (multus.
 Pieridum labor exhaustit, verſuque ſonoro
 Juſſit & æterna numerorum aſſurgere pompa:
 Quis lectos Graium juvenes, & torva tuentem
 Theſea, quis pedibus velocem ignorat Achillem?
 Quem dura Æneæ certamina, quem GULIELMI II
 Geſta latent? fratres Thebani, & flebile fatum
 Pompeii quem non deſaſſavere legentem?
 Primus ego intactas acies, gracilemque tubarum 14
 Carmine depingam ſonitum, nova caſtra ſecutus;
 Exiguosque canam pugiles, Gruibusque malignos
 Heroas, nigrisque ruentem è nubibus hoſtem.

Qua Solis tepet ortu, primitiisſque diei

India læta rubet, medium inter inhospita saxa
 (Per placidam vallem, & paucis accessa vireta) 20
 Pygmæum quondam steterat, dum Fata finebant,
 Imperium. Hic varias vitam excoluere per artes
 Seduli, & assiduo fervebant arva popello.

Nunc si quis dura evadat per saxa viator,
 Desertosque lares, & valles ossibus albas 25
 Exiguus videt, & vestigia parva stupefcit.

Desolata tenet victrix impune volucris
 Regna, & securo crepitat Grus improba nido.
 Non sic, dum multos stetit insuperabilis annos
 Parvula progenies; tum, si quis cominus ales 30
 Congredi, & immixtæ auderet se credere pugnae,
 Miles atrox aderat, sumptisque feroculus armis
 Sternit humi volucrem moribundam, humerisque
 reportat

Ingentem prædam; cæsoque epulatur in hoste.
 Sæpe improvisas mactabat, sæpe juvabat 35
 Direpere aut nidum, aut ulcisci in prole parentem.
 Nempe larem quoties multa construxerat arte,
 Aut uteri posuisset onus, volucremque futuram;
 Continuo vultu spirans immane minaci
 Omnia vastaret miles, foetusque necaret 40
 Immeritos, vitamque abrumperet imperfectam,
 Cum tepido nondum maturuit hostis in ovo.

Hinc causæ irarum, bella hinc, fatalia bella,
 Atque acies letho intentæ, volucrumque virumque
 Commissæ strages, confusaque mortis imago. 45
 Non tantos motus, nec tam memorabile bellum,
 Mæonius quondam * sublimi carmine vates
 Lusit; ubi totam strepituque armisque paludem
 Miscuit: hic (visu miserabile!) corpora murum

Spar-

* Homerus in Batrachomyomachia.

Sparſa jacent juncis tranſfixa , hic gutture rauco 50
 Rana dolet , pedibusque abſciſſo poplite ternis
 Reptat humi , ſolitis nec ſeſe ſaltibus effert.

Jamque dies Pygmæo aderat , quo tempore cæſi
 Pœnituit foetus , intactaque maluit ova. 54

Nam ſuper his accenſa graves exarſit in iras (unda ,
 Grus ſtomachans ; omneſque ſimul , quas Strymonis
 Aut ſtagnum Mareotidis , imi aut uda Cayſtri
 Prata tenent , adſunt ; Scythicaque excita palude ,
 Et conjurato volucris deſcendit ab Iſtro ,
 Strageſque immenſas & vulnera cogitat abſens , 60
 Exacuitque ungues iſtum meditata futurum ,
 Et roſtrum parat acre , fugæque accommodat alas.

Tantus amor belli , & vindictæ arreſta cupido.
 Ergo ubi vernactus proprium , ſuſpenſus in alto
 Aëre concuſſis exercitus obſtrepit alis , 65
 Terræque immenſos tractus , ſemotaque longe
 Æquora deſpiciunt , Boreamque & nubila tranant
 Innumeri : crebro circum ingens fluctuat æther
 Flamme , & affiduus miſcet cœlum omne tumultus.

Nec minor in terris motus , dum bella faceſſit 70
 Impiger , inſtituitque agmen , firmatque phalangas ,
 Et furit arreptis animoſus homuncio telis :
 Donec turma duas compoſta excurrat in alas ,
 Ordinibusque frequens , & marte inſtructa perito.

Jamque acies inter medias ſeſe arduus infert 75
 Pygmeadum ductor , qui majeſtate verendus
 Inceſſuque gravis reliquos ſupereminet omnes
 Mole gigantea , mediamque aſſurgit in ulnam.
 Torvior aſpectu (hoſtilis nam inſculpferat unguis
 Ore cicatrices) vultuque oſtentat honeſta 80
 Roſtrorum ſigna , & crudos in pectore morſus.

Immortali odio, æternisque exercuit iris
 Alituum gentem, non illum impune volucris
 Aut ore, aut pedibus peteret confusus aduncis.
 Fatalem quoties Gruibus distrinxerat ensen, 85
 Truncavitque alas celerique fugam abstulit hosti!
 Quot fecit strages! quæ nudis funera pullis
 Intulit, heu! quoties implevit Strymona fletu!

Jamque procul sonus auditur, piceamque volantum
 Prospectant nubem bellumque hostesque ferentem.
 Crebrescit tandem, atque oculis se plurimus offert
 Ordinibus structus variis exercitus ingens
 Alituum, motisque eventilat aera pennis.
 Turba polum replet, specieque immanis obumbrat
 Agmina Pygmæorum, & densa in nubibus hæret:
 Nunc densa, at patriis mox reddita rarior oris. 96
 Belli ardent studio Pygmæi, & lumine sævo
 Suspiciunt hostem; nec longum tempus, & ingens
 Turba Gruum horrifico sese super agmina lapsu
 Præcipitat gravis, & bellum sperantibus infert: 100
 Fit fragor; avulsæ volitant circum aera plumæ.
 Mox defessa iterum levibus sese eripit alis,
 Et vires reparata iterum petit impete terras.
 Armorum pendet fortuna: hic fixa volucris 104
 Cuspide, sanguinea sese furibunda rotatu (tem
 Torquet agens circum, rostrumque intendit in hos-
 Imbelle, & curvos in morte recolligit ungues.
 Pygmæi hic stillat lentus de vulnere sanguis,
 Singultusque ciet crebros, pedibusque pusillis
 Tundit humum, & moriens unguem execratur acu-
 tum. 110

Æstuat omne solum strepitu, tepidoque rubescit
 Sanguine, sparguntur gladii, sparguntur & alæ,

Unguesque & digiti, conmissaque rostra lacertis,

Pygmeadum sævit, mediisque in millibus ardet
Ductor, quem late hinc atque hinc pereuntia cingunt
Corpora fusa Gruum; mediaque in morte vagatur,
Nec plausu alarum, nec rostri concidit ictu.

Ille Gruum terror, illum densissima circum
Miscetur pugna, & bellum omne laborat in uno:
Cum subito appulsus (sic Dî voluere) tumultu
Ex inopino ingens & formidabilis Ales 121

Comprendit pedibus pugnantem; & (triste relatu)
Sustulit in cœlum; Bellator ab unguibus hæret
Pendulus; agglomerat strepitu globus undique densus
Alituum: frustra Pygmæi lumine mœsto 125
Regem inter nubes lugent, solitoque minorem
Heroem aspiciunt Gruibus plaudentibus escam.

Jamque recrudescit bellum, Grus desuper urget
Pygmæum rostro, atque hostem petit ardua morfu;
Tum fugit alta volans; is sursum brachia jactat 130
Vulneris impatiens, & inanes sævit in auras.
Talis erat belli facies, cum Pelion ingens
Mitteret in cœlum Briareus, folioque Tonantem
Præcipitem excuteret; sparguntur in æthere toto
Fulminaque scopulique: flagrantia tela deorsum 135
Torquentur Jovis acta manu, dum vasta Gigantum
Corpora fusa jacent, semiustaque sulphure fumant.

Viribus absumptis penitus Pygmeia tandem
Agmina languescunt; ergo pars vertere terga
Horribili perculsa metu, pars tollere vocem 140
Exiguam; late populus cubitalis oberrat.
Instant a tergo volucres, lacerantque trahuntque
Immites, certæ gentem extirpare nefandam.

Sic Pygmæa domus multos dominata per annos,

Tot bellis defuncta , Gruum tot læta triumphis , 145
 Funditus interiit. Nempe exitus omnia tandem
 Certus Regna manet , sunt certi denique fines ,
 Quos ultra transire nefas. Sic corruit olim
 Assyriæ Imperium ; sic magnæ Perfidis imis
 Sedibus eversum est ; & majus utroque Latinum. 150
 Elysi valles nunc agmine lustrat inani ,
 Et veterum Heroum miscetur grandibus umbris
 Plebs parva : aut , si quid fidei mereatur anilis
 Fabula , Pastores per noctis opaca pusillas
 Sæpe vident umbras , Pygmæos corpore cassos : 155
 Dum secura Gruum , & veteres oblita labores ,
 Lætitiæ penitus vacat , indulgetque choreis ,
 Angustosque terit calles , viridesque per orbes
 Turba levis salit , & lemurum cognomine gaudet.

RESURRECTIO

DELINEATA

Ad Altare Col. Magd. Oxon.

E Gregios fuci tractus , calamique labores , (ora
 Surgentesque hominum formas , ardentiaque
 Judicis , & simulachra modis pallentia miris ,
 Terribilem visu pompam , tu carmine Musa
 Pande novo , vatique sacros accende furores. 5

Olim planitiem (quam nunc fœcunda colorum
 Insignit pictura) inhonesto & simplice cultu

Vestiit

Vestiit albedo, sed nerima ulla priorem
 Agnoscat faciem, mox fundamenta futuræ
 Substravit pictor tabulæ, humoremque sequacem 10
 Per muros traxit; velamine mœnia crasso
 Squallent obducta, & rudioribus illita fucis.

Utque (polo nondum stellis fulgentibus apto)
 Ne spatium moles immensa dehiscat inani,
 Per cava cœlorum, & convexa patentia late 15
 Hinc atque hinc interfusus fluita verat æther;
 Mox radiante novum torrebat lumine mundum
 Titan, & pallens alienos mitius ignes
 Cynthia vibrabat; crebris nunc confitus astris
 Scintillare polus, nunc fulgor lacteus omne 20
 Diffluere in cœlum, longoque albescere tractu.

Sic, operis postquam ludit primordia pictor,
 Dum sordet paries, nullumque fatetur Apellem,
 Cautius exercet calamos, atque arte tenacem
 Confundit viscum, succosque attemperat, omnes
 Inducit tandem formas; apparet ubique 26
 Muta cohors, & picturarum vulgus inane.

Aligeris muri vacat ora suprema ministris,
 Sparsaque per totam cœlestis turba tabellam
 Raucos inspirat lituos, buccasque tumentes 30
 Inflat, & attonitum replet clangoribus orbem.
 Defunctis sonus auditur, tabulamque per imam
 Picta gravescit humus, terris emergit apertis
 Progenies rediviva, & plurima surgit imago.

Sic, dum foecundis Cadmus dat semina sulcis, 35
 Terra tumet prægnans, animataque gleba laborat,
 Luxuriatur ager segete spirante, calescit
 Omne solum, crescitque virorum prodiga messis.

Jam pulvis varias terræ dispersa per oras,

Sive

Sive inter venas teneri concreta metalli, 40
 Sensim dirigit, seu sese immiscuit herbis,
 Explicita est; molem rursus coalescit in unam
 Divisum funus, sparfos prior alligat artus
 Junctura, aptanturque iterum coeuntia membra.
 Hic nondum specie perfecta resurgit imago, 45
 Vultum truncata, atque inhonesto vulnere nares
 Manca, & adhuc deest informi de corpore multum.
 Paulatim in rigidum hic vita infinuata cadaver
 Motu ægro vix dum redivivos erigit artus.
 Inficit his horror vultus, & imagine tota 50
 Fusa per attonitam pallet formido figuram.

Datrahe quin oculos spectator, &, ora nitentem
 Si poterint perferre diem, medium inspicere murum,
 Qua sedet orta Deo proles, Deus ipse, sereno
 Lumine perfusus, radiisque inspersus acutis. 55
 Circum tranquillæ funduntur tempora flammæ,
 Regius ore vigor spirat, nitet ignis ocellis;
 Plurimaque effulget majestas Numine toto.
 Quantum dissimilis, quantum o! mutatus ab illo,
 Qui peccata luit cruciatus non sua, vitam 60
 Quando luctantem cunctata morte trahebat!
 Sed frustra voluit defunctum Golgotha Numen
 Condere, dum victa fatorum lege triumphans
 Nativum petiit cœlum, & super æthera vectus
 Despexit lunam exiguam, Solemque minorem. 65

Jam latus effossum, & palmas ostendit utrasque,
 Vulnusque infixum pede, clavorumque recepta
 Signa, & transacti quondam vestigia ferri.
 Umbræ huc felices tendunt, numerosaque cœlos
 Turba petunt, atque immortalia dona capeffunt. 70
 Matres, & longæ nunc reddita corpora vitæ

Infantum , juvenes , pueri , innuptæque puellæ
Stant circum , atque avidos jubar immortale bibentes
Affigunt oculos in Numine ; laudibus æther
Intonat , & læto ridet cœlum omne triumpho. 75

His amor impatiens conceptaque gaudia mentem
Funditus exagitant , imoque in pectore fervent.
Non æque exultat flagranti corde Sibylla ,
Hospite cum tumet incluso , & præcordia sentit
Mota Dei stimulis , nimioque calentia Phœbo. 80

Quis tamen ille novus perstringit lumina fulgor !
Quam Mitra effigiem distinxit pictor , honesto
Surgentem e tumulo , alatoque satellite fultam ?
Agnosco faciem , vultu latet alter in illo
* Wainfletus , sic ille oculos , sic ora ferebat : 85

Eheu quando animi par invenietur imago !
Quando alium similem virtus habitura ! -- --
Irati innocuas securus Numinis iras
Aspicit , impavidosque in Judice figit ocellos.

Quin age , & horrentem commixtis igne tenebris
Jam videas scenam ; multo hic stagnantia fuko 91
Mœnia , flagrantem liquefacto sulphure rivum
Fingunt , & falsus tanta arte accenditur ignis ,
Ut toti metuas tabulæ , ne flamma per omne
Livida serpat opus , tenuesque absumpta recedat 95
Pictura in cineres , propriis peritura favillis.
Huc turba infelix agitur , turpisque videri
Infrendet dentes , & rugis contrahit ora.

Vindex a tergo implacabile sævit ; & enssem
Fulmineum vibrans acie flagrante scelestos 100
Jam

* Coll. Magd. Fundator.

Jam Paradiseis iterum depellit ab oris.
 Heu ! quid agat tristis ! quo se cœlestibus iris
 Subtrahat ? o ! quantum vellet nunc æthere in alto
 Virtutem colere ! at tandem suspiria ducit
 Nequicquam, & fero in lachrymas effunditur; obstant
 Sortes non revocandæ, & inexorabile Numen. 106

Quam varias aperit veneres pictura ! periti
 Quot calami legimus vestigia ! quanta colorum
 Gratia se profert ! tales non discolor Iris
 Ostendat , vario cum lumine floridus imber 110
 Rore nitet toto , & gutta scintillat in omni.

O fuci nitor , o pulchri durate colores !
 Nec , Pictura , tuæ languescat gloria formæ,
 Dum lucem videas, qualem exprimis ipsa, supremam.

SPHÆRISTERIUM.

HIC, ubi graminea in latum sese explicat æquor
 Planities, vacuoque ingens patet area campo,
 Cum solem nondum fumantia prata fatentur
 Exortum, & tumidæ pendent in gramine guttæ,
 Improba falx noctis parva incrementa prioris 5
 Desecat, exiguam radens a cespite messem:
 Tum motu affiduo saxum versatile terram
 Deprimit extantem, & surgentes atterit herbas.
 Ligna percurrunt vernantem turba palæstram
 Unctæ, nitens oleo, formæ quibus esse rotundæ 10
 Artificis ferrum dederat, facilisque moveri.
 Ne tamen offendant incauti errore globorum,
 Quæ-

Quæque suis incisa notis stat sphæra ; sed unus
Hanc vult , quæ infuso multum inclinata metallo
Vertitur in gyros , & iniquo tramite currit ; 15
Quin alii diversa placet , quam parcius urget
Plumbea vis , motuque finit procedere recto.

Postquam ideo in partes turbam distinxerat æquas
Consilium , aut fors ; quisque suis accingitur armis.
Evolat orbiculus , quæ cursum meta futurum 20
Designat ; jactique legens vestigia , primam ,
Qui certamen init , sphæram demittit , at illa
Leniter effusa , exiguum quod ducit in orbem ,
Radit iter , donec sensim primo impete fesso
Subsistat ; subito globus emicat alter & alter. 25

Mox ubi funduntur late agmina crebra minorem
Sparsa per orbiculum , stipantque frequentia metam ,
Atque negant faciles aditus ; jam cautius exit ,
Et leviter sese insinuat revolubile lignum.
At si forte globum , qui misit , spectat inertem 30
Serpere , & impressum subito languescere motum ,
Pone urget sphærae vestigia , & anxius instat ,
Objurgatque moras , currentique imminet orbi.
Atque ut segnis honos dextræ servetur , iniquam 34
Incusat terram , ac surgentem in marmore nodum.

Nec risus tacuere , globus cum volvitur actus
Infami jactu , aut nimium vestigia plumbum
Allicit , & sphæram a recto trahit insita virtus.
Tum qui projecit , strepitus effundit inanes ,
Et , variam in speciem distorto corpore , falsos 40
Increpat errores , & dat convitia ligno :
Sphæra sed , irarum temnens ludibria , cœptum
Pergit iter , nullisque movetur furda querelis.

Illa tamen laudes summumque meretur honorem,
Quæ

Quæ non dirumpit cursum, absistitque moveri; 45
 Donec turbam inter crebram dilapsa supremum
 Perfecit stadium, & metæ inclinata recumbit.
 Hostis at hærentem orbiculo detrudere sphæram
 Certat, luminibusque viam signantibus omnes
 Intendit vires, & missile fortiter urget: 50
 Evolat adducto non segnis sphæra lacerto.

Haud ita profiliens Elëo carcere pernix
 Auriga invehitur, cum raptus ab axe citato
 Currentesque domos videt, & fugientia tecta.

Si tamen in duros, obstructa satellite multo, 55
 Impingant focios, confundatque orbibus orbes;
 Tum fervet bilis, fortunam damnat acerbam,
 Atque Deos atque astra vocat crudelia. ----

Si vero incurfus faciles, aditumque patentem
 Inveniat, partoque hostis spoliatur honore: 60
 Turba fremit confusa, sonisque frequentibus, euge,
 Exclamant focii; plausu strepit omne viretum.

Interea fessos inimico Sirius astro
 Corripit, & falsas exudant corpora guttas;
 Lenia jam zephyri spirantes frigora, & umbræ 65
 Captantur, vultuque fluens abstergitur humor.





A D

D. D. HANNES,

INSIGNISSIMUM

MEDICUM ET POETAM.

O Qui canoro blandius Orpheo
 Vocale ducis carmen, & exitu
 Feliciore luctuosis
 Sæpe animam revocas ab umbris,
 Jam seu solutos in numerum pedes
 Cogis, vel ægrum & vix animæ tenax
 Corpus tueris, seu cadaver
 Luminibus penetras acutis;
 Opus relinquens eripe te moræ,
 Frontemque curis sollicitam explica, 10
 Scyphumque jucundus require
 Purpureo gravidum Lyæo.
 Nunc plena magni pocula postules
 Memor WILHELMi, nunc moveat sitim
 Minister ingens, imperique 15
 Præsidium haud leve, MONTACUTUS.

Y

Omitte

Omitte tandem triste negotium
 Gravesque curas, heu nimium pius!
 Nec cæteros cautus mederi

Ipse tuam minuas salutem.
 Frustra cruorem pulsibus incitis
 Ebullientem pollice comprimis,
 Attentus explorare venam

Quæ febris exagitet tumentem:
 Frustra liquores quot chymica expedit
 Fornax, & error sanguinis, & vigor

Innatus herbis te fatigant:
 Serius aut citius sepulchro
 Debemur omnes, vitæque deseret
 Expulsa morbis corpus inhospitum,
 Lentumque deflebunt nepotes

(Reliquias animæ) cadaver.
 Manēs videbis tu quoque fabulas,

Quos pauciores fecerit ars tua;

Suumque victorem vicissim

Subjiciet Libitina victrix.

Decurrit illi vita beatior

Quicumque lucem non nimis anxius

Reddit molestant, urgetve curas

Sponte sua fatis ingruentes;

Et quem dierum lene fluentium

Delectat ordo, vitæque mutuis

Felix amicis, gaudiisque

Innocuis bene temperata.



Machinae Gesticulantes,

ANGLICE

A PUPPET-SHOW.

Admiranda cano levium spectacula rerum,
Exiguam gentem, & vacuum sine mente pop-
pulum;

Quem, non surreptis cœli de fornice flammis,
Innocua melior fabricaverat arte Prometheus. 4

Compita qua risu fervent, glomeratque tumultum
Histrio, delectatque inhiantem scommate turbam;
Quotquot lætitiæ studio aut novitate tenentur,
Undique congressi permixta sedilia complent.

Nec confusus honos; nummo subsellia cedunt
Diverfo, & varii ad pretium stat copia scamni. 10

Tandem ubi subtrahitur velamen, lumina passim
Angustos penetrant aditus, quæ plurima visum
Fila secant, ne, cum vacuo datur ore fenestra,
Pervia fraus pateat: mox stridula turba penates
Ingreditur pictos, & mœnia squallida fuco. 15

Hic humiles inter scenas, angustaque claustra,
Quicquid agunt homines, concursus, bella, trium-
Ludit in exiguo plebecula parva teatro. (phos,

Sed præter reliquos incedit HOMUNCIO rauca

Voce strepens ; major subnectit fibula vestem ; 20
 Et referunt vivos errantia lumina motus ;
 In ventrem tumet immodicum ; pone eminet ingens
 A tergo gibbus ; Pygmæum territat agmen
 Major , & immanem miratur turba Gigantem.
 Hic magna fretus mole , imparibusque lacertis 25
 Confusus , gracili jactat convitia vulgo ,
 Et crebro solvit , lepidum caput , ora cachinno.
 Quanquam res agitur solenni seria pompa ,
 Spernit sollicitum intractabilis ille tumultum ,
 Et risu importunus adest , atque omnia turbat. 30
 Nec raro invadit molles , pictamque protervo
 Ore petit Nympham , invitoque dat oscula ligno.
 Sed comitum vulgus diversis membra fatigant
 Ludis , & vario lascivit mobile saltu. 34
 Sæpe etiam gemmis rutila , & spectabilis auro ,
 Ligna gens prodit , nitidisque superbit in ostris.
 Nam , quoties festam celebrat sub imagine lucem ,
 Ordine composito Nympharum incedit honestum
 Agmen , & exigui Proceres , parvique Quirites.
 Pygmæos credas positis mitescere bellis , 40
 Jamque , infensa Gruum temnentes prælia , tutos
 Indulgere jocis , tenerisque vacare choreis.
 Tales , cum medio labuntur sidera cœlo ,
 Parvi subfiliunt Lemures , populusque pusillus
 Festivos , rediens sua per vestigia , gyros 45
 Ducit , & angustum crebro pede pulsat orbem.
 Mane patent gressus ; hinc succos terra feraces
 Concipit , in multam pubentia gramina surgunt
 Luxuriam , tenerisque virescit circulus herbis.
 At non tranquillas nulla abdunt nubila luces , 50
 Sæ-

Sæpe gravi surgunt bella, horrida bella, tumultu.

Arma cient truculenta cohors, placidamque quietem

Dirumpunt pugnæ; usque adeo insincera voluptas

Omnibus, & mistæ castigant gaudia curæ.

Jam gladii, tubulique ingesto sulphure foeti, 55

Protenfæque hastæ, fulgentiaque arma, minæque

Telorum ingentes subeunt; dant claustra fragorem

Horrendum, ruptæ stridente bitumine chartæ

Confusos reddunt crepitus, & sibila miscent.

Sternitur omne solum pereuntibus; undique cæsæ

Apparent turmæ, civilis crimina belli. 61

Sed postquam insanus pugnæ deferbuit æstus,

Exuerintque truces animos, jam Marte fugato,

Diversas repetunt artes curasque priores.

Nec raro prisca Heroes, quos pagina sacra 65

Suggestit, atque olim peperit felicior ætas,

Hic parva redeunt specie. Cano ordine cernas

Antiquos prodire, agmen venerabile, Patres.

Rugis fulcantur vultus, proluxaque barbæ

Canities mento pendet: sic tarda senectus 70

TITHONUM minuit, cum moles tota cicadam

Induit, in gracilem sensim collecta figuram. (tes

Nunc tamen unde genus ducat, quæ dextra laten-

Suppeditet vires, quem poscat turba moventem,

Expeditam. Truncos opifex & inutile lignum 75

Cogit in humanas species, & robore natam

Progeniem telo efformat, nexuque tenaci

Crura ligat pedibus, humerisque accommodat armos,

Et membris membra aptat, & artubus infuit artus.

Tunc habiles addit trochleas, quibus arte pusillum

Versat onus, molique manu famulatus inerti 81

Sufficit occultos motus, vocemque ministrat.
 His structa auxiliis jam machina tota peritos
 Ostendit sulcos, duri & vestigia ferri:
 Hinc salit, atque agili se sublevat incita motu, 85
 Vocesque emittit tenues, & non sua verba.

Ad Insignissimum Virum

D. THO. BURNETTUM,

Sacræ Theoriæ Telluris Autorem.

NON usitatum carminis alitem,
 BURNETTE, poscis, non humiles modos:
 Vulgare plectrum, languidæque
 Respuis officium camœnæ.
 Tu mixta rerum semina conscius,
 Molemque cernis dissociabilem,
 Terramque concretam, & latentem
 Oceanum gremio capaci:
 Dum veritatem quærere pertinax
 Ignota pandis, sollicitus parum 10
 Utcunque stet commune vulgi
 Arbitrium & popularis error.
 Auditur ingens continuo fragor,
 Illapsa tellus lubrica deserit
 Fundamina, & compage fracta 15
 Suppositas gravis urget undas.

Impulsus erumpit medius liquor ,
Terras aquarum effusa licentia
Claudit vicissim ; has inter orbis
Reliquiæ fluitant prioris. 20

Nunc & recluso carcere lucidam
Balæna spectat Solis imaginem ,
Stellasque miratur natantes ,
Et tremulæ simulacra lunæ.

Quæ pompa vocum non imitabilis ! 25
Qualis calescit spiritus ingenî !

Ut tollis undas ! ut frementem
Diluvii reprimis tumultum !
Quis tam valenti pectore ferreus
Ut non tremiscens & timido pede 30

Incedat , orbis dum dolosi
Detegis instabiles ruinas ?
Quin hæc cadentum fragmina montium
Natura vultum sumere simplicem
Coget refingens , in priorem 35

Mox iterum reditura formam.
Nimbus rubentem sulphureis Jovem
Cernas ; ut udis sævit atrox hyems
Incendiis , commune mundo
Et populis meditata bustum ! 40

Nudus liquentes plorat Athos nives ,
Et mox liquefcens ipse adamantinum
Fundit cacumen , dum per imas
Saxa fluunt resoluta valles.

Jamque alta cœli mœnia corruunt , 45
Et vestra tandem pagina (proh nefas !)
BURNETTE , vestra augebit ignes ,
Heu socio peritura mundo.

Mox æqua tellus , mox subitus viror

Ubique rident : En teretem globum !

En læta vernantis Favonî

Flamina , perpetuosque flores !

O pectus ingens ! O animum gravem ,

Mundi capacem ! si bonus auguror ,

Te , nostra quo tellus superbit ,

Accipiet renovata civem.



DIALOGUES

UPON THE

USEFULNESS

OF

ANCIENT MEDALS.

Especially in relation to the

L A T I N *and* G R E E K *Poets.*

*quoniam hac Ratio plerumque videtur
Tristior esse, quibus non est tractata, retroque
Vulgus abhorret ab hac: volui tibi suaviloquenti
Carminis Pierio rationem exponere nostram,
Et quasi musæo dulci contingere melle,
Si tibi forte animum tali ratione tenerem.* *Lucret.*

DICTIONARY

OF THE

USEFULNESS

OF

ANCIENT MEDICAL

Especially in relation to the

LATIN AND GREEK

—quoniam hoc ratio habet in se
ut sit etiam, quibus non est in se
ut sit etiam ab hoc: sed et in se
ut sit etiam ab hoc: sed et in se
ut sit etiam ab hoc: sed et in se
ut sit etiam ab hoc: sed et in se



DIALOGUES

Upon the Usefulness of

A N C I E N T M E D A L S.

DIALOGUE I.

CYNTHIO, *Eugenius* and *Philander* had retired together from the Town to a country village, that lies upon the *Thames*. Their design was to pass away the heats of the Summer among the fresh breezes, that rise from the river, and the agreeable mixture of shades and fountains, in which the whole country naturally abounds. They were all three very well versed in the politer parts of learning, and had travelled into the most refined nations of *Europe*: so that they were capable of entertaining themselves on a thousand different subjects without running into the common topics of defaming publick parties, or particular persons. As they were intimate friends they took the freedom to dissent from one another in discourse, or upon occasion to speak a *Latin* sentence without fearing the imputation of pedantry or ill-breeding. They were one evening taking a walk together in the fields, when their discourse accidentally fell upon several unprofitable parts of learning. It was Cyn-
thio's

thio's humour to run down every thing that was rather for ostentation than use. He was still preferring good sense to Arts and Sciences, and often took a pleasure to appear ignorant, that he might the better turn to ridicule those that valued themselves on their books and studies; though at the same time one might very well see that he could not have attacked many parts of learning so successfully, had not he borrowed his assistances from them. After having rally'd a set or two of *Virtuoso's*, he fell upon the Medallists.

These Gentlemen, says he, value themselves upon being Critics in rust, and will undertake to tell you the different ages of it, by its colour. They are possessed with a kind of learned avarice, and are for getting together hoards of such mony only as was current among the *Greeks* and *Latins*. There are several of them that are better acquainted with the faces of the *Antonines*, than of the *Stuarts*, and would rather chuse to count out a sum in Sesterces, than in Pounds sterling. I have heard of one in *Italy* that used to swear by the head of *Otho*. Nothing can be pleasanter than to see a circle of these *Virtuoso's* about a cabinet of Medals, descanting upon the value, rarity and authenticity of the several pieces that lie before them. One takes up a coin of Gold, and after having well weighed the figures and inscription, tells you very gravely, if it were Brass, it would be invaluable. Another falls a ringing a *Pescennius Niger*, and judiciously distinguishes the sound of it to be modern. A third desires you to observe well the *Toga* on such a reverse, and asks you whether you can in conscience believe the sleeve of it to be of the true *Roman* cut.

I must confess, says *Philander*, the knowledge of Medals has most of those disadvantages that can render a Science ridiculous, to such as are not well

well versed in it. Nothing is more easy than to represent as impertinencies any parts of learning that have no immediate relation to the happiness or convenience of mankind. When a man spends his whole life among the Stars and Planets, or lays out a twelve-month on the spots in the Sun, however noble his speculations may be, they are very apt to fall into burlesque. But it is still more natural to laugh at such studies as are employed on low and vulgar objects. What curious observations have been made on Spiders, Lobsters, and Cockle-shells? yet the very naming of them is almost sufficient to turn them into raillery. It is no wonder therefore that the science of Medals, which is charged with so many unconcerning parts of knowledge, and built on such mean materials, should appear ridiculous to those that have not taken the pains to examine it.

Eugenius was very attentive to what *Philander* said on the subject of Medals. He was one that endeavoured rather to be agreeable than shining in conversation, for which reason he was more beloved, though not so much admired as *Cynthio*. I must confess, says he, I find my self very much inclined to speak against a sort of study that I know nothing of. I have however one strong prejudice in favour of it, that *Philander* has thought it worth his while to employ some time upon it. I am glad then, says *Cynthio*; that I have thrown him on a science of which I have long wished to hear the Usefulness. There, says *Philander*, you must excuse me. At present you do not know but it may have its usefulness: But should I endeavour to convince you of it, I might fail in my attempt, and so render my science still more contemptible. On the contrary, says *Cynthio*, we are already so perswaded of the unprofitable-

fitableness of your science, that you can but leave us where you find us, but if you succeed you increase the number of your party. Well, says *Philander*, in hopes of making two such considerable Profelytes, I am very well content to talk away an evening with you on the subject; but on this condition, that you will communicate your thoughts to me freely when you dissent from me, or have any difficulties that you think me capable of removing. To make use of the liberty you give us, says *Eugenius*, I must tell you what I believe surprizes all beginners as well as myself. We are apt to think your Medallists a little fantastical in the different prices they set upon their coins, without any regard to the ancient value, or the metal of which they are composed. A silver Medal, for example, shall be more esteemed than a golden one, and a piece of brass than either. To answer you, says *Philander*, in the language of a Medallist, you are not to look upon a cabinet of Medals as a treasure of money, but of knowledge; nor must you fancy any charms in Gold, but in the figures and inscriptions that adorn it. The intrinsic value of an old coin does not consist in its metal but its erudition. It is the Device that has raised the species, so that at present an *As* or an *Obolus* may carry a higher price than a *Denarius* or a *Drachma*; and a piece of money that was not worth a penny fifteen hundred years ago, may be now rated at fifty crowns, or perhaps a hundred guineas. I find, says *Cynthio*, that to have a relish for ancient coins it is necessary to have a contempt of the modern. But I am afraid you will never be able with all your medallic eloquence, to persuade *Eugenius* and myself that it is better to have a pocket full of *Otho's* and *Gordians* than of *Jacobus's* or *Louis d'ors*. This however we shall be judges
of

of, when you have let us know the several uses of old coins.

The first and most obvious one, says *Philander*, is the shewing us the faces of all the great persons of antiquity. A cabinet of Medals is a collection of pictures in miniature. *Juvenal* calls them very humorously,

Concisum argentum in titulos, faciesque minutas.
Sat. 5.

You here see the *Alexanders*, *Cesars*, *Pompeys*, *Trajans*, and the whole catalogue of Heroes, who have many of them so distinguished themselves from the rest of mankind that we almost look upon them as another species. It is an agreeable amusement to compare in our own thoughts the face of a great Man with the character that Authors have given us of him, and to try if we can find out in his looks and features either the haughtiness, cruel, or merciful temper that discovers itself in the history of his actions. We find too on Medals the representations of Ladies that have given occasion to whole volumes on the account only of a face. We have here the pleasure to examine their looks and dresses, and to survey at leisure those beauties that have sometimes been the happiness or misery of whole kingdoms: Nor do you only meet the faces of such as are famous in history, but of several whose Names are not to be found any where except on Medals. Some of the Emperors, for example, have had Wives, and some of them Children, that no Authors have mentioned. We are therefore obliged to the study of coins for having made new discoveries to the learned, and given them information of such persons as are to be met with on no other kind of records. You must give me leave, says *Cynthia*, to reject this last use of Medals.

dals. I do not think it worth while to trouble my self with a person's name or face that receives all his reputation from the mint, and would never have been known in the world had there not been such things as Medals. A man's memory finds sufficient employment on such as have really signalized themselves by their great actions, without charging it self with the names of an insignificant people whose whole history is written on the edges of an old coin.

If you are only for such persons as have made a noise in the world, says *Philander*, you have on Medals a long list of heathen Deities, distinguished from each other by their proper titles and ornaments. You see the copies of several Statues that have had the politest nations of the world fall down before them. You have here too several persons of a more thin and shadowy nature, as Hope, Constancy, Fidelity, Abundance, Honour, Virtue, Eternity, Justice, Moderation, Happiness, and in short a whole creation of the like imaginary substances. To these you may add the Genies of nations, provinces, cities, highways, and the like allegorical Beings. In devices of this nature one sees a pretty poetical invention, and may often find as much thought on the reverse of a Medal as in a Canto of *Spenser*. Not to interrupt you, says *Eugenius*, I fancy it is this use of Medals that has recommended them to Several History-painters, who perhaps without this assistance would have found it very difficult to have invented such an airy species of beings, when they are obliged to put a moral virtue into colours, or to find out a proper dress for a passion. It is doubtless for this reason, says *Philander*, that Painters have not a little contributed to bring the study of Medals in vogue. For not to mention several others, *Caraccio* is said to have assisted

Are-

Aretine by designs that he took from the *Spintria* of *Tiberius*. *Raphael* had thoroughly studied the figures on old Coins. *Patin* tells us that *Le Brun* had done the same. And it is well known that *Rubens* had a noble collection of Medals in his own possession. But I must not quit this head before I tell you, that you see on Medals not only the names and persons of Emperors, Kings, Consuls, Pro-consuls, Prætors, and the like characters of importance, but of some of the Poets, and of several who had won the prizes at the Olympick games. It was a noble time, says *Cynthio*, when trips and *Cornish* hugs could make a man immortal. How many Heroes would *Moor-fields* have furnished out in the days of old? A fellow that can now only win a hat or a belt, had he lived among the *Greeks*, might have had his face stampt upon their Coins. But these were the wise ancients, who had more esteem for a *Milo* than a *Homer*, and heapt up greater Honours on *Pindar's* Jockies, than on the Poet himself. But by this time I suppose you have drawn up all your medallic people, and indeed they make a much more formidable body than I could have imagined. You have shewn us all conditions, sexes and ages, Emperors & Empreſſes, men & children, Gods & wrestlers. Nay you have conjured up persons that exist no where else but on old Coins, & have made our Passions and Virtues and Vices visible. I could never have thought that a cabinet of Medals had been so well peopled. But in the next place, says *Philander*, as we see on coins the different faces of persons, we see on them too their different habits and dresseſſes, according to the mode that prevailed in the several ages when the Medals were stampt. This is another use, says *Cynthio*, that in my opinion contributes rather to make a man learned than wise, and is

neither capable of pleasing the understanding or imagination. I know there are several supercilious Critics that will treat an Author with the greatest contempt imaginable, if he fancies the old *Romans* wore a girdle, & are amazed at a man's ignorance, who believes the *Toga* had any sleeves to it till the declension of the *Roman* Empire. Now I would fain know the great importance of this kind of learning, and why it should not be as noble a task to write upon a Bib and hanging-sleeves, as on the *Bulla* & *Prætexta*. The reason is, that we are familiar with the names of the one, and meet with the other nowhere but in learned authors. An Antiquary will scorn to mention a pinner or a night-rail, a petticoat or a manteau; but will talk as gravely as a Father of the Church on the *Vitta* and *Peplus*, the *Stola* and *Instita*. How would an old *Roman* laugh, were it possible for him to see the solemn dissertations that have been made on these weighty subjects. To set them in their natural light, let us fancy, if you please, that about a thousand years hence, some profound Author shall write a learned treatise on the Habits of the present age, distinguished into the following Titles and Chapters.

Of the old *British* Trowser.

Of the Ruff and Collar-band.

The opinion of several learned men concerning the use of the Shoulderknot.

Such a one mistaken in his account of the Sur-tout, &c.

I must confess, says *Eugenius* interrupting him, the knowledge of these affairs is in it self very little improving, but as it is impossible without it to understand several parts of your ancient Authors, it certainly hath its use. It is pity indeed there is not a nearer way of coming at it. I have sometimes fancied it would not be an impertinent design

design to make a kind of an old *Roman* wardrobe, where you should see *Toga's* and *Tunica's*, the *Chlamys* and *Trabea*, and in short all the different vests and ornaments that are so often mentioned in the *Greek* and *Roman* authors. By this means a man would comprehend better and remember much longer the shape of an ancient garment, than he possibly can from the help of tedious quotations and descriptions. The design, says *Philander*, might be very useful, but after what models would you work? *Sigonius*, for example, will tell you that the *Vestis Trabeata* was of such a particular fashion, *Scaliger* is for another, and *Dacier* thinks them both in the wrong. These are, says *Cynthio*, I suppose the names of three *Roman* Taylors: for is it possible men of learning can have any disputes of this nature? May not we as well believe that hereafter the whole learned world will be divided upon the make of a modern pair of breeches? And yet, says *Eugenius*, the Critics have fallen as foul upon each other for matters of the same moment. But as to this point, where the make of the garment is controverted, let them, if they can find cloth enough, work after all the most probable fashions. To enlarge the design, I would have another room for the old *Roman* instruments of war, where you might see the *Pilum* and the shield, the Eagles, Ensigns, Helmets, Battering-rams and Trophies, in a word, all the ancient military furniture in the same manner as it might have been in an Arsenal of old *Rome*. A third apartment should be a kind of Sacristie for Altars, Idols, sacrificing instruments, and other religious utensils. Not to be tedious, one might make a magazine for all sorts of antiquities, that would show a man in an afternoon more than he could learn out of books in a twelve-month. This would cut short the whole study of antiquities, and perhaps be

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much

much more useful to Universities than those collections of Whale bones and Crocodile skins in which they commonly abound. You will find it very difficult, says *Cynthio*, to persuade those Societies of learned men to fall in with your project. They will tell you that things of this importance must not be taken on trust; you ought to learn them among the Classic Authors and at the fountain-head. Pray consider what a figure a man would make in the Republick of letters, should he appeal to your University-wardrobe, when they expect a sentence out of the *Re Vestiaria*: or how do you think a man that has read *Vegetius* will relish your *Roman Arsenal*? In the meantime, says *Philander*, you find on Medals every thing that you could meet with in your magazine of antiquities; and when you have built your arsenals, wardrobes, and sacristies, it is from Medals that you must fetch their furniture. It is here too that you see the figures of several instruments of music, mathematics and mechanics. One might make an entire Gally out of the plans that are to be met with on the reverses of several old Coins. Nor are they only charged with things but with many ancient Customs, as Sacrifices, Triumphs, Congiaries, allocutions, decursions, lectisterniums, and a thousand other antiquated names and ceremonies that we should not have had so just a notion of, were they not still preserved on Coins. I might add under this head of antiquities that we find on Medals the manner of spelling in the old *Roman* inscriptions. That is, says *Cynthio*, we find that *felix* is never written with an *æ* diphthongue, and that in *Augustus's* days *civis* stood for *cives*, with other secrets in orthography of the same importance.

To come then to a more weighty use, says *Philander*, it is certain that Medals give a very great light

light to history, in confirming such passages as are true in old Authors, in settling such as are told after different manners, and in recording such as have been omitted. In this case a cabinet of Medals is a body of history. It was indeed the best way in the world to perpetuate the memory of great actions, thus to coin out the life of an Emperor, and to put every great exploit into the mint. It was a kind of Printing, before the art was invented. It is by this means that Monsieur *Vaillant* has disembroiled a history that was lost to the world before his time, and out of a short collection of Medals has given us a chronicle of the Kings of *Syria*. For this too is an advantage Medals have over books, that they tell their story much quicker, & sum up a whole volume in twenty or thirty reverses. They are indeed the best epitomes in the world, and let you see with one cast of an eye the substance of above a hundred pages. Another use of Medals is, that they not only shew you the actions of an Emperor, but at the same time mark out the year in which they were performed. Every exploit has its date set to it. A series of an Emperor's Coins is his life digested into annals. Historians seldom break their relation with a mixture of chronology, nor distribute the particulars of an Emperor's story into the several years of his reign: or where they do it they often differ in their several periods. Here therefore it is much safer to quote a Medal than an Author; for in this case you do not appeal to a *Suetonius* or a *Lampridius*, but to the Emperor himself, or to the whole body of a *Roman* Senate. Besides that a Coin is in no danger of having its characters altered by copiers and transcribers. This I must confess, says *Cynthio*, may in some cases be of great moment, but considering the subjects on which your Chrono-

logers are generally employed, I see but little use that rises from it. For example, what signifies it to the world whether such an Elephant appeared in the Amphi-theatre in the second or the third year of *Domitian*? or what am I the wiser for knowing that *Trajan* was in the fifth year of his Tribuneship when he entertained the people with such a Horse-race or Bull-baiting? Yet it is the fixing of these great periods that gives a man the first rank in the Republic of letters, and recommends him to the world for a person of various reading and profound erudition.

You must always give your men of great reading leave to show their talents on the meanest subjects, says *Eugenius*; it is a kind of shooting at rovers; where a man lets fly his arrow without taking any aim, to shew his strength. But there is one advantage, says he, turning to *Philander*, that seems to me very considerable, although you Medallists seldom throw it into the account; which is the great help to memory one finds in Medals: for my own part I am very much embarrassed in the names and ranks of the several *Roman* Emperors, and find it difficult to recollect upon occasion the different parts of their history: but your Medallists upon the first naming of an Emperor, will immediately tell you his age, family and life. To remember where he enters in the succession, they only consider in what part of the cabinet he lies; and by running over in their thoughts such a particular drawer, will give you an account of all the remarkable parts of his reign.

I thank you, says *Philander*, for helping me to an use that perhaps I should not have thought on. But there is another of which I am sure you could not but be sensible when you were at *Rome*. I must own to you it surprized me to see

see my *Ciceroni* so well acquainted with the busts and statues of all the great people of antiquity. There was not an Emperor or Empress but he knew by sight, and as he was seldom without Medals in his pocket, he would often shew us the same face on an old Coin that we saw in the Statue. He would discover a *Commodus* through the disguise of the club and lion's skin, and find out such a one to be *Livia* that was dressed up like a *Ceres*. Let a bust be never so disfigured, they have a thousand marks by which to decipher it. They will know a *Zenobia* by the fitting of her Diadem, and will distinguish the *Faustinas* by their different way of tying up their hair. Oh! Sir, says *Cynthio*, they will go a great deal farther, they will give you the name and titles of a Statue that has lost his nose and ears; or if there is but half a beard remaining, will tell you at first sight who was the owner of it. Now I must confess to you, I used to fancy they imposed upon me an Emperor or Empress at pleasure, rather than appear ignorant.

All this however is easily learnt from Medals, says *Philander*, where you may see likewise the plans of many the most considerable buildings of old *Rome*. There is an ingenious Gentleman of our own nation extremely well versed in this study who has a design of publishing the whole history of Architecture, with its several improvements and decays as it is to be met with on ancient Coins. He has assured me that he has observed all the nicety of proportion in the figures of the different orders that compose the buildings on the best preserved Medals. You here see the copies of such Ports & triumphal Arches as there are not the least traces of in the places where they once stood. You have here the models of several ancient Temples, though the Temples them-

selves, and the Gods that were worshipped in them, are perished many hundred years ago. Or if there are still any foundations or ruines of former edifices, you may learn from Coins what was their Architecture when they stood whole and entire. These are buildings which the *Goths* and *Vandals* could not demolish, that are infinitely more durable than stone or marble, and will perhaps last as long as the earth it self. They are in short so many real monuments of brass;

*Quod non imber edax, non aquilo impotens
Possit diruere, aut innumerabilis
Annorum series, & fuga temporum.*

Which eating show'rs, nor northwind's feeble
blast,
Nor whirl of time, nor flight of years can
waste. Mr. Creech.

This is a noble Panegyric on an old copper coin, says *Cynthio*. But I am afraid a little malicious rust would demolish one of your brazen edifices, as effectually as a *Goth* or *Vandal*. You would laugh at me, says *Philander*, should I make you a learned dissertation on the nature of Rusts. I shall only tell you there are two or three sorts of them which are extremely beautiful in the eye of an Antiquary, and preserve a Coin better than the best artificial vernish. As for other kinds, a skilful Medallist knows very well how to deal with them. He will recover you a Temple or a triumphal Arch out of its rubbish, if I may so call it, and with a few reparations of the graving tool restore it to its first splendour and magnificence. I have known an Emperor quite hid under a crust of dross, who after two or three days clean-

cleansing has appeared with all his Titles about him as fresh and beautiful as at his first coming out of the Mint. I am sorry, says *Eugenius*, I did not know this last use of Medals when I was at *Rome*. It might perhaps have given me a greater taste of its Antiquities, and have fixed in my memory several of the ruins that I have now forgotten. For my part, says *Cynthio*, I think there are at *Rome* enough modern works of Architecture to employ any reasonable man. I never could have a taste for old bricks and rubbish, nor would trouble myself about the ruins of *Augustus's* Palace so long as I could see the *Vatican*, the *Borghese*, and the *Farnese* as they now stand. I must own to you at the same time this is talking like an ignorant man: Were I in other company I would perhaps change my style, and tell them that I would rather see the fragments of *Apollo's* Temple than *St. Peter's*. I remember when our Antiquary at *Rome* had led us a whole day together from one ruine to another, he at last brought us to the *Rotunda*, And this, says he, is the most valuable Antiquity in *Italy*, notwithstanding it is so entire.

The same kind of fancy, says *Philander*, has formerly gained upon several of your Medallists, who were for hoarding up such pieces of money only as had been half consumed by time or rust. There were no Coins pleased them more than those which had passed through the hands of an old *Roman* Clipper. I have read an Author of this taste that compares a ragged Coin to a tattered Colours. But to come again to our subject. As we find on Medals the plans of several buildings that are now demolished, we see on them too the Models of many ancient Statues that are now lost. There are several Reverses which are owned to be the representations of antique figures, and I question not but there are many others that were formed on

the like Models, though at present they lie under no suspicion of it. The *Hercules Farnese*, the *Venus of Medicis*, the *Apollo* in the *Belvidera*, and the famous *Marcus Aurelius* on horse-back, which are perhaps the four most beautiful Statues extant, make their appearance all of them on ancient Medals, though the figures that represent them were never thought to be the copies of statues till the Statues themselves were discovered. There is no question, I think, but the same reflexion may extend it self to antique Pictures: for I doubt not but in the designs of several *Greek* Medals in particular, one might often see the hand of an *Apelles* or *Protogenes*, were we as well acquainted with their works as we are with *Titian's* or *Vandike's*. I might here make a much greater show of the usefulness of Medals, if I would take the method of others, and prove to you that all arts and sciences receive a considerable illustration from this study. I must however tell you, that Medals and the Civil Law, as we are assured by those who are well read in both, give a considerable light to each other, and that several old Coins are like so many maps for explaining of the antient Geography. But besides the more solid parts of learning, there are several little intimations to be met with on Medals that are very pleasant to such as are conversant in this kind of study. Should I tell you gravely, that without the help of Coins we should never have known which was the first of the Emperors that wore a beard, or rode in stirrups, I might turn my science into ridicule. Yet it is certain there are a thousand little impertinencies of this nature that are very gratifying to curiosity, tho' perhaps not very improving to the understanding. To see the dress that such an Empress delighted to be drawn in, the titles that were most agreeable to such an Emperor, the flatteries that he lay most open to, the honours

nours that he paid to his children, wives, predecessors, friends or colleagues, with the like particularities only to be met with on Medals, are certainly not a little pleasing to that inquisitive temper which is so natural to the mind of man.

I declare to you, says *Cynthio*, you have astonished me with the several parts of knowledge, that you have discovered on Medals. I could never fancy before this evening, that a Coin could have any nobler use in it than to pay a reckoning.

You have not heard all yet, says *Philander*, there is still an advantage to be drawn from Medals, which I am sure will heighten your esteem for them. It is indeed an use that nobody has hitherto dwelt upon. If any of the Antiquaries have touched upon it, they have immediately quitted it, without considering it in its full latitude, light and extent. Not to keep you in suspense, I think there is a great affinity between Coins and Poetry, and that your Medallist and Critic are much nearer related than the world generally imagines. A Reverse often clears up the passage of an old Poet, as the Poet often serves to unriddle a Reverse. I could be longer on this head, but I fear I have already tired you. Nay, says *Eugenius*, since you have gone so far with us, we must beg you to finish your lecture, especially since you are on a subject, that I dare promise you will be very agreeable to *Cynthio*, who is so professed an admirer of the ancient Poets. I must only warn you, that you do not charge your Coins with more uses than they can bear. It is generally the method of such as are in love with any particular science to discover all others in it. Who would imagine, for example, that Architecture should comprehend the knowledge of history, ethics, music, astronomy, natural philosophy, physic and the civil law? Yet *Vitruvius* will give you
his

his reasons, such as they are, why a good Architect is master of these several arts and sciences. Sure, says *Cynthio*, *Martial* had never read *Vitruvius*, when he threw the Cryer and the Architect into the same class.

Duri si puer ingeni videtur

Praconem facias vel Architectum.

If of dull parts the stripling you suspect,
A Herald make him, or an Architect.

But to give you an instance out of a very celebrated discourse on Poetry, because we are on that subject, of an Author's finding out imaginary beauties in his own art. *I have observed*, * says he, (speaking of the natural propension that all men have to numbers and harmony) *that my Barber has often combed my head in Dactyls and Spondees, that is; with two short strokes and a long one, or with two long ones successively.* Nay, says he, *I have known him sometimes run even into Pyrrichius's and Anapæstus's.* This you will think perhaps a very extravagant fancy, but I must own I should as soon expect to find the *Prosodia* in a Comb as Poetry in a Medal. Before I endeavour to convince you of it, says *Philander*, I must confess to you that this science has its visionaries as well as all others. There are several, for example, that will find a mystery in every tooth of *Neptune's* trident, and are amazed at the wisdom of the ancients that represented a thunderbolt with three forks, since, they will tell you, nothing could have better explained its triple quality of piercing, burning, and melting. I have seen a long discourse on the figure and nature of horn, to shew it was impossible to have found out a fitter

* *Vossius de viribus Rythmi.*

ter emblem for plenty than the *Cornu-Copia*. These are a sort of Authors who scorn to take up with appearances, and fancy an interpretation vulgar when it is natural. What could have been more proper to shew the beauty and friendship of the three Graces, than to represent them naked and knit together in a kind of dance? it is thus they always appear in ancient sculpture, whether on Medals or in marble, as I doubt not but *Horace* alludes to designs of this nature, when he describes them after the same manner.

---- ----*Gratia*

Functis nuda sororibus:

----*Segnesque nodum solvere Gratia.*

The Sister-Graces hand in hand
Conjoin'd by love's eternal band.

Several of your Medallists will be here again astonished at the wisdom of the ancients, that knew how to couch such excellent precepts of morality under visible objects. The nature of Gratitude, they will tell you, is better illustrated by this single device, than by *Seneca's* whole book *de Beneficiis*. The three Graces teach us three things. I. To remark the doing of a courtesie. II. The return of it from the receiver. III. The obligation of the receiver to acknowledge it. The three Graces are always hand in hand to show us that these three duties should be never separated. They are naked, to admonish us that Gratitude should be returned with a free and open heart; and dancing, to shew us that no vertue is more active than Gratitude. May not we here say with *Lucretius*?

*Qua bene & eximie quanquam disposita ferantur;
Sunt longè tamen a verâ ratione repulsa.*

It is an easy thing, says *Eugenius*, to find out designs that never entered into the thoughts of the sculptor or the coiner. I dare say, the same Gentlemen who have fixed this piece of morality on the three naked Sisters dancing hand in hand, would have found out as good a one for them, had there been four of them sitting at a distance from each other, and covered from head to foot. It is there therefore, says *Philander*, that the old Poets step in to the assistance of the Medallist, when they give us the same thought in words as the masters of the *Roman* mint have done in figures. A man may see a metaphor or an allegory in picture, as well as read them in description. When therefore I confront a Medal with a Verse, I only shew you the same design executed by different hands, and appeal from one Master to another of the same age and taste. This is certainly a much surer way than to build on the interpretations of an Author, who does not consider how the ancients used to think, but will be still inventing mysteries and applications out of his own fancy. To make my self more intelligible, I find a Shield on the reverse of an Emperor's Coin, designed as a complement to him from the Senate of *Rome*. I meet with the same metaphor in ancient Poets to express protection or defence. I conclude therefore that this Medal compliments the Emperor in the same sense as the old *Romans* did their Dictator *Fabius* when they called him the Buckler of *Rome*. Put this reverse now if you please into the hands of a mystical antiquary. He shall tell you that the use of the shield being to defend the body from the weapons of an enemy, it very aptly shadows out to us the resolution or continence of the Emperor, which made him proof to all the attacks of fortune or of pleasure. In the next place, the figure of the shield being round, it is an emblem of perfection, for *Aristotle* has said the round figure

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is the most perfect. It may likewise signify the immortal reputation that the Emperor has acquired by his great actions, rotundity being an emblem of eternity that has neither beginning nor end. After this I dare not answer for the shield's convexity that it does not cover a mystery, nay there shall not be the least wrinkle or flourish upon it which will not turn to some account. In this case therefore * Poetry being in some respects an Art of designing as well as Painting or Sculpture, they may serve as comments on each other. I am very well satisfied, says *Eugenius*, by what you have said on this subject, that the Poets may contribute to the explanation of such reverses as are purely emblematical, or when the persons are of that shadowy allegorical nature you have before mentioned; but I suppose there are many other reverses that represent things and persons of a more real existence. In this case too, says *Philander*, a Poet lets you into the knowledge of a device better than a Prose-writer, as his descriptions are often more diffuse, his story more naturally circumstanced, and his language enriched with a greater variety of epithets: So that you often meet with little hints and suggestions in a Poet that give a great illustration to the customs, actions, ornaments, and all kinds of Antiquities that are to be met with on ancient Coins. I fancy, says *Cynthio*, there is nothing more ridiculous than an Antiquary's reading the *Greek* or *Latin* Poets. He never thinks of the beauty of the thought or language, but is for searching into what he calls the Erudition of the Author. He will turn you over all *Virgil* to find out the figure of an old *Rostrum*; and has the greatest esteem imaginable for *Homer*, because he has given us the fashion of a *Greek* Scepter. It is indeed odd enough to consider how all kinds of Readers find their account in the old Poets. Not only your men of
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* *Poema est pictura loquens.*

the more refined or solid parts of learning, but even your Alchymist and Fortune-teller will discover the secrets of their art in *Homer* and *Virgil*. This, says *Eugenius*, is a prejudice of a very ancient standing. Read but *Plutarch's* discourse on *Homer*, and you will see that the *Iliad* contains the whole circle of Arts, and that *Thales* and *Pythagoras* stole all their Philosophy out of this Poet's works. One would be amazed to see what pains he takes to prove that *Homer* understood all the figures in Rhetoric, before they were invented. I do not question, says *Philander*, were it possible for *Homer* to read his praises in this Author, but he would be as much surprized as ever Monsieur *Jourdain* was when he had found he had talked prose all his life-time without ever knowing what it was. But to finish the task you have set me, we may observe that not only the Virtues, and the like imaginary persons, but all the heathen Divinities appear generally in the same dress among the Poets that they wear in Medals. I must confess, I believe both the one & the other took the Mode from the ancient *Greek* Statuaries. It will not perhaps be an improper transition to pass from the heathen Gods to the several monsters of antiquity, as *Chimaras*, *Gorgons*, *Sphinxes*, and many others that make the same figure in verie as on coins. It often happens too, that the Poet and the Senate of *Rome* have both chosen the same topic to flatter their Emperor upon, and have sometimes fallen upon the same thought. It is certain, they both of them lay upon the catch for a great action: It is no wonder therefore, that they were often engaged on one subject, the Medal and the Poem being nothing else but occasional compliments to the Emperor. Nay, I question not but you may sometimes find certain passages among the Poets that relate to the particular device of a Medal.

I wonder, says *Eugenius*, that your Medallists have not been as diligent in searching the Poets as the Historians, since I find they are so capable of enlightning their art. I would have some body put the Muses under a kind of contribution to furnish out whatever they have in them that bears any relation to Coins. Though they taught us but the same things that might be learnt in other writings, they would at least teach us more agreeably, and draw several over to the study of Medals, that would rather be instructed in verse than in prose. I am glad, says *Philander*, to hear you of this opinion, for to tell you truly, when I was at *Rome*, I took occasion to buy up many Imperial Medals that have some affinity with passages of the ancient Poets. So that I have by me a sort of poetical Cash, which I fancy I could count over to you in *Latin* and *Greek* verse. If you will drink a dish of Tea with me to-morrow morning, I will lay my whole collection before you. I cannot tell, says *Cynthio*, how the Poets will succeed in the explication of coins, to which they are generally very great strangers. We are however obliged to you for preventing us with the offer of a kindness that you might well imagine we should have asked you.

Our three friends had been so intent on their discourse, that they had rambled very far into the fields without taking notice of it. *Philander* first put them in mind, that unless they turned back quickly they would endanger being benighted. Their conversation ran insensibly into other subjects, but as I design only to report such parts of it as have any relation to Medals, I shall leave them to return home as fast as they please, without troubling my self with their talk on the way thither, or with their ceremonies at parting.



DIALOGUE II.

SOME of the finest treatises of the most polite *Latin* and *Greek* writers are in dialogue, as many very valued pieces of *French*, *Italian*, & *English* appear in the same dress. I have sometimes however been very much distasted at this way of writing, by reason of the long prefaces and exordiums into which it often betrays an Author. There is so much time taken up in ceremony, that before they enter on their subject the Dialogue is half ended. To avoid the fault I have found in others, I shall not trouble my self nor my Reader with the first salutes of our three friends, nor with any part of their discourse over the Tea table. We will suppose the *China* dishes taken off, and a Drawer of Medals supplying their room. *Philander*, who is to be the Hero in my Dialogue, takes it in his hand, & addressing himself to *Cynthio* & *Eugenius*, I will first of all, says he, show you an assembly of the most virtuous Ladies that you have ever perhaps conversed with. I do not know, says *Cynthio*, regarding them, what their virtue may be, but methinks they are a little fantastical in their dress. You will find says *Philander*, there is good sense in it. They have not a single ornament that they cannot give a reason for. I was going to ask you, says *Eugenius*, in what country you find these Ladies: But I see they are some of those imaginary persons you told us of last night that inhabit old Coins, & appear no where else but on the reverse of a Medal. Their proper country, says *Philander*, is the breast of a good man: for I think they are most
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of them the figures of Virtues. It is a great compliment methinks to the sex, says *Cynthio*, that your Virtues are generally shown in petticoats. I can give no other reason for it, says *Philander*, but because they chanced to be of the feminine gender in the learned languages. You find however something bold and masculine in the air and posture of the first figure, which is that of *Virtue* her self, and agrees very well with the description we find of her in *Silius Italicus*. First Series. Figure 1.

*Virtutis dispar habitus, frons hirta, nec unquam
Compositâ mutata comâ, stans vultus, & ore
Incessuque viro propior, latique pudoris,
Celsa humeris, niveæ fulgebat stamine palla.*

Sil. It. Li. 15.

A different form did *Virtue* wear,
Rude from her forehead fell th'unplaited hair,
With dauntless mien aloft she rear'd her head,
And next to manly was the virgin's tread;
Her height, her sprightly blush, the Goddess show,
And robes unfullied as the falling snow.

Virtue and *Honour* had their Temples bordering on each other, and are sometimes both on the same coin, as in the following one of *Galba*. *Silius Italicus* makes them companions in the glorious equipage that he gives his *Virtue*.

*Mecum Honor, & Laudes, & lato Gloria vultu,
Et Decus, & niveis Victoria concolor alis.* Ibid.
(*Virtus loquitur.*)

With me the foremost place let *Honour* gain,
Fame, and the *Praises* mingling in her train;

Gay Glory next, and Victory on high,
White like my self, on snowy wings shall fly.

*Tu cujus placido posuere in pectore sedem
Blandus Honos, hilarisque (tamen cum pondere)
Virtus.* Stat. Sil. l. 2.

The head of *Honour* is crowned with a Laurel, as *Martial* has adorned his *Glory* after the same manner, which indeed is but another name for the same person.

Mitte coronatas Gloria mæsta comas,

I find, says *Cynthio*, the *Latins* mean Courage by the figure of Virtue, as well as by the word itself. Courage was esteemed the greatest perfection among them, and therefore went under the name of Virtue in general, as the modern *Italians* give the same name on the same account to the knowledge of Curiosities. Should a *Roman* Painter at present draw the picture of Virtue, instead of the Spear and Paratonium that she bears on old coins, he would give her a Bust in one hand and a Fiddle in the other.

Fig. 3. The next, says *Philander*, is a Lady of a more peaceful character, and had her Temple at Rome.

—————*Salutato crepitat Concordia nido.*

She is often placed on the reverse of an Imperial coin to show the good understanding between the Emperor and the Empress. She has always a *Cornucopia* in her hand, to denote that Plenty is the fruit of Concord. After this short account of the Goddess, I desire you will give me your opinion of the Deity that is described in the following verses

ses of *Seneca*, who would have her propitious to the marriage of *Jason* and *Creusa*. He mentions her by her qualities, and not by her name.

Asperi

Martis sanguineas quæ cohibet manus,
Quæ dat belligeris fœdera gentibus,
Et cornu retinet divite copiam, Sen. Med. Act. 1.

Who sooths great *Mars* the warriour God,
And checks his arm distain'd with blood,
Who joins in leagues the jarring lands,
The horn of Plenty fills her hands.

The description, says *Eugenius*, is a copy of the figure we have before us: and for the future, instead of any further note on this passage, I would have the reverse you have shown us stamped on the side of it. The interpreters of *Seneca*, says *Philander*, will understand the precedent verses as a description of *Venus*, though in my opinion there is only the first of them that can aptly relate to her, which at the same time agrees as well with *Concord*: and that this was a Goddess who used to interest her self in marriages, we may see in the following description.

Jamdudum poste reclinis,
Querit Hymen thalamis intactum dicere carmen,
Quo vatem mulcere queat; dat Juno verenda
Vincula, & insigni geminat Concordia tādâ.
Statii Epithalamion. Silv. li. 1.

Already leaning at the door, too long
Sweet *Hymen* waits to raise the nuptial song,

Her sacred bands majestic *Juno* lends
And *Concord* with her flaming torch attends.

Fig. 4. *Peace* differs as little in her dress as in her character from *Concord*. You may observe in both these figures that the Vest is gathered up before them, like an apron, which you must suppose filled with fruits as well as the *Cornu-copiae*. It is to this part of the dress that *Tibullus* alludes.

*At nobis, Pax alma, veni, spicamque teneto,
Perfluat & pomis candidus antè sinus.*

Kind *Peace* appear,
And in thy right hand hold the wheaten ear,
From thy white lap th' o'erflowing fruits shall fall.
Prudentius has given us the same circumstance in his description of Avarice.

—— *Avaritia gremio præcineta capaci.*
Prud. *Psychomachia*.

How proper the emblems or Plenty are to *Peace*, may be seen in the same Poet.

*Interea Pax arva colat, Pax candida primum
Duxit araturos sub juga curva boves;
Pax aluit vites, & succos condidit uva,
Funderet ut nato testa paterna merum:
Pace bidens vomerque vigent.*

Tibul. El. 10. Lib. 1.

She first, white *Peace*, the earth with plough-
shares broke,
And bent the oxen to the crooked yoke,

First

First rear'd the vine, and hoarded first with care
The father's vintage for his drunken heir.

The Olive-branch in her hand is frequently touched upon in the old Poets as a token of Peace.

Pace orare manu ————— *Virg. Æn. 10.*

Ingreditur, ramumque tenens popularis Olive.
Ov. Met. lib. 7.

In his right hand an Olive-branch he holds.

————— *furorem*
Indomitum duramque viri deflectere mentem
Pacifico sermone parant, hostemque propinquum
Orant Cecropia pralatâ fronde Minerva, Luc. Lib. 3.

——— To move his haughty soul they trye
Intreaties, and persuasion soft apply;
Their brows *Minerva's* peaceful branches wear,
And thus in gentlest terms they greet his ear.
Mr. Rowe.

which by the way one would think had been spoken rather of an *Attila*, or a *Maximin*, than *Julius Cesar*.

You see *Abundance* or *Plenty* makes the same figure in Medals as in *Horace*.

————— *tibi Copia*
Manabit ad plenum benigno
Ruris honorum opulento cornu. Hor. Lib. 1. Od. 17.

——— Here to thee shall Plenty flow
And all her riches show,
To raise the honour of the quiet plain. *Mr. Creech.*

The compliment on this reverse to *Gordianus Pius* is expressed in the same manner as that of *Horace* to *Augustus*.

————— *Aurea fruges*

Italiam pleno diffudit Copia cornu. Hor. Ep. 12. L. 1.

—————Golden *Plenty* with a bounteous hand
Rich harvests freely scatters o'er our land.

Mr. Creech.

Fig. 6. But to return again to our Virtues. You have here the picture of *Fidelity*, who was worshiped as a Goddess among the *Romans*.

Si tu oblitus es, at Di meminerunt, meminit Fides.

Catull. ad Alphen.

I should fancy from the following verses of *Virgil* and *Silius Italicus*, that she was represented under the figure of an old woman.

Cana Fides, & Vesta, Remo cum fratre Quirinus

Jura dabunt ————— Virg. Æn. Lib. 1.

Then banish'd *Faith* shall once again return,
And Vestal fires in hallow'd temples burn,
And *Remus* with *Quirinus* shall sustain
The righteous laws, and fraud and force restrain.

Mr. Dryden.

————— *ad limina sanctæ*

Tendebat Fidei, secretaque pectora tentat.

Arcanis Dea lata, polo tum forte remoto

Cœlicolum magnas volvebat conscia curas.

Ante

*Ante Jovem generata, decus divumque hominumque,
Quâ sine non tellus pacem, non equora norunt,
Justitiae consors*————— Sil. It. Lib. 2.

He to the shrines of *Faith* his steps addrest.
She, pleas'd with secrets rowling in her breast,
Far from the world remote revolv'd on high
The cares of Gods, and counsels of the sky.
E'er *Jove* was born she grac'd the bright abodes,
Consort of *Justice*, boast of men and Gods;
Without whose heavenly aid no peace below
The stedfast earth, and rowling ocean know.

There is a Medal of *Heliogabalus* inscrib'd *FIDES* Fig. 7.
EXERCITUS, that receives a great light from the
preceding verses. She is posted between two mili-
tary Ensigns, for the good quality the Poet a-
scribes to her of preserving the public peace,
by keeping the Army true to its Allegiance.

I fancy, says *Eugenius*, as you have discovered
the Age of this imaginary Lady, from the descri-
ption that the Poets have made of her, you may find
too the colour of the drapery that she wore in
the old *Roman* paintings, from that verse in *Horace*,

*Te Spes & albo rara Fides colit
Velata panno*————— Hor. Od. 35. Lib. 1.

Sure *Hope*, and *Friendship* cloath'd in white,
Attend on thee.————— Mr. Creech.

One would think, says *Philander*, by this verse that
Hope and *Fidelity* have both the same kind of drefs.
It is certain *Hope* might have a fair pretence to
white, in allusion to those that were Candidates for
an employ.

—————*quem ducit hiantem*

Cretata ambitio—————

Perf. Sat. 5.

Fig. 8. And how properly the epithet of *Rara* agrees with her, you may see in the transparency of the next figure. She is here dressed in such a kind of Vest as the *Latins* call a *Multicium* from the fineness of its tissue. Your *Roman* Beaus had their summer *toga* of such a light airy make.

Quem tenues decuere toga nitidique capilli.

Hor. Ep. 14. Lib. 1.

I that lov'd————

Curl'd powder'd locks, a fine and gawdy gown.

Mr. Creech,

I remember, says *Cynthia*, *Juvenal* rallies *Creticus* that was otherwise a brave rough fellow, very handsomely, on this kind of garment.

—————*sed quid*

Non facient alij cum tu multitia sumas,

Cretice? & hanc vestem populo mirante perores

In Proculas & Pallineas.—————

Juv. Sat. 2.

Acer & indomitus Libertatisque magister,

Cretice, pelluces—————

Ibid,

—————Nor, vain *Metellus*, shall

From *Rome's* Tribunal thy harangues prevail

'Gainst harlotry, while thou art clad so thin,

That thro' thy cobweb-robe we see thy skin,

As thou declaim'st————— Mr. Tate.

Can'st thou restore old manners, or retrench

Rome's pride, who com'st transparent to the Bench?

Idem.

But

But pray what is the meaning that this transparent Lady holds up her train in her left hand; for I find your women on Medals do nothing without a meaning. Besides, I suppose there is a moral precept at least couch'd under the figure she holds in her other hand. She draws back her garment, says *Philander*, that it may not incumber her in her march. For she is always drawn in a posture of walking, it being as natural for *Hope* to press forward to her proper objects, as for *Fear* to fly from them.

*Ut canis in vacuo leporem cum gallicus arvo
Vidit, & hic prædam pedibus petit, ille salutem:
Alter in-hæsuro similis, jam jamque tenere
Sperat, & extento stringit vestigia rostro;
Alter in ambiguo est an sit comprehensus, & ipsis
Morsibus eripitur, tangentiæque ora relinquit:
Sic Deus & Virgo est: hic spe celer, illa timore.*

De Apol. & Daph. Ov. Met. Lib. i.

As when th'impatient Greyhound flipt from far,
Bounds o'er the glebe to catch the fearful Hare,
She in her speed does all her safety lay;
And he with double speed pursues the prey;
O'er-runs her at the fitting turn, and licks
His chaps in vain, and blows upon the flix:
She 'scapes, and for the neighb'ring covert strives;
And gaining shelter doubts if yet she lives:
Such was the God, and such the flying Fair,
She, urg'd by Fear, her feet did swiftly move,
But he more swiftly, who was urg'd by Love.

Mr. Dryden.

This beautiful similitude is, I think, the prettiest emblem

emblem in the world of *Hope* and *Fear* in extremity. A flower or bloffome that you fee in the right hand is a proper ornament for *Hope*, ſince they are theſe that we term in poetical language the *Hopes* of the year.

Vere novo, tunc herba nitens, & roboris experts

Turget & inſolida eſt, & ſpe delectat agreſtes.

Omnia tum florent florumque coloribus almus

Ridet ager————— *Ov. Met. Lib. 15.*

The green ſtem grows in ſtature and in ſize,
But only feeds with hope the Farmer's eyes;
Then laughs the childiſh year with flowrets
crown'd,
And lavishly perfumes the fields around.

Mr. Dryden.

The ſame Poet in his *De faſtis*, ſpeaking of the Vine in flower, expreſſes it

In ſpe vitis erat————— *Ov. de Faſt. Lib. 5.*

Fig. 9.

The next on the Liſt is a Lady of a contrary character, and therefore in a quite different poſture. As *Security* is free from all purſuits, ſhe is repreſented leaning careleſſly on a pillar. *Horace* has drawn a pretty metaphor from this poſture.

Nullum me a labore reclinat otium.

No eaſe doth lay me down from pain. *Mr. Creech.*

She reſts her ſelf on a pillar, for the ſame reaſon as the Poets often compare an obſtinate reſolution or a great firmneſs of mind, to a rock that is not

to be moved by all the assaults of winds or waves.

*Non civium ardor prava jubentium ,
Non vultus instantis tyranni ,
Mente quatit solidâ , neque Auster
Dux inquieta turbidus Adria , &c.* Hor,

The man resolv'd , and steady to his trust ,
Inflexible to ill , and obstinately just ,
May the rude rabble's insolence despise ,
Their senseless clamours and tumultuous cries ;
The Tyrant's fierceness he beguiles ,
And the stern brow and the harsh voice defies ,
And with superior greatness smiles.
Not the rough whirlwind that deforms
Adria's black gulf———&c. See. p. 117.

I am apt to think it was on devices of this nature that *Horace* had his eye in his Ode to *Fortune*. It is certain he alludes to a pillar that figured out *Security* , or something very like it ; and till any body finds out another that will stand better in its place , I think we may content our selves with this before us.

*Te Dacus asper , te profugi Scythæ
Urbesque gentesque & Latium ferox ,
Regumque matres barbarorum , &
Purpurei metuunt Tyranni :
Injurioso nè pede proruas
Stantem columnam ; neu populus frequens
Ad arma cessantes , ad arma
Concitet , imperiumque frangat.*

Ad Fortunam. Hor. Lib. 1. Od. 35.
To

To thee their vows rough *Germans* pay,
 To thee the wandring *Scythians* bend,
 Thee mighty *Rome* proclaims a friend:
 And for their Tyrant sons
 The barb'rous Mothers pray
 To thee, the greatest guardian of their Thrones.

They bend, they vow, and still they fear,
 Lest you should kick their Column down,
 And cloud the glory of their Crown;
 They fear that you would raise
 The lazy crowd to war,
 And break their Empire, or confine their praise.

Mr Creech.

I must however be so fair as to let you know that *Peace* and *Felicity* have their pillars in several Medals as well as *Security*, so that if you do not like one of them, you may take the other.

Fig. 10. The next Figure is that of *Chastity*, who was worshipped as a Goddess, and had her Temple.

————— *deinde ad superos Astra recessit*
Hæc comite, atque duæ pariter fugere sorores.

De pudicitia. Juv. Sat. 6.

At length uneasy *Justice* upwards flew,
 And both the Sisters to the Stars withdrew.

Mr. Dryden.

Templa pudicitia quid opus statuisse puellis,
Si cuivis nuptæ quidlibet esse licet? Tib. Lib. 2.

Since wives whate'er they please unblam'd can be,
 Why rear we useless Fanes to *Chastity*?

How

How her posture and dress become her, you may see in the following verses.

Ergo sedens velat vultus, obnubit ocellos

Ista verecundi signa Pudoris erant. Alciat.

She sits, her visage veil'd, her eyes conceal'd,

By marks like these was Chastity reveal'd.

Ite procul vitta tennes, insigne pudoris,

Quaque tegit medios instita longa pedes.

Ov. de Art. Aman.

——— *frontem limbo velata pudicam.*

Claud. de Theod. Conf.

Hence! ye smooth fillets on the forehead bound,

Whose bands the brows of Chastity surround,

And her coy Robe that lengthens to the ground.

She is represented in the habit of a Roman Matron.

Matrona prater faciem nil cernere possis,

Catera, ni Catia est, demissa veste tegentis.

Hor. Sat. 2 Lib. 1.

Besides, a Matron's face is seen alone;

But Kate's, that female bully of the town,

For all the rest is cover'd with a gown.

Mr. Creech.

That, *ni Catia est*, says Cynthio, is a beauty unknown to most of our English Satyrists. Horace knew how to stab with address, and to give a thrust where he was least expected. Boileau has nicely imitated him in this, as well as his other beauties.
But

But our *English* Libellers are for hewing a man down-right, and for letting him see at a distance that he is to look for no mercy. I own to you, says *Eugenius*, I have often admired this piece of art in the two Satyrists you mention, and have been surprized to meet with a man in a Satire that I never in the least expected to find there. They have a particular way of hiding their ill nature, and introduce a criminal rather to illustrate a precept or passage, than out of any seeming design to abuse him. Our *English* Poets on the contrary show a kind of malice prepense in their Satires, and instead of bringing in the person to give light to any part of the Poem, let you see they writ the whole Poem on purpose to abuse the person. But we must not leave the Ladies thus. Pray what kind of head-dress is that of *Piety*?

Fig. II. As *Chastity*, says *Philander*, appears in the habit of a *Roman* matron, in whom that Virtue was supposed to reign in its perfection, *Piety* wears the dress of the Vestal Virgins, who were the greatest and most shining examples of it. *Vittata Sacerdos* is you know an expression among the *Latin* Poets. I do not question but you have seen in the Duke of *Florence's* gallery a beautiful antique figure of a woman standing before an Altar, which some of the Antiquaries call a *Piety*, and others a Vestal Virgin. The woman, Altar, and fire burning on it, are seen in marble exactly as in this coin, and bring to my mind a part of a speech that *Religion* makes in *Phadrus's* Fables.

Sed ne ignis noster facinori praluceat,

Per quem verendos excolet Pietas Deos. Fab. 10. Li. 4.

It is to this Goddess that *Statius* addresses himself in the following lines.

*Summa Deum, Pietas! cujus gratissima cœlo
Rara profanatas inspeçant numina terras,
Huc vittata comam, niveoque insignis amictu,
Qualis adhuc præsens, nullâque expulsa nocentum
Frauderudes populos atque aurea regna colebas,
Mitibus exequiis ades, & lugentis Hetrusci
Cerne pios fletus laudatæque lumina terge.*

Statius Silv. Li. 3.

Chief of the Skies, celestial *Piety*! (birth,
Whose God-head, priz'd by those of heavenly
Revisits rare these tainted realms of Earth,
Mild in thy milk-white vest, to sooth my friend,
With holy fillets on thy brows descend,
Such as of old (ere chac'd by Guilt and Rage)
A race unpolisht, and a golden age,
Beheld thee frequent. Once more come below,
Mix in the soft solemnities of woe,
See, see, thy own *Hetruscus* wastes the day
In pious grief; and wipe his tears away.

The little trunk she holds in her left hand is the *Acerra* that you so often find among the Poets, in which the frankincense was preserv'd that *Piety* is here supposed to strow on the fire.

Dantque sacerdoti custodem thuris acerram.

Ov. Met. Li. 31.

Hæc tibi pro nato plenâ dat letus acerrâ

Phœbe————— Mart. Li. 4. Epig. 25.

The figure of *Equity* differs but little from that Fig. 12.
our Painters make of her at present. The scales
she carries, in her hand are so natural an emblem
of

of justice, that *Persius* has turned them into an allegory to express the decisions of right or wrong.

Quirites

*Hoc puto non justum est, illud male, rectius istud;
Scis etenim justum geminâ suspendere lance
Ancipitis Libra.*

Socrat. ad Alcibiad. Sat. 4.

Romans, know,

Against right reason all your counsels go;
This is not fair; nor profitable that:
Nor t'other question proper for debate.
But thou, no doubt, can'st set the business right,
And give each argument its proper weight:
Know'st with an equal hand to hold the scale, &c.
Mr. Dryden.

Fig. 13. The next figure I present you with is *Eternity*. She holds in her hand a globe with a Phœnix on it. How proper a type of *Eternity* is each of these you may see in the following quotations. I am sure you will pardon the length of the latter as it is not improper to the occasion, and shows at the same time the great fruitfulness of the Poet's fancy that could turn the same thought so many different ways.

*Hæc æterna manet, Divisq; simillima forma est,
Cui neque principium est usquam, nec finis: in ipso
Sed similis toto remanet, perque omnia par est.*

de Rotunditate Corporum. Manil. Li. 1.

This form's eternal, and may justly claim
A God-like nature, all its parts the same;

Alike,

Alike, and equal to its self'tis found,
No end, and no beginning in a round:
Nought can molest its being, nought controul,
And this enobles, and confines the whole.

Mr. Creech.

*Par volucer superis: Stellæ qui vividus æquat
Durando, membrisque terit redeuntibus ævum.——
Nam pater est prolesque sui, nulloque creante
Emeritos artus fecunda morte reformat,
Et petit alternam totidem per funera vitam.——
O senium posituræ rogo, falsisque sepulchris
Natales habituræ vices, quæ sæpe renasci
Exitio, proprioque soles pubescere letho.——
O felix, hæresque tui! quo solvimur omnes,
Hoc tibi suppeditat vires, præbetur origo
Per cinerem, moritur te non pcreunte senectus.
Vidisti quodcunque fuit. Te secula teste
Cuncta revolvuntur: nosti quo tempore pontus
Fuderit elatas scopulis stagnantibus undas:
Quis Phaetonteis erroribus arserit annus.
Et clades te nulla rapit, solusque superstes
Edomitâ tellure manes, non stamina Parca
In te dura legunt, non jus habuere nocendi.*

de Pænice. Claud.

A God-like bird! whose endless round of years
Outlasts the stars, and tires the circling spheres;——
Begot by none himself, begetting none,
Sire of himself he is, and of himself the son;
His life in fruitful death renews its date,
And kind destruction but prolongs his fate.——

O thou, says he, whom harmless fires shall burn,
 Thy age the flame to second youth shall turn,
 An infant's cradle is thy fun'ral urn.——
 Thrice happy *Phoenix*! Heav'n's peculiar care
 Has made thy self thy self's surviving heir.
 By Death thy deathless vigour is supply'd,
 Which sinks to ruine all the world beside.
 Thy age, not thee, assisting *Phœbus* burns,
 And vital flames light up thy fun'ral urns.
 Whate'er events have been thy eyes survey,
 And thou art fix'd while ages roll away.
 Thou saw'st when raging Ocean burst his bed,
 O'er-top'd the mountains, & the earth o'erspread;
 When the rash youth inflam'd the high abodes,
 Scorch'd up the skies, & scar'd the deathless Gods.
 When Nature ceases, thou shalt still remain,
 Nor second Chaos bound thy endless reign;
 Fate's tyrant laws thy happier lot shall brave,
 Baffle destruction, and elude the grave.

The circle of rays that you see round the head of
 the *Phoenix* distinguish him to be the bird & offspring
 of the Sun.

Solis avi specimen——

*Una est quæ reparet seque ipsa reseminet ales;
 Assyrii Phænica vocant: non fruge neque herbis
 Sed thuris lacrymis, & succo vivit amomi.*

*Hæc ubi quinque suæ complevit secula vitæ,
 Illicis in ramis, tremulæve cacumine palma,
 Unguibus & duro sibi nidum construit ore:
 Quo simul accasias, ac nardi lenis aristas*

Quas

*Quassaque cum fulvâ substravit cinnama myrrhâ ,
Se super imponit , finitque in odoribus ævum.
Inde ferunt totidem qui vivere debeat annos
Corpore de patrio parvum phanica renasci,
Cum dedit huic ætas vires , onerique ferendo est ,
Ponderibus nidi ramos levat arboris alta ,
Fertque pins cunæque suas , patriumque sepulchrum ,
Perque leves auras Hyperionis urbe potitus
Ante fores sacras Hyperionis æde reponit.*

————— *Titanius ales.* Ov. Met. Li. i 5.
Claud. de Phænice.

——— From himself the *Phenix* only springs :
Self-born , begotten by the parent flame ,
In which he burn'd , another and the same.
Who not by corn or herbs his life sustains ,
But the sweet essence of *Amomum* drains :
And watches the rich gums *Arabia* bears ,
While yet in tender dew they drop their tears.
He (his five centuries of life fulfill'd)
His nest on oaken boughs begins to build ,
Or trembling tops of Palm , and first he draws
The plan with his broad bill and crooked claws ,
Nature's artificers ; on this the pile
Is form'd , and rises round ; then with the spoil
Of *Casia* , *Cynamon* , & stems of *Nard* , (rear'd :
(For softness strew'd beneath) his fun'ral bed is
Fun'ral and bridal both ; and all around
The borders with corruptless Myrrh are crown'd ,
On this incumbent ; 'till ætherial flame
First catches , then consumes the costly frame ;

Consumes him too, as on the pile he lies,
He liv'd on odours, and in odours dies.

An Infant-*Phoenix* from the former springs
His father's heir, and from his tender wings
Shakes off his parent dust, his method he pursues,
And the same lease of life on the same terms re-
news.

When grown to manhood he begins his reign,
And with stiff pinions can his flight sustain,
He lightens of its load, the tree that bore
His father's royal sepulchre before,
And his own cradle: This (with pious care,
Plac'd on his back) he cuts the buxom air,
Seeks the Sun's city, and his sacred church,
And decently lays down his burthen in the porch.

Mr. Dryden.

*Sic ubi fœcundâ reparavit morte juventam,
Et patrios idem cineres, collectaque portat
Unguibus ossa piis, Nilique ad littora tendens
Unicus extremo Phoenix procedit ab Euro:
Conveniunt Aquila, cunctaque ex orbe volucres
Ut Solis mirentur avem*—————

Claud. de laud. Stil. L. 2.

So when his parent's pile hath ceas'd to burn,
Tow'rs the young *Phoenix* from the teeming urn:
And from the purple east, with pious toil
Bears the dear reliques to the distant Nile;
Himself a species! Then, the bird of *Jove*,
And all his plummy nation quit the grove;
The gay harmonious train delighted gaze,
Crowd the procession, and resound his praise.

The

The radiated head of the *Phœnix* gives us the meaning of a passage in *Ausonius*, which I was formerly surprized to meet with in the description of a Bird. But at present I am very well satisfied the Poet must have had his eye on the figure of this Bird in ancient sculpture and painting, as indeed it was impossible to take it from the life.

*Ter nova Nestoreos implevit purpura fusos
Et toties terno cornix vivacior ævo,
Quam novies terni glomerantem secula tractûs
Vincunt aripedes ter terno Nestore cervi,
Tres quorum ætates superat Phœbeijus oscen,
Quem novies senior Gangeticus anteit ales,
Ales cinnamæo radiatus tempora nido.*

Auson. Eidyll. II.

*Arcanum radiant oculi jubar. igneus ora
Cingit honos, rutilo cognatum vertice sidus
Attollit cristatus apex, tenebrasque serenâ
Luce secat*————— Claud. de Phæn.

His fiery eyes shoot forth a glitt'ring ray,
And round his head ten thousand glories play:
High on his crest, a Star celestial bright
Divides the darkness with its piercing light.

————— *Procul ignea lucet
Ales, odorati redolent cui cinnamæ busti.*

Cl. de laud. Stil. L. 2.

If you have a mind to compare this scale of Beings with that of *Hesiod*, I shall give it you in a translation of that Poet.

*Ter binos deciesque novem super exit in annos
 Justa senescentum quos implet vita virorum.
 Hos novies superat vivendo garrula Cornix :
 Et quater egreditur cornicis secula cervus.
 Alipedem cervum ter vincit Corvus : at illum
 Multiplicat novies Phoenix , reparabilis ales.
 Quam vos perpetuo decies prævertitis ævo
 Nympha Hamadryades : quarum longissima vita est :
 Hi cohibent fines vivacia fata animantum.*

Auson. Eidyl. 18.

The utmost age to man the Gods assign
 Are winters three times two, and ten times nine :
 Poor man nine times the prating Dawes exceed :
 Three times the Dawe's the Deer's more lasting
 breed :

The Deer's full thrice the Raven's race outrun ,
 Nine times the Raven Titan's feather'd son :
 Beyond his age , with youth and beauty crown'd ,
 The *Hamadryads* shine ten ages round :
 Their breath the longest is the Fates bestow ;
 And such the bounds to mortal lives below.

A man had need be a good Arithmetician, says *Cynthio*, to understand this Author's works. His description runs on like a Multiplication Table. But methinks the Poets ought to have agreed a little better in the calculations of a Bird's life that was probably of their own creation.

Fig. 14. We generally find a great confusion in the traditions of the ancients, says *Philander*. It seems to me, from the next Medal, it was an opinion among them, that the *Phœnix* renewed her self at the beginning of the great year, and the return of
 the

the Golden Age. This opinion I find touched upon in a couple of lines in *Claudian*.

*Quicquid ab externis ales longæva colonis
Colligit, optati referens exordia sæcli.*

Claud. de rapt. Prof. Li. 2.

The person in the midst of the circle is supposed to be *Jupiter*, by the Author that has published this Medal, but I should rather take it for the figure of Time. I remember I have seen at *Rome* an antique Statue of Time, with a wheel or hoop of marble in his hand, as *Seneca* describes him, and not with a serpent as he is generally represented.

————— *properat cursu*

Vita citato, volucrique die

Rota precipitis volvitur anni.

Herc. fur, Act. 1.

Life posts away,

And day from day drives on with swift career
The wheel that hurries on the headlong year.

As the circle of marble in his hand represents the common year, so this that encompasses him is a proper representation of the great year, which is the whole round and comprehension of time. For when this is finished, the heavenly bodies are supposed to begin their courses anew, and to measure over again the several periods and divisions of years, months, days, &c. into which the great year is distinguished.

————— *consumto, magnus qui dicitur, anno*

Rursus in antiquum venient vaga sidera cursum:

Qualia dispositi steterant ab origine mundi.

Auson. Eidyl. 18.

When round the great Platonick year has turn'd,
 In their old ranks the wandring stars shall stand
 As when first marshal'd by th' Almighty's hand.

To sum up therefore the thoughts of this Medal. The inscription teaches us that the whole design must refer to the Golden Age, which it lively represents, if we suppose the circle that encompasses *Time*, or if you please *Jupiter*, signifies the finishing of the great year; and that the *Phoenix* figures out the beginning of a new series of time. So that the compliment on this Medal to the Emperor *Adrian*, is in all respects the same that *Virgil* makes to *Pollio's* son, at whose birth he supposes the *annus magnus* or platonical year run out, and renewed again with the opening of the Golden Age.

Magnus ab integro seclorum nascitur ordo ;
Jam redit & Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna :
Et nova progenies cœlo demittitur alto. Virg. Ec. 4.

The time is come the *Sibyls* long foretold,
 And the blest Maid restores the Age of Gold
 In the great wheel of *Time* before enroll'd.
 Now a great progeny from Heav'n descends.

Ld. Lauderdale.

————— *nunc adest mundo dies*
Supremus ille, qui premat genus impium
Cœli ruinâ; rursus ut stirpem novam
Generet renascens melior : ut quondam tulit
Juvenis tenente regna Saturno poli. Sen. Oet. Act. 2.

———The last great day is come,
 When earth and all her impious sons shall lie

Crusht

Crusht in the ruins of the falling sky , (grace ,
Whence fresh shall rise , her new-born realms to
A pious offspring and a purer race ,
Such as e'erwhile in golden ages sprung ,
When *Saturn* govern'd , and the world was young.

You may compare the design of this reverse , if
you please , with one of *Constantine* , so far as the
Phoenix is concerned in both. As for the other
figure , we may have occasion to speak of it in
another place. *Vid.* 15 figure. King of *France's*
Medalions.

The next figure shadows out *Eternity* to us , by Fig. 16.
the Sun in one hand and the Moon in the other ,
which in the language of sacred poetry is *as long as*
the Sun and Moon endureth. The heathens made
choice of these Lights as apt symbols of *Eternity* ,
because contrary to all sublunary beings , though
they seem to perish every night , they renew them-
selves every morning.

*Soles occidere & redire possunt ;
Nobis cum semel occidit brevis lux ,
Nox est perpetua una dormienda.*

Catul.

The Suns shall often fall and rise :
But when the short-liv'd mortal dies
A night eternal seals his eyes.

Horace , whether in imitation of *Catullus* or not ,
has applied the same thought to the Moon ; and that
too in the plural number.

Damna tamen celeres reparant cœlestia luna :

Nos ubi decidimus

Quò pius Æneas , quò Tullus dives , & Ancus ,

Pulvis & umbra sumus.

Hor. Od. 7. Lib. 4.

Each

Each loss the hastning Moon repairs again.

But we, when once our race is done,

With *Tullus* and *Anchises'* son,

(Tho' rich like one, like t'other good)

To dust and shades, without a Sun,

Descend, and sink in dark oblivion's flood.

Sir W. Temple.

In the next figure *Eternity* sits on a globe of the heavens adorned with stars. We have already seen how proper an emblem of *Eternity* the globe is, and may find the duration of the stars made use of by the Poets, as an expression of what is never like to end.

————— *Stellas qui vividus aquas*

Durando —————

Claud.

————— *Polus dum sidera pascet,*

Semper honos nomenque tuum laudesque manebunt.

Virg. *Æn.* L. 1.

Lucida dum current annosi sidera mundi, &c.

Sen. Med.

Vid.
Fig. 13. I might here tell you that *Eternity* has a covering on her head, because we can never find out her beginning; that her legs are bare, because we see only those parts of her that are actually running on; that she sits on a globe and bears a scepter in her hand, to shew she is sovereign Mistress of all things: but for any of these assertions I have no warrant from the Poets.

You must excuse me, if I have been longer
than

than ordinary on such a subject as *Eternity*. The next you see is *Victory*, to whom the Medallists as well as Poets never fail to give a pair of wings. Fig. 18.

Adfuit ipsa suis Ales Victoria—

Claud. de 6. Conf. Honor.

— *dubijs volitat Victoria pennis.* Ov.

— *niveis Victoria concolor alis.* Sil. It.

The palm branch and laurel were both the rewards of Conquerors, and therefore no improper ornaments for *Victory*.

— *lenta Victoris premia palma* Ov. Met.

Et palma pretium Victoribus. Virg. Æn. 5.

*Tu ducibus latis aderis cum leta triumphum
Vox canet, & longas visent capitolia pompas.*

Apollo ad Laurum. Ov. Met.

Thou shalt the Roman festivals adorn ;
Thou shalt returning *Cæsar's* triumphs grace,
When pomps shall in a long procession pass.

Dryden.

By the way you may observe the lower plaits of the drapery that seem to have gathered the wind into them. I have seen abundance of antique figures in sculpture and painting, with just the same turn in the lower foldings of the vest, when the person that wears it is in a posture of tripping forward.

Obviaque adversas vibrabant flamina vestes.

Ov. Met. Lib. 1.

--- As

—————As she fled, the wind
Increasing, spread her flowing hair behind;
And left her legs and thighs expos'd to view.

Dryden.

—————*tenuēs sinuantur flamine vestes.* Id. Lib. 2.

It is worth while to compare this figure of *Victory* with her Statue as it is described in a very beautiful passage of *Prudentius*.

*Non aris non farre mole Victoria felix
Exorata venit: labor impiger, aspera virtus,
Vis animi, excellens ardor, violentia, cura,
Hanc tribuunt, durum tractandis robur in armis.
Quæ si defuerint bellantibus, aurea quamvis
Marmoreo in templo rutilas Victoria pinnas
Explicit, & multis surgat formata talentis:
Non aderit vestisque offensa videbitur hastis.
Quid miles propriis diffusus viribus optas
Irrita fœmineæ tibi met solatia formæ?
Nunquam pennigeram legio ferrata puellam
Vidit anhelantum regeret quæ tela virorum.
Vincendi quæris dominam? sua dextera cuique est,
Et Deus omnipotens. Non pexo crine virago,
Nec undo suspensa pede, strophioque revincta,
Nec tumidas fluitante sinu vestita papillas.*

Prudentius contra Symm. Li. 2.

Shall *Victory* intreated lend her aid
For cakes of flower on smoaking Altars laid?
Her help from toils and watchings hope to find,
From the strong body, and undaunted mind:

If

If these be wanting on th'embattel'd plain;
 Ye sue the unpropitious Maid in vain.
 Though in her marble Temples taught to blaze
 Her dazling wings the golden Dame displays,
 And many a talent in due weight was told
 To shape her God-head in the curious mould;
 Shall the rough soldier of himself despair,
 And hope for female visions in the air?
 What legion sheath'd in iron e'er survey'd
 Their darts directed by this winged Maid!
 Do'st thou the power that gives success demand?
 'Tis he th' Almighty, and thy own right hand;
 Not the smooth Nymph, whose locks in knots are
 twin'd,
 Who bending shows her naked foot behind,
 Who girds the virgin zone beneath her breast,
 And from her bosom heaves the swelling vest.

You have here another *Victory* that I fancy *Claudian* had in his view when he mentions her wings, palm and trophy in the following description. It appears on a Coin of *Constantine* who lived about an age before *Claudian*, and I believe we shall find that it is not the only piece of antique sculpture that this Poet has copied out in his descriptions. Fig. 19.

————— *cum totis exurgens ardua pennis*
Ipsa duci sacras Victoria panderet ades,
Et palma viridi gaudens, & amicta trophæis.

Claud. de Lau. Stil. Li. 3.

On all her plumage rising when she threw
 Her sacred shrines wide-open to thy view,

How

How pleas'd for thee her emblems to display ;
With palms distinguish'd , and with trophies gay.

Fig. 20. The last of our imaginary Beings is *Liberty*. In her left hand she carries the wand that the *Latins* call the *Rudis* or *Vindicta* , and in her right the cap of *Liberty*. The Poets use the same kinds of metaphors to express *Liberty*. I shall quote *Horace* for the first , whom *Ovid* has imitated on the same occasion , and for the latter *Martial*.

—————*donatum jam rude quaris*
Mecenas iterum antiquo me includere ludo.

Hor. Lib. 1. Epist. 1.

—————*tardâ vires minuente senectâ*
Me quoque donari jam rude tempus erat.

Ov. de Tr. Lib. 4. El. 8.

Since bent beneath the load of years I stand ,
I too might claim the freedom-giving wand.

Quod te nomine jam tuo saluto
Quem regem , & dominum prius vocabam ,
Nè me dixeris esse contumacem
Totis pilea sarcinis redemi.

Mar. Lib. 2. Epig.

By thy plain name though now addrest ,
Though once my King and Lord confest ,
Frown not : with all my goods I buy
The precious cap of *Liberty*.

I cannot forbear repeating a passage out of *Persius* , says *Cynthio* , that in my opinion turns the ceremony of making a Freeman very handsomely into ridicule. It seems the clapping a cap on his head
and

and giving him a turn on the heel were necessary circumstances. A Slave thus qualified became a Citizen of *Rome*, and was honoured with a name more than belonged to any of his Forefathers; which *Persius* has repeated with a great deal of humour.

————— *Hæc steriles veri, quibus una Quiritem
Vertigo facit! hic Dama est, non tressis agaso,
Vappa, & lippus, & in tenui farragine mendax.
Verterit hunc dominus, momento turbinis exit
Marcus Dama. Papa! Marco spondente, recusas
Credere tu nummos? Marco sub Judice palles?
Marcus dixit, ita est: assigna, Marce, tabellas.
Hæc mera libertas: hanc nobis pilea donant.* *Perf. Sat. 5.*

That false enfranchisement with ease is found:
Slaves are made Citizens by turning round.
How! replies one, can any be more free?
Here's *Dama*, once a Groom of low degree,
Not worth a farthing, and a sot beside;
So true a Rogue, for lying's sake he ly'd:
But, with a turn, a Freeman he became;
Now *Marcus Dama* is his Worship's name.
Good Gods! Who wou'd refuse to lend a sum,
If wealthy *Marcus* surety wou'd become!
Marcus is made a Judge: and for a proof
Of certain truth, *he said it*, is enough.
A Will is to be prov'd: put in your claim;
'Tis clear, if *Marcus* has subscrib'd his name.
This is true liberty, as I believe;
What farther can we from our Caps receive,
Than as we please without controul to live?

Mr. Dryden.

Since you haven't give us the ceremony of the Cap; says *Eugenius*, I'll give you that of the Wand, out of *Claudian*.

*Te fastos ineunte quater, sollennia ludit
Omina libertas. deductum Vindice morem
Lex celebrat, famulusque jugo laxatus herili
Ducitur, et grato remeat securior ictu.
Tristis conditio pulsata fronte recedit:
In civem rubuere gena, tergoque removit
Verbera promissi felix injuria voti.*

Claud. de 4. Conf. Hon.

The *Grato ictu* and the *felix injuria*, says *Cynthio*, would have told us the name of the Author, though you had said nothing of him. There is none of all the Poets that delights so much in these pretty kinds of contradictions as *Claudian*. He loves to set his Epithet at variance with its substantive, and to surprize his Reader with a seeming absurdity. If this Poet were well examined, one would find that some of his greatest beauties as well as faults arise from the frequent use of this particular figure.

Second
Series.
Fig. I.

I question not, say *Philander*, but you are tired by this time with the company of so mysterious a sort of Ladies as those we have had before us. We will now, for our diversion, entertain our selves with a sett of Riddles, and see if we can find a key to them among the ancient Poets. The first of them, says *Cynthio*, is a Ship under sail, I suppose it has at least a metaphor or moral precept for its cargo. This, says *Philander*, is an emblem of Happiness, as you may see by the inscription it carries in its sails. We find the same Device to express the same thought in several of the Poets: as in *Horace*, when he speaks of the moderation to be

be used in a flowing fortune; and in *Ovid* when he reflects on his past happiness.

*Rebus angustis animosus atque
Fortis appare: sapienter idem
Contrahes vento nimium secundo
Turgida vela.*

Hor. Od. 10. Lib. 2.

When *Fortune* sends a stormy wind,
Then shew a brave and present mind;
And when with too indulgent gales
She swells too much, then furl thy sails. Mr. Creech.

*Nominis & fama quondam fulgore trahebar,
Dum tulit antennis aura secunda meas.*

Ov. de Trist. Lib. 5. El. 12.

*En ego, non paucis quondam munitus amicis,
Dum flavit velis aura secunda meis.*

Id. Epist. ex Ponto 3. Lib. 2.

I liv'd the darling theme of ev'ry tongue,
The golden Idol of th' adoring throng;
Guarded with friends, while *Fortune's* balmy gales
Wanton'd auspicious in my swelling sails.

You see the metaphor is the same in the verses as in the Medal; with this distinction only, that the one is in words and the other in figures. The idea is alike in both, though the manner of representing it is different. If you would see the whole Ship made use of in the same sense by an old Poet, as it is here on the Medal, you may find it in a pretty allegory of *Seneca*.

Fata si liceat mihi

Fingere arbitrio meo,

Temperem zephyro levi

Vela, nè pressa gravi

Spiritu antennæ tremant.

Lenis & modicè fluens

Aura, nec vergens latus,

Ducat intrepidam ratem. Sen. OEdip. Chor. Act. 4.

My fortune might I form at will,

My canvas Zephyrs soft should fill

With gentle breath, lest ruder gales

Crack the main-yard, or burst the sails.

By winds that temperately blow

The Barque should pass secure and flow,

Nor scar me leaning on her side;

But smoothly cleave th'unruffled tide.

After having considered the Ship as a metaphor, we may now look on it as a reality, and observe in it the make of the old *Roman* vessels, as they are described among the Poets. It is carried on by oars and sails at the same time.

Sive opus est velis minimam bene currit ad auram,

Sive opus est remo remige carpit iter.

Ov. de Trist. Li. 1. El. 10.

The Poop of it has the bend that Ovid and Virgil mention.

—————puppique recurvæ.

Ibid. Li. 1. El. 3.

—————littora curvæ

Prætexunt puppes

Virg.
You

You see the description of the Pilot, and the place he sits on, in the following quotations.

Ipse gubernator puppi Palinurus ab altâ.
Virg. Æn. Li. 5.

*Ipsius ante oculos ingens a vertice pontus
In puppim ferit. excutitur, pronusque magister
Volvitur in caput.*————— Id. Æn. Li. 1.

Orontes' bark, that bore the Lycian crew,
(A horrid sight) ev'n in the Hero's view,
From stem to stern, by waves was overborn;
The trembling Pilot, from his rudder torn,
Was headlong hurl'd;————— Mr. Dryden.

————— *Segnemque Menæten,
Oblitus decorisque sui sociûmque salutis,
In mare præcipitem puppi deturbat ab altâ:
Ipse gubernaclo rector subit.* Id. Æn. Li. 5.

Mindless of others lives, (so high was grown
His rising rage) and careless of his own:
The trembling dotard to the deck he drew,
And hoisted up, and overboard he threw;
This done, he seiz'd the helm—— Mr. Dryden.

I have mentioned these two last passages of *Virgil*, because I think we cannot have so right an idea of the Pilot's misfortune in each of them, without observing the situation of his post, as appears in ancient Coins. The figure you see on the other end of the ship is a *Triton*, a man in his upper parts, and a fish below, with a trumpet in his mouth. *Virgil* describes him in the same manner on one of *Æneas's* ships. It was probably a common figure

on their ancient vessels, for we meet with it too in
Silius Italicus.

*Hunc vehit immanis Triton, & carula conchâ
Exterrens freta; cui laterum tenuis hispida nanti
Frons hominem præfert, in pristim desinit alvus;
Spumea semifero sub pectore murmurat unda.*

Virg. En. Li. 10.

The *Triton* bears him, he whose trumpet's sound
Old Ocean's waves from shore to shore rebound.
A hairy man above the waste he shews,
A porpoise tail down from his belly grows,
The billows murmur, which his breast oppose. }
Ld. Lauderdale.

*Ducitur & Libya puppis signata figuram
Et Triton captivus.*—————

Sil. It. Li. 14.

I am apt to think, say *Eugenius*, from certain passages of the Poets, that several ships made choice of some God or other for their guardians, as among the *Roman* Catholics every vessel is recommended to the patronage of some particular Saint. To give you an instance of two or three.

Est mihi sitque precor flava tutela Minervæ

Navis————— Ov. de Trif. Li. 1. El. 10.

Numen erat celsæ puppis vicina Dione. Sil. It. Li. 14.

Hammon Numen erat Libyca gentile carina,

Cornigerâque sedens spectabat carula fronte. Ibid.

The poop great *Ammon*, *Libyas* God, display'd,
Whose horned front the nether flood survey'd.

The

The figure of the Deity was very large, as I have seen it on other Medals as well as this you have shown us, and stood on one end of the vessel that it patronised. This may give us an image of a very beautiful circumstance that we meet with in a couple of wrecks described by *Silius Italicus*, and *Persius*.

————— *Subito cum pondere victus*
In siliente mari submergitur alveus undis.
Scuta virum cristaque, & inertis spicula ferro
Tutelaque Deum fluitant. ————— *Sil. It. Li. 14.*

Sunk by a weight so dreadful down she goes,
 And o'er her head the broken billows close,
 Bright shields and crests float round the whirling
 floods,
 And useless spears confus'd with tutelary Gods.

————— *trabe ruptâ Bruttia saxa*
Prendit amicus inops, remque omnem surdaque vota
Condidit: Ionio jacet ipse in littore, & unâ
Ingentes de puppe Dei, jamque obvia mergis
Costa ratis lacera. ————— *Pers. Sat. 6.*

My friend is shipwreck'd on the *Brutian* strand,
 His riches in th' *Ionian* main are lost;
 And he himself stands shiv'ring on the coast.
 Where, destitute of help, forlorn and bare,
 He wearies the deaf Gods with fruitless pray'r.
 Their images, the relicks of the wrack,
 Torn from their naked poop, are tided back
 By the wild waves; and rudely thrown ashore,
 Lie impotent, nor can themselves restore.

The vessel sticks, and shews her open'd side,
And on her shatter'd mast the Mews in triumph
ride. Mr. Dryden.

You will think perhaps I carry my conjectures too far, if I tell you that I fancy they are these kind of Gods that *Horace* mentions in his Allegorical vessel which was so broken and shattered to pieces; for I am apt to think that *integra* relates to the Gods as well as to the *lintea*.

— *non tibi sunt integra lintea,*
Non Dii, quos iterum pressa voces malo.

Hor. Od. 14. Lib. 1.

Thy stern is gone, thy Gods are lost,
And thou hast none to hear thy cry,
When thou on dang'rous shelves art tost,
When billows rage, and winds are high.
Mr. Creech.

Fig. 2. Since we are engaged so far in the *Roman* ship-ping, says *Philander*, I'll here show you a Medal that has on its reverse a *Rostrum* with three teeth to it: whence *Silius's trisidum rostrum*, and *Virgil's rostrisque tridentibus*, which in some editions is *stridentibus*, the Editor chusing rather to make a false quantity than to insert a word that he did not know the meaning of. *Flaccus* gives us a *Rostrum* of the same make.

— *volat immissis cava pinus habenis*
Insinditque salum, & spumas vomit ære tridenti.

Val. Flac. Argon. Li. 1.

A Ship-carpenter of old Rome, says *Cynthio*, could
not

not have talked more judiciously. I am afraid, if we let you alone, you will find out every plank and rope about the vessel among the *Latin Poets*. Let us now, if you please, go to the next Medal.

The next, says *Philander*, is a pair of Scales, Fig. 3. which we meet with on several old Coins. They are commonly interpreted as an emblem of the Emperor's justice. But why may not we suppose that they allude sometimes to the Balance in the Heavens, which was the reigning constellation of *Rome* and *Italy*. Whether it be so or no, they are capable methinks of receiving a nobler interpretation than what is commonly put on them, if we suppose the thought of the reverse to be the same as that in *Manilius*.

*Hesperiam sua Libra tenet, qua condita Roma
Et propriis frenat pendentem nutibus orbem,
Orbis & Imperium retinet, discrimina rerum
Lancibus, & positas gentes tolitque premitque:
Qua genitus cum fratre Remus hanc condidit urbem.*

Manil. Lib. 4.

The Scales rule *Italy*, where *Rome* commands,
And spreads its empire wide to foreign lands:
They hang upon her nod, their fates are weigh'd
By her, and laws are sent to be obey'd:
And as her pow'rful favour turns the poize,
How low some nations sink and others rise!
Thus guide the Scales, and then to fix our doom,
They gave us * *Cæsar*, Founder of our *Rome*.

* So
Mr. Creech. *Vossius*
reads it.

The Thunderbolt is a reverse of *Augustus*. We Fig. 4.
Cc 5 see

see it used by the greatest Poet of the same age to express a terrible and irresistible force in battle, which is probably the meaning of it on this Medal, for in another place the same Poet applies the same metaphor to *Augustus's* person.

————— *duo Fulmina belli*

Scipiadas —————

Virg. *Æn.* Lib. 6.

————— Who can declare

The *Scipio's* worth, those Thunderbolts of war?

Mr. Dryden.

————— *dum Cæsar ad altum*

Fulminat Euphratem bello —————

Id. Georg. Lib. 4.

While mighty *Cæsar*; thund'ring from afar,
Seeks on *Euphrates's* banks the spoils of war.

Mr. Dryden.

I have sometimes wondered, says *Eugenius*, why the *Latin* Poets so frequently give the epithets of *trifidum* and *trifulcum* to the Thunderbolt. I am now persuaded they took it from the sculptors and painters that lived before them, and had generally given it three forks as in the present figure. *Virgil* insists on the number three in its description, and seems to hint at the wings we see on it. He has worked up such a noise and terror in the composition of his Thunderbolt as cannot be expressed by a pencil or graving-tool.

Tres imbris torti radios, tres nubis aquose

Addiderant, rutili tres ignis, & Alitis Austri.

Ful-

*Fulgores nunc terrificos sonitumque metumque
Miscebant operi, flammisque sequacibus iras.*

Virg. Æn. Lib. 8.

Three rays of writhen rain, of fire three more,
Of winged southern winds, and cloudy store
As many parts, the dreadful mixture frame,
And fears are added, and avenging flame.

Mr. Dryden.

Our next reverse is an Oaken Garland, which Fig. 5. we find on abundance of Imperial Coins. I shall not here multiply quotations to show that the garland of oak was the reward of such as had saved the life of a citizen, but will give you a passage out of *Claudian*, where the compliment to *Stilico* is the same that we have here on the Medal. I question not but the old Coins gave the thought to the Poet.

*Mos erat in veterum castris, ut tempora quercu
Velaret, validis qui fuso viribus hoste
Casurum potuit morti subducere civem.
At tibi quæ poterit pro tantis civica reddi
Moenibus? aut quanta pensabunt facta coronæ?*

Clau. de Lau. Stil. Lib. 3.

Of old, when in the war's tumultuous strife
A Roman sav'd a brother Roman's life,
And foil'd the threatening foe, our Sires decreed
An Oaken Garland for the victor's meed.

Thou, who hast sav'd whole crowds, whole towns
set free, (for thee?

What groves, what woods, shall furnish crowns
It

It is not to be supposed that the Emperor had actually covered a *Roman* in battle. It is enough that he had driven out a Tyrant, gained a victory, or restored Justice. For in any of these or the like cases he may very well be said to have saved the life of a citizen, and by consequence entitled to the reward of it. Accordingly we find *Virgil* distributing his Oaken garlands to those that had enlarged or strength'ned the dominions of *Rome*; as we may learn from *Statius* that the statue of *Curtius*, who had sacrificed himself for the good of the people, had the head surrounded with the same kind of ornament.

Atque umbrata gerunt civili tempora quercu.

Hi tibi Nomentum, & Gabios, urbemque Fidenam,

Hi Collatinas imponent montibus arces.

Virg. *Æn.* Lib. 6.

But they, who crown'd with Oaken wreaths ap-
Shall *Gabian* walls and strong *Fidena* rear: (pear,
Nomentum, *Bola*, with *Pometia*, found,
And raise *Colatian* tow'rs on rocky ground.

Mr. Dryden.

Ipse loci custos, cujus sacrata vorago,

Famosusque lacus nomen memorabile servat,

Innumeros aris sonitus, & verbere crudo

Ut sensit mugire forum, movet horrida sancto

Ora situ, meritâque caput venerabile quercu.

Statius *Sylv.* Lib. 1.

The Guardian of that Lake, which boasts to claim
A sure memorial from the *Curtian* name;

Rous'd

Rous'd by th'artificers, whose mingled sound
From the loud *Forum* pierc'd the shades profound,
The hoary vision rose confess'd in view,
And shook the Civic wreath that bound his brow.

The two horns that you see on the next Medal Fig. 6.
are emblems of *Plenty*.

————— *apparetque beata pleno*

Copia cornu. Hor. Car. Sæc.

Your Medallists tell us that two horns on a Coin signify an extraordinary plenty. But I see no foundation for this conjecture. Why should they not as well have stamped two Thunder-bolts, two *Caduceus's*, or two Ships, to represent an extraordinary force, a lasting peace, or an unbounded happiness. I rather think that the double *Cornucopia* relates to the double tradition of its original. Some representing it as the horn of *Achelous* broken off by *Hercules*, and others as the horn of the Goat that gave suck to *Jupiter*.

————— *rigidum fera dextera cornu*

Dum tenet, infregit; truncâque a fronte revellit.

Naiades hoc, pomis & odoro flore repletum,

Sacrârunt; divesque meo bona Copia cornu est.

Dixerat: at Nymphe ritu succincta Diana

Una ministrarum, fusis utrinque capillis,

Incessit, totumque tulit prædivite cornu

Autumnum, & mensas felicia poma secundas.

De Acheloi Cornu. Ov. Met. Lib. 9.

Nor yet his fury cool'd; 'twixt rage and scorn,
From my maim'd front he bore the stubborn horn:
This,

This, heap'd with flowers & fruits the *Naiads* bear,
Sacred to Plenty and the bounteous year.

He spoke: when lo a beauteous Nymph appears,
Girt like *Diana's* train, with flowing hairs;
The horn she brings, in which all Autumn's stor'd;
And ruddy apples for the second board. Mr. Gay.

Lac dabat illa Deo : sed fregit in arbore cornu :

Truncaque dimidiâ parte decoris erat.

Sustulit hoc Nymphe ; cinctumque recentibus herbis ,

Et plenum pomis ad Jovis ora tulit.

Ille , ubi res cali tenuit , solioque paterno

Sedit , & invicto nil Jove majus erat ,

Sidera nutricem , nutricis fertile cornu

Fecit ; quod domine nunc quoque nomen habet.

De Cornu Amaltheæ. Ov. de Fast. Lib. 5.

The God she suckled of old *Rhea* born;
And in the pious office broke her horn,
As playful in a rifted Oak she tost
Her heedless head, and half its honours lost.
Fair *Amalthea* took it off the ground,
With apples fill'd it and with garlands bound,
Which to the smiling infant she convey'd.
He when the sceptre of the Gods he sway'd,
When bold he seiz'd his father's vacant throne,
And reign'd the Tyrant of the skies alone,
Bid his rough nurse the starry Heavens adorn
And grateful in the Zodiac fix'd her Horn.

Betwixt the double *Cornu-copia* you see *Mercury's*
rod.

*Cyllenes coelique decus ; facunde minister ,
Aurea cui torto virga dracone viret.*

Mart. Lib. 7. Epig. 74.

Descend , Cyllene's tutelary God ,
With serpents twining round thy golden rod.

It stands on old Coins as an emblem of Peace , by reason of its stupifying quality that has gained it the title of *Virga somnifera*. It has wings, for another quality that *Virgil* mentions in his description of it.

———*hac fretus ventos & nubila trana.* Virg.

Thus arm'd , the God begins his airy race ,
And drives the racking clouds along the liquid
space. Mr. Dryden.

The two heads over the two *Cornu-copiae* are of the Emperor's children , who are sometimes called among the Poets the pledges of Peace , as they took away the occasions of war in cutting off all disputes to the succession.

———*tu mihi primum
Tot natorum memoranda parens——
Utero toties enixa gravi
Pignora pacis.* Sen. Octav. Act. 5.

Thee first kind author of my joys ,
Thou source of many smiling boys ,
Nobly contented to bestow
A pledge of peace in every throe.

This Medal therefore compliments the Emperor on
his

his two children, whom it represents as public blessings that promise Peace and Plenty to the Empire.

Fig. 7. The two hands that joyn one another are Emblems of *Fidelity*.

Inde Fides dextraque data——— Ov. Met. L. 14.

Sociemus animos, pignus hoc fidei cape,

Continge dextram——— Sen. Herc. Fur. Act. 2.

——— *en dextra fidesque*

Quem secum patrios aiunt portare penates!

Virg. Æn. Lib. 4.

See now the promis'd faith, the vaunted name,
The pious man, who, rushing thro' the flame,
Preserv'd his Gods——— Mr. Dryden.

By the Inscription we may see that they represent in this place the Fidelity or Loyalty of the public towards their Emperor. The *Caduceus* rising between the hands signifies the Peace that arises from such an union with their Prince, as the spike of corn on each side shadows out the plenty that is the fruit of such peace.

Pax Cererem nutrit, pacis alumna Ceres.

Ov. de Fast. Lib. 1.

Fig. 8. The giving of a hand, in the reverse of *Claudius*, is a token of good will. For when, after the death of his nephew *Caligula*, *Claudius* was in no small apprehension for his own life, he was contrary to his expectation, well received among the *Prætorian* guards, and afterwards declared their Emperor. His reception

ception is here recorded on a Medal, in which one of the Ensigns presents him his hand, in the same sense as *Anchises* gives it in the following verses.

*Ipse pater dextram Anchises haud multa moratus
Dat juveni, atque animum presenti munere firmat.*

Virg. *Æn.* Lib. 3.

The old weather-beaten soldier that carries in his hand the *Roman Eagle*, is the same kind of officer that you meet with in *Juvenal's* fourteenth Satire.

*Dirue Maurorum attegias, castella Brigantum,
Ut locupletem Aquilam tibi sexagesimus annus
Afferat*—————

Juv. Sat. 14.

I remember in one of the Poets the *Signifer* is described with a Lion's skin over his head and shoulders, like this we see in the Medal, but at present I cannot recollect the passage. *Virgil* has given us a noble description of a Warrior making his appearance under a Lion's skin.

—————*tegmen torquens immane Leonis
Terribili impexum setâ, cum dentibus albis
Indutus capiti, sic regia tecta subibat
Horridus, Herculeoque humeros indutus amictu.*

Virg. *Æn.* Lib. 7.

Like *Hercules* himself his Son appears,
In salvage pomp: a Lion's hide he wears;
About his shoulders hangs the shaggy skin,
The teeth, and gaping jaws severely grin.

D d

Thus

Thus like the God his father, homely drest;
He strides into the hall, a horrid guest? Mr. *Dryden*;

Since you have mentioned the dress of your Standard-bearer, says *Cynthio*, I cannot forbear remarking that of *Claudius*, which was the usual *Roman* habit. One may see in this Medal, as well as in many antique Statues, that the old *Romans* had their necks and arms bare, and as much exposed to view as our hands and faces are at present. Before I had made this remark, I have sometimes wondered to see the *Roman* Poets, in their descriptions of a beautiful man, so often mentioning the turn of his neck and arms, that in our modern dresses lie out of sight, and are covered under part of the cloathing. Not to trouble you with many quotations; *Horace* speaks of both these parts of the body in the beginning of an Ode, that in my opinion may be reckoned among the finest of his book, for the naturalness of the thought, and the beauty of the expression.

*Dum tu Lydia Telephi
Cervicem roseam, & cerea Telephi
Laudas brachia, vae meum
Fervens difficili bile tumet jecur.*

When *Telephus* his youthful charms,
His rosy neck, and winding arms,
With endless rapture you recite,
And in that pleasing name delight;
My heart, inflam'd by jealous heats,
With numberless resentments beats;
From my pale cheek the colour flies,
And all the Man within me dies.

It was probably this particular in the *Roman* habit that gave *Virgil* the thought in the following verse, where *Remulus*, among other reproaches that he makes the *Trojans* for their softness and effeminacy, upbraids them with the make of their *Tunicas* that had sleeves to them, and did not leave the arms naked and exposed to the weather like that of the *Romans*.

Et tunica manicas, & habent ridimicula mitra.

Virgil lets us know in another place, that the *Italians* preserved their old language and habits, notwithstanding the *Trojans* became their Masters, and that the *Trojans* themselves quitted the dress of their own country for that of *Italy*. This he tells us was the effect of a prayer that *Juno* made to *Jupiter*.

*Illud te, nullâ fati quod lege tenetur,
Pro Latio obtestor, pro majestate tuorum:
Cum jam connubiis pacem felicibus (esto;)
Component, cum jam leges & fœdera jungent;
Nè vetus indigenas nomen mutare Latinos,
Nè Troas fieri jubeas, Teucrosque vocari;
Aut vocem mutare viros, aut vertere vestes,
Sit Latium, sint Albani per secula reges:
Sit Romana potens Italâ virtute propago:
Occidit, occideritque sinas cum nomine Troja.*

Æn. lib. 12.

This let me beg (and this no Fates withstand)
Both for my self, and for your father's land,
That when the nuptial bed shall bind the peace,
(Which I, since you ordain, consent to bless)

The laws of either nation be the same ;
 But let the *Latins* still retain their name :
 Speak the same language which they spoke before ;
 Wear the same habits which their Grandfires wore.
 Call them not *Trojans* : perish the renown
 And name of *Troy* , with that detested town.
Latium be *Latium* still : let *Alba* reign ,
 And *Rome*'s immortal Majesty remain. *Mr. Dryden.*

By the way , I have often admired at *Virgil* for representing his *Juno* with such an impotent kind of revenge as what is the subject of this speech. You may be sure , says *Eugenius* that *Virgil* knew very well this was a trifling kind of request for the Queen of the Gods to make , as we may find by *Jupiter*'s way of accepting it.

*Olli subridens hominum rerumque repertor :
 Et germana Jovis , Saturnique altera proles :
 Irarum tantos volvis sub pectore fluctus ?
 Verum age , & inceptum frustra submitte furorem .
 Do , quod vis ; & me victusque volensque remitte .
 Sermonem Ausonii patrium moresque tenebunt .
 Utque est , nomen erit : commixti corpore tantum
 Subsident Teucri : morem ritusque sacrorum
 Adjiciam , faciamque omnes uno ore Latinos . &c.*

Æn. Lib. 12.

Then thus the Founder of mankind replies.
 (Unruffled was his front , serene his eyes ,)
 Can *Saturn*'s issue , and Heav'n's other Heir ,
 Such endless anger in her bosom bear ?
 Be Mistress , and your full desires obtain ;
 But quench the choler you foment in vain.

From

From ancient blood th' *Ausonian* people sprung,
 Shall keep their name, their habit, & their tongue.
 The *Trojans* to their customs shall be ty'd,
 I will my self their common rites provide;
 The natives shall command, the foreigners sub-
 fide:

And shall be *Latium*; *Troy* without a name:
 And her lost sons forget from whence they came.

Mr. Dryden.

I am apt to think *Virgil* had a further view in this request of *Juno* than what his Commentators have discovered in it. He knew very well that his *Æneid* was founded on a very doubtful story, and that *Aeneas's* coming into *Italy* was not universally received among the *Romans* themselves. He knew too that a main objection to this story was the great difference of customs, language and habits among the *Romans* & *Trojans*. To obviate therefore so strong an objection, he makes this difference to arise from the forecast & præ-determination of the Gods themselves. But pray what is the name of the Lady in the next Medal? Methinks she is very particular in her quiffure.

It is the emblem of fruitfulness, says *Philander*, Fig. 9. and was designed as a compliment to *Julia* the wife of *Septimius Severus*, who had the same number of children as you see on this Coin. Her head is crowned with towers in allusion to *Cybele* the mother of the Gods, and for the same reason that *Virgil* compares the city of *Rome* to her.

Felix prole virum, qualis Berecynthia mater

Invehitur curru Phrygiæ turrita per urbes,

Lata Deum partu————

Virg. *Æn.* Li. 6.

High as the mother of the Gods in place,
 And proud, like her, of an immortal race.
 Then when in pomp she makes a *Prygian* round,
 With golden turrets on her temples crown'd.

Mr. Dryden.

The vine issuing out of the urn speaks the same sense as that in the Psalmist. *Thy wife shall be as the fruitful vine on the walls of thy house.* The four Stars overhead, and the same number on the Globe, represent the four children. There is a Medalion of *Romulus* and *Remus* sucking the wolf, with a Star over each of their heads, as we find the *Latin* Poets speaking of the children of Princes under the same metaphor.

*Utque tui faciunt sidus juvenile nepotes,
 Per tua perque sui facta parentis eant.*

Ov. de Trif. Li. 2. El. 1.

— *Tu quoque extinctus jaces,
 Deslende nobis semper, infelix puer,
 Modo sidus orbis, columen augustæ domûs,
 Britannice.* —————

Sen. Octav. Act. 1.

Thou too dear youth, to ashes turn'd,
Britannicus, for ever mourn'd!
 Thou Star that wont this orb to grace!
 Thou pillar of the *Julian* race!

— *Maneas hominum contentus habenis,
 Undarum terraque potens, & sidera dones.*

Stat. Theb. Li. 1.

— Stay

— Stay, great *Cæsar*, and vouchsafe to reign
O'er the wide earth, and o'er the watry main;
Resign to *Jove* his Empire of the skies,
And people Heav'n with *Roman* Deities. Mr. *Pope*.

I need not mention *Homer's* comparing *Astyanax* to the morning-star, nor *Virgil's* imitation of him in his description of *Ascanius*.

The next Medal was stamp'd on the marriage of Fig. 10. *Nero* & *Octavia*; you see the Sun over the head of *Nero*, & the Moon over that of *Octavia*. They face one another according to the situation of these two Planets in the Heavens.

——— *Phæbeis obvia flammis*

Demet nocti Luna timores.

Sen. *Thyest.* Act. 4.

And to shew that *Octavia* derived her whole lustre from the friendly aspect of her husband.

Sicut Luna suo tunc tantum deficit orbe,

Quum Phœbum adversis currentem non vidit astris.

Manil. Lib. 4.

Because the Moon then only feels decay,

When opposite unto her brother's ray. Mr. *Creech*.

But if we consider the history of this Medal, we shall find more fancy in it than the Medallists have yet discovered. *Nero* and *Octavia* were not only husband and wife, but brother and sister, *Claudius* being the father of both. We have this relation between them marked out in the Tragedy of *Octavia*, where it speaks of her marriage with *Nero*.

Fratris thalamos sortita tenet

Maxima Juno: soror Augusti

Sociata toris, cur à patriâ

Pellitur Aula? —————

Sen. Oct. Act. 1.

To *Jove* his sister consort wed,
Uncensur'd shares her brother's bed:
Shall *Cæsar*'s wife and sister wait,
An Exile at her husband's gate!

Implebit aulam stirpe cœlesti tuam

Generata divo, Claudie gentis decus,

Sortita fratris, more Junonis, toros.

Ibid. Act. 2.

Thy sister, bright with ev'ry blooming grace,
Will mount thy bed t'Enlarge the *Claudian* race:
And proudly teeming with fraternal love,
Shall reign a *Juno* with the *Roman Jove*.

They are therefore very prettily represented by the Sun and Moon, who as they are the most glorious parts of the universe, are in poetical genealogy brother and sister. *Virgil* gives us a sight of them in the same position that they regard each other on this Medal.

Nec Fratris radiis obnoxia surgere Luna.

Virg. Georg. 1.

Fig. 11. The flattery on the next Medal is in the same thought as that of *Lucretius*.

Ipse Epicurus obit decurso lumine vitæ;

Qui genus humanum ingenio superavit, & omneis

Præstinxit, stellas exortus uti ætherius Sol.

Lucret. Lib. 3.

Nay *Epicurus*' race of life is run ;
That man of wit , who other men outshone ,
As far as meaner stars the mid-day Sun.

M. Creech.

The Emperor appears as the rising Sun , and holds
a Globe in his hand , to figure out the Earth that
is enlightned and actuated by his beauty.

Sol qui terrarum flammis opera omnia lustras. Virg.

——— *ubi primos crastinus ortus*
Extulerit Titan , radiisque retexerit orbem. Id.

When next the Sun his rising light displays ,
And gilds the world below with purple rays.
Mr. Dryden.

On his head you see the rays that seem to grow
out of it. *Claudian* in the description of his infant
Titan descants on this glory about his head , but
has run his description into most wretched fustian.

Invalidum dextro portat Titana lacerto ,
Nondum luce gravem , nec pubescentibus altè
Cristatum radiis ; primo clementior ævo
Fingitur , & tenerum vagitu despuit ignem.

Claud. de rapt. Prof. Lib. 2.

An infant *Titan* held she in her arms ;
Yet sufferably bright , the eye might bear
The ungrown glories of his beamy hair.
Mild was the babe , and from his cries there came
A gentle breathing and a harmless flame.

Fig. 12. The Sun rises on a Medal of *Commodus*, as *Ovid* describes him in the story of *Phaeton*.

Ardua prima via est, & quâ vix manè recentes

Eniuntur equi—————

Ov. Met. Lib. 2.

You have here too the four horses breaking through the clouds in their morning passage.

—————*Pyrcëis, & Eöus, & Æthon,*

Solis equi, quartusque Phlegon—————

Ibid.

Corripuere viam, pedibusque per aëra motis

Obstantes scindunt nebulas—————

Ibid.

The woman underneath represents the Earth, as *Ovid* has drawn her sitting in the same figure.

Sustulit omniferos collo tenus arida vultus;

Opposuitque manum fronti, magnoque tremore

Omnia concutiens paulum subsedit.

Ibid.

The earth at length—————

Uplifted to the heav'ns her blasted head,

And clapt her hand upon her brows, and said,

(But first, impatient of the sultry heat,

Sunk deeper down, and sought a cooler seat.)

The *Cornu-copia* in her hand is a type of her fruitfulness, as in the speech she makes to *Jupiter*.

Hosne mihi fructus, hunc fertilitatis honorem,

Officiiue refers? quod adunci vulnera aratri

Rastrorumque fero, totoque exerceor anno?

Quod pecori frondes, alimenta que mitia fruges

Humano generi, vobis quoque thura ministro?

Ibid.

And

And does the plow for this my body tear?
 This the reward for all the fruits I bear,
 Tortur'd with rakes, and harrafs'd all the year?
 That herbs for cattle daily I renew,
 And food for man, and frankincense for you?

So much for the designing part of the Medal; as for the thought of it, the Antiquaries are divided upon it. For my part I cannot doubt but it was made as a compliment to *Commodus* on his skill in the chariot-race. It is supposed that the same occasion furnished *Lucan* with the same thought in his address to *Nero*.

*Seu te flammigeros Phœbi conscendere currus,
 Telluremque, nihil mutato sole, timentem
 Igne vago lustrare juvet——*

Luc. Lib. 1. ad Neronem.

Or if thou chuse the empire of the day,
 And make the Sun's unwilling steeds obey;
 Auspicious if thou drive the flaming team,
 While earth rejoyces in thy gentler beam——

Mr. Rowe.

This is so natural an allusion, that we find the course of the Sun described in the Poets by metaphors borrowed from the *Circus*.

*Quum suspensus eat Phœbus, currumque reflectat
 Huc illuc agiles & servet in æthere metas.*

Manil. Lib 2.

—— *Hesperio positas in littore metas Ov. Met. Lib. 2.
 Et Sol ex æquo metâ distabat utrâque.*

Idem.
 Ho-

However it be, we are sure in general it is a comparing of *Commodus* to the Sun, which is a simile of as long standing as Poetry, I had almost said, as the Sun it self.

I believe, says *Cynthio*, there is scarce a great man he ever shone upon that has not been compared to him. I look on similes as a part of his productions. I do not know whether he raises fruits or flowers in greater number. *Horace* has turn'd this comparifon into ridicule feventeen hundred years ago.

———*laudat Brutum, laudatque cohortem,*
Solem Asia Brutum appellat——— Hor. Sat. 7. Lib. 1.

He praiseth *Brutus* much and all his train;
He calls him *Asia's* Sun——— Mr. Creech.

You have now shown us persons under the disguise of Stars, Moons and Suns. I suppose we have at last done with the cœlestial bodies.

Fig. 13. The next figure you see says *Philander*, had once a place in the heavens, if you will believe ecclesiastical story. It is the sign that is said to have appeared to *Constantine* before the battle with *Maxentius*. We are told by a Christian Poet, that he caus'd it to be wrought on the military Ensign that the *Romans* call their *Labarum*. And it is on this Ensign that we find it in the present Medal.

Christus purpureum gemmanti, textus in auro
Signabat Labarum.———

Prudent. contra Symm. Lib. 1.

A Christ was on th' Imperial standard born,
That Gold embroiders, and that Gemms adorn.

By

By the word *Christus* he means without doubt the present figure, which is composed out of the two initial letters of the name.

He bore the same sign in his standards, as you may see in the following Medal and verses. Fig. 14.

*Agnoscas, Regina, libens mea signa necesse est:
In quibus effigies Crucis aut gemmata refulget,
Aut longis solido ex auro præfertur in hastis.*

Constantinus Romam alloquitur. Ibid.

My Ensign let the Queen of nations praise,
That rich in gemms the Christian Cross displays:
There rich in gemms; but on my quiv'ring spears
In solid gold the sacred mark appears.

Vexillumque Crucis summus dominator adorat.

Id. in Apotheosi.

See there the Cross he wav'd on hostile shores,
The Emperor of all the world adores.

But to return to our *Labarum*; if you have a mind to see it in a state of Paganism you have it on a Coin of *Tiberius*. Fig. 15. It stands between two other Ensigns, & is the mark of a Roman Colony where the Medal was stamped. By the way you must observe, that where-ever the Romans fixed their standards they looked on that place as their country, and thought themselves obliged to defend it with their lives. For this reason their standards were always carryed before them when they went to settle themselves in a Colony. This gives the meaning of a couple of verses in *Silius Italicus*, that make a very far-fetcht compliment to *Fabius*.

*Ocyus huc Aquilas servataque signa referte ,
Hic patria est , murique urbis stant pectore in uno .*

Sil. It. Li. 7.

Fig. 16. The following Medal was stamped on *Trajan's* victory over the *Daci*: you see on it the figure of *Trajan* presenting a little *Victory* to *Rome*. Between them lies the conquered province of *Dacia*. It may be worth while to observe the particularities in each figure. We see abundance of persons on old Coins that hold a little *Victory* in one hand, like this of *Trajan*, which is always the sign of a Conquest. I have sometimes fancied *Virgil* alludes to this custom in a verse that *Turnus* speaks.

Non adeo has exosa manus Victoria fugit.

Virg. Æn. Li. 11.

If you consent, he shall not be refus'd ,
Nor find a hand to Victory unus'd. Mr. Dryden.

The Emperor's standing in a gown, and making a present of his *Dacian* Victory to the city of *Rome*, agrees very well with *Claudian's* character of him.

————— *viçtura feretur*

*Gloria Trajani ; non tam quod , Tigride victo ,
Nostra triumphati fuerint provincia Parthi ,
Alta quod in vectus stratis capitolia Dacis :
Quam patrie quod mitis erat. . . .*

Claud. de 4to. Conf. Honor.

Thy glory, *Trajan*, shall for-ever live:
Not that thy arms the *Tigris* mourn'd, o'ercome,
And tributary *Parthia* bow'd to *Rome*,
Not that the Capitol receiv'd thy train

With

With shouts of triumph for the *Daci* slain :
But for thy mildness to thy country shown.

The city of *Rome* carries the wand in her hand that
is the symbol of her Divinity.

*Delubrum Romæ (colitur nam sanguine & ipsa
More Deæ)* ————— Prudent. cont. Sym. L. 1.

For *Rome*, a Goddess too can boast her shrine,
With victims stain'd, and fought with rites divine.

As the Globe under her feet betokens her domi-
nion over all the nations of the earth.

*Terrarum Dea, Gentiumque Roma ;
Cui par est nihil, & nihil secundum.*

Mart. Li. 12. Epig. 8.

O *Rome*, thou Goddess of the earth !
To whom no rival e'er had birth ;
Nor second e'er shall rise.

The heap of Arms she sits on signifies the Peace
that the Emperor had procured her. On old Coins
we often see an Emperor, a *Victory*, the city of
Rome, or a slave, sitting on a heap of Arms, which
always marks out the Peace that arose from such
an action as gave occasion to the Medal. I think
we cannot doubt but *Virgil* copied out this cir-
cumstance from the ancient Sculptors, in that i-
nimitable description he has given us of *Military
Fury* shut up in the Temple of *Janus* and loaden
with chains.

Clau-

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*Claudentur belli porta: Furor impius intus
Seda sedens super arma, & centum vinctus ahenis
Post tergum nodis, fremit horridus ore cruento.*

Virg. Æn. Li. 1.

Janus himself before his Fane shall wait,
And keep the dreadful issues of his gate,
With bolts and iron bars: within remains
Imprison'd *Fury*, bound in brazen chains:
High on a Trophy rais'd of useless Arms
He sits, and threatens the world with dire alarms.

Mr. Dryden.

We are told by the old Scholiast, says *Eugenius*, that there was actually such a statue in the Temple of *Janus* as that *Virgil* has here described, which I am almost apt to believe, since you assure us that this part of the design is so often met with on ancient Medals. But have you nothing to remark on the figure of the Province? Her posture, says *Philander*, is what we often meet with in the slaves and captives of old Coins: among the Poets too, sitting on the ground is a mark of misery or captivity.

Multos illa dies incomitis mesta capillis

Sederat _____

Propert. Li. 1.

O utinam ante tuos sedeam captiva penates. Id. L. 4.

O might I sit a captive at thy gate!

Fig. 17.

You have the same posture in an old Coin that celebrates a victory of *Lucius Verus* over the *Parthians*. The captive's hands are here bound behind him, as a farther instance of his slavery.

Ec.

*Ecce manus juvenem interea post terga revinctum,
Pastores magno ad Regem clamore ferebant.*

Virg. Æn. L. 2.

Mean while, with shouts, the Trojan shepherds
A captive Greek in bands before the King. (bring
Mr. Dryden.

Cui dedit invitas noverca manus. Ov. de Fast.

Cum rudis urgenti brachia victa dedi. Propert. Li. 4.

We may learn from Ovid that it was sometimes
the custom to place a slave with his arms bound
at the foot of the Trophy, as in the figure before us.

Stentque super victos trunca trophæa viros.

Ov. Ep. ex Ponto L. 4.

You see on his head the cap which the *Parthians*,
and indeed most of the eastern nations, wear on
Medals. They had not probably the ceremony
of veiling the Bonnet in their salutations, for in
Medals they still have it on their heads, whether
they are before Emperors or Generals, kneeling,
sitting, or standing. *Martial* has distinguished them
by this cap as their chief characteristic.

Frustra blanditiæ venitis ad me

Attritis miserabiles labellis,

Dicturus dominum, deumque non sum:

Jam non est locus hæc in urbe vobis.

Ad Parthos procul ite pileatos,

Et turpes, humilesque supplicesque

Pictorum sola basiate Regum. Mart. Epig. 72. Li. 10.

In vain, mean flatteries, ye trie,
 To gnaw the lip, and fall the eye;
 No man a God or Lord I name:
 From *Romans* far be such a shame!
 Go teach the supple *Parthian* how
 To veil the Bonnet on his brow:
 Or on the ground all prostrate fling
 Some *Pict*, before his barbarous King

I cannot hear, says *Cynthio*, without a kind of indignation, the satyrical reflections that *Martial* has made on the memory of *Domitian*. It is certain so ill an Emperor deserved all the reproaches that could be heaped upon him, but he could not deserve them of *Martial*. I must confess I am less scandalised at the flatteries the Epigrammatist paid him living, than the ingratitude he showed him dead. A man may be betrayed into the one by an overstrained complaisance, or by a temper extremely sensible of favours and obligations: whereas the other can arise from nothing but a natural baseness and villany of soul. It does not always happen, says *Philander*, that the Poet & the honest man meet together in the same person. I think we need enlarge no farther on this Medal, unless you have a mind to compare the Trophy on it with that of *Mezentius* in *Virgil*.

*Ingentem quercum decisis undique ramis
 Constituit tumulo, fulgentiaque induit arma,
 Mezentî ducis exuvias; tibi, magne, tropæum,
 Bellipotens: aptat rorantes sanguine cristas,
 Telaque trunca viri, & bis sex thoraca petitem
 Perfossamque locis; clypeumque ex ære sinistra
 Subligat, atque enses collo suspendit eburnum.*

Virg. *Æn.* Li. II.

He

He bar'd an ancient Oak of all her boughs:
 Then on a rising ground the trunk he plac'd,
 Which with the spoils of his dead foe he grac'd.
 The coat of arms by proud *Mezentius* worn,
 Now on a naked snag in triumph born,
 Was hung on high, and glitter'd from afar,
 A trophy sacred to the God of war.
 Above his arms, fix'd on the leafless wood,
 Appear'd his plummy crest, besmear'd with blood;
 His brazen buckler on the left was seen;
 Trunchions of shiver'd lances hung between:
 And on the right was plac'd his corslet, bor'd,
 And to the neck was ty'd his unavailing sword.

Mr. Dryden.

On the next Medal you see the Peace that *Ves-* Fig. 18.
pasian procured the Empire, after having happily
 finished all its wars both at home and abroad. The
 woman with the olive branch in her hand is the
 figure of *Peace*.

————— *pignora Pacis*

Pratendens dextrâ ramum canentis olivæ. Sil. It. Li. 3.

With the other hand she thrusts a lighted torch
 under a heap of armour that lies by an Altar. This
 alludes to a custom among the ancient *Romans* of
 gathering up the armour that lay scattered on the
 field of battle, and burning it as an offering to
 one of their Deities. It is to this custom that *Vir-*
gil refers, and *Silius Italicus* has described at large.

*Qualis eram cùm primam aciem Præneste sub ipsâ
 Stravi, scutorumque incendi victor acervos.*

Virg. *Æn.* Li. 8.

Such as I was beneath *Præneste's* wall;
 Then when I made the foremost foes retire,
 And set whole heaps of conquer'd shields on fire.

Mr. Dryden.

*Ast tibi, Bellipotens, Sacrum, constructus acervo
 Ingenti mons armorum consurgit ad astra:
 Ipse manu celsam pinum, flammâque comantem
 Attollens, ductor Gradivum in vota ciebat:
 Primitias pugnae, & leti libamina belli,
 Hannibal Ausonio cremat hac de nomine victor.
 Et tibi, Mars genitor, votorum haud surde meorum,
 Arma electa dicat spirantum turba virorum.
 Tum face conjectâ, populatur fervidus ignis
 Flagrante molem; & ruptâ caligine, in auras
 Actus apex claro perfundit lumine campos.*

Sil. It. Li. 10.

To thee the Warrior-God, aloft in air
 A mountain-pile of *Roman* arms they rear:
 The Gen'ral grasping in his victor hand
 A pine of stately growth, he wav'd the brand,
 And cry'd, O *Mars*! to thee devote I yield
 These choice first-fruits of Honor's purple field.
 Join'd with the partners of my toil and praise,
 Thy *Hannibal* this vow'd oblation pays;
 Grateful to thee for *Latian* laurels won:
 Accept this homage, and absolve thy son.—
 Then, to the pile the flaming torch he tost;
 In smould'ring smoke the light of Heav'n is lost:
 But when the fire increase of fury gains,
 The blaze of glory gilds the distant plains.

As

As for the heap of Arms, and mountain of Arms, Fig. 19. that the Poet mentions, you may see them on 20.

two Coins of *Marcus Aurelius*. DE SARMATIS and DE GERMANIS allude perhaps to the form of words that might be used at the setting fire to them.—

Ausonio de nomine. Those who will not allow of the interpretation I have put on these two last Medals, may think it an objection that there is no torch or fire near them to signify any such allusion. But they may consider that on several Imperial Coins we meet with the figure of a funeral pile, without any thing to denote the burning of it, though indeed there is on some of them a Flambeau sticking out on each side, to let us know it was to be consumed to ashes.

You have been so intent on the burning of the Arms, says *Cynthia*, that you have forgotten the Pillar on your 18th Medal. You may find the history of it, says *Philander*, in *Ovid de Fastis*. It was from this Pillar that the spear was tossed at the opening of a war, for which reason the little figure on the top of it holds a spear in its hand, and *Peace* turns her back upon it.

Prospicit à Templo summum brevis area Circum :

Est ibi non parva parva columna nota :

Hinc solet hasta manu, belli prænuncia, mitti ;

In Regem & gentes cum placet arma capi.

Ov. de fast. Li. 6.

Where the high Fane the ample Cirque commands
A little, but a noted pillar stands,
From hence, when *Rome* the distant Kings defies,
In form the war-denouncing Javelin flies.

The different interpretations that have been made on the next Medal seem to be forced and unnatural. Fig. 21.

tural. I will therefore give you my own opinion of it. The vessel is here represented as stranded. The figure before it seems to come in to its assistance, and to lift it off the shallows: for we see the water scarce reaches up to the knees. And though it is the figure of a man standing on firm ground, his attendants, and the good office he is employed upon, resemble those the Poets often attribute to Neptune. Homer tells us, that the Whales leaped up at their God's approach, as we see in the Medal. The two small figures that stand naked among the waves are Sea-Deities of an inferior rank, who are supposed to assist their Sovereign in the succour he gives the distressed vessel.

*Cymothoë, simul & Triton adnixus acuto
Detrudunt naves scopulo; levât ipse tridenti,
Et vastas aperit syrtes, & temperat aquor.*

Virg. Æn. Li. i.

*Cymothoë, Triton, and the sea-green train
Of beauteous Nymphs, the daughters of the Main,
Clear from the rocks the vessels with their
hands;
The God himself with ready trident stands,
And opes the deep, and spreads the moving
sands.*

Mr. Dryden.

*Jam placidis ratis extat aquis, quam gurgite ab imo
Et Thetis, & magnis Nereus socer erigit ulnis.*

Val. Flac. Li. i.

The interpreters of this Medal have mistaken these two figures for the representation of two persons that are drowning. But as they are both naked and drawn

drawn in a posture rather of triumphing o'er the waves than of sinking under them, so we see abundance of Water-Deities on other Medals represented after the same manner.

*Ite Deæ virides, liquidosque advertite vultus,
Et vitreum teneris crinem redimite corymbis,
Veste nihil tecta: quales emergitis altis
Fontibus, & visu Satyros torquetis amantes.*

Satius de Balneo Etrusci. Lib. i.

Haste, haste, ye *Naiades*! with attractive art
New charms to ev'ry native grace impart:
With op'ning flourets bind your sea-green hair,
Unveil'd; and naked let your limbs appear:
So from the springs the *Satyrs* see you rise,
And drink eternal passion at their eyes.

After having thus far cleared our way to the Medal, I take the thought of the reverse to be this. The stranded vessel is the Commonwealth of *Rome*, that by the tyranny of *Domitian*, and the insolence of the *Prætorian* Guards under *Nerva*, was quite run aground and in danger of perishing. Some of those embarked in it endeavour at her recovery, but it is *Trajan* that by the adoption of *Nerva* stems the tide to her relief, and like another *Neptune* shoves her off the quick-sands. Your device, says *Eugenius*, hangs very well together; but is not it liable to the same exceptions that you made us last night to such explications as have nothing but the writers imagination to support them? To shew you, says *Philander*, that the construction I put on this Medal is conformable to the fancies of the old *Romans*, you may observe, that *Horace* represents at length the Commonwealth of *Rome* under the

figure of a ship, in the Allegory that you meet with in the fourteenth Ode of his first book.

*O Navis, referent in mare te novi
Fluctus.*—————

And shall the raging waves again
Bear thee back into the main?

Mr. Creech.

Nor was any thing more usual than to represent a God in the shape and dress of an Emperor.

——— *Apelleæ cuperent te scribere cera,
Optassetque novo similem te ponere templo
Atticus Elei senior Jovis; & tua mitis
Ora Taras: tua sidereas imitantia flammæ
Lumina, contempto mallet Rhodos aspera Phæbo.*

Statius de Equo Domitiani Syl. 1.

Now had *Apelles* liv'd, he'd sue to grace
His glowing tablets with thy godlike face:
Phidias, a Sculptor for the Pow'rs above!
Had wish'd to place thee with his Iv'ry *Jove*.
Rhodes, and *Tarentum*, that with pride survey,
The Thund'rer this, and that the God of day;
Each fam'd *Colossus* wou'd exchange for thee,
And own thy form the loveliest of the three.

For the thought in general, you have just the same metaphorical compliment to *Theodosius* in *Claudian*, as the Medal here makes to *Trajan*.

*Nulla relicta foret Romani nominis umbra,
Ni pater ill tuus jamjam ruitura subisset*

Pon-

*Pondera , turbatamque ratem , certâque levasset
Naufragium commune manu.*—————

Claudian. de 4^{to} Conf. Honorii.

Had not thy Sire deferr'd th' impending fate ,
And with his solid virtue prop'd the State ;
Sunk in oblivion's shade , the name of *Rome* ,
An empty name ! had scarce surviv'd her doom :
Half-wreck' she was , 'till his auspicious hand
Resum'd the rudder , and regain'd the land.

I shall only add , that this Medal was stamped in
honour of *Trajan* , when he was only *Cæsar* , as
appears by the face of it SARI TRAIANO.

The next is a reverse of *Marcus Aurelius*. We Fig. 22.
have on it a *Minerva* mounted on a monster , that
Ausonius describes in the following verses.

*Illa etiam thalamos per trina anigmata quærens
Qui bipes , & quadrupes foret , & tripes omnia solus ;
Terruit Aoniam Volucris , Leo , Virgo ; triformis
Sphinx , volucris pennis , pedibus fera , fronte puella.*

To form the monster *Sphinx* , a triple kind ,
Man , bird , and beast , by nature were combin'd :
With feather'd fans she wing'd th' aerial space ;
And on her feet the Lion-claws disgrace
The bloomy features of a Virgin-face. }

O'er pale *Aönia* pannic horror ran ,
While in mysterious speech she thus began :
„ What animal , when yet the morn is new ,
„ Walks on four legs infirm ; at noon on two :

E e 5 „ But

„ But day declining to the western skies ,
 „ He needs a third ; a third the night supplies ?

The monster , says *Cynthio* , is a Sphinx , but for her meaning on this Medal , I am not *OEdipus* enough to unriddle it. I must confess , says *Philander* , the Poets fail me in this particular. There is however a passage in *Pausanias* that I will repeat to you , though it is in prose , since I know no body else that has explained the Medal by it. The *Athenians* , says he , drew a Sphinx on the armour of *Pallas* , by reason of the strength and sagacity of this animal. The Sphinx therefore signifies the same as *Minerva* herself , who was the Goddess of arms as well as wisdom , and describes the Emperor as one of the Poets expresses it ,——

——*Studiis florentem utriusque Minervæ.*

Whom both *Minerva*'s boast t'adopt their own.

The *Romans* joined both devices together , to make the emblem the more significant , as indeed they could not too much extol the learning and military virtues of this excellent Emperor , who was the best Philosopher and the greatest General of his Age.

Fig. 23. We will close up this Series of Medals with one that was stamped under *Tiberius* to the memory of *Augustus*. Over his head you see the star that his father *Julius Caesar* was supposed to have been changed into.

Ecce Dionæi processit Caesaris astrum. Virg. *Ecl.* 9.

See , *Caesar*'s lamp is lighted in the skies.

Mr. *Dryden*.

----*micas*

—————micat inter omnes

Julium sidus , velut inter ignes

Luna minores.

Hor.

—Julius Cæsar's light appears
As , in fair nights and smiling skies ,
The beauteous Moon amidst the meaner stars.

Mr. Creech.

*Vix ea fatus erat , mediâ cum sede senatûs
Constitit alma Venus , nulli cernenda , sui que
Cæsaris eripuit membris , nec in aëra solvi
Passa recentem animam , cœlestibus intulit astris.
Dumque tulit lumen capere atque ignescere sensit ,
Emisitque sinu : Lunâ evolat altius illa ,
Flammiferumque trahens spatioso limite crinem ,
Stella micat.* —————

Ov. Met. Li. 15.

This spoke ; the Goddess to the Senate flew ;
Where, her fair form conceal'd from mortal view,
Her Cæsar's heav'nly part she made her care ,
Nor left the recent Soul to waste to air ;
But bore it upwards to its native skies :
Glowing with new-born fires she saw it rise ;
Forth springing from her bosom up it flew ,
And kindling , as it soar'd , a Comet grew ;
Above the lunar Sphere it took its flight ,
And shot behind it a long trail of light. Mr. Welford.

Virgil draws the same figure of Augustus on Æneas's shield as we see on this Medal. The Commentators tell us , that the star was engraven on Augustus's helmet, but we may be sure Virgil means such

a figure of the Emperor as he used to be represented by in the *Roman* sculpture, and such a one as we may suppose this to be that we have before us.

*Hinc Augustus agens Italos in prælia Cæsar ,
Cum patribus , populoque Penatibus , & magnis Dîs ,
Stans celsâ in puppi ; geminas cui tempora flammæ
Lata vomunt , patriumque aperitur vertice sidus.*

Virg. *Æn.* Li. 8.

Young *Cæsar* on the stern in armour bright ,
Here leads the *Romans* , and the Gods , to fight :
His beamy temples shoot their flames afar ;
And o'er his head is hung the *Julian* star.

Mr. *Dryden*.

The thunderbolt that lies by him is a mark of his Apotheosis , that makes him as it were a companion of *Jupiter*. Thus the Poets of his own age that deified him living.

Divisum Imperium cum Jove Cæsar habet. Virg.

His socium summo cum Jove numen habet. Ov.

——regit *Augustus* socio per signa Tonante.

Manil. Li. 1.

*Sed tibi debetur cælum , te fulmine pollens ,
Accipiet cupidi Regia magna Jovis.*

Ov. de *Augusto* ad *Liviam*.

He wears on his head the *Corona Radiata*, which at that time was another type of his Divinity. The spikes that shoot out from the crown were to repre-

represent the rays of the Sun. There were twelve of them, in allusion to the Signs of the Zodiac. it is this kind of crown that *Virgil* describes.

—————*ingenti mole Latinus*
Quadrijugo vehitur curru, cui tempora circum
Aurati bis sex radii fulgentia cingunt,
Solis avi specimen.————— *Virg. Æn. Lib. 12.*

Four steeds the chariots of *Latinus* bear:
 Twelve golden beams around his temples play;
 To mark his lineage from the God of day.
Mr. Dryden.

If you would know why the *corona radiata* is a representation of the Sun, you may see it in the figure of *Appollo* on the next reverse; his head is encompassed with such an arch of glory as *Ovid* and *Statius* mention, that might be put on and taken off at pleasure. Fig. 24.

—————*at genitor circum caput omne micantes*
Deposuit radios————— *Ovid. Met. Lib. 2.*

The tender Sire was touch'd with what he said,
 And flung the blaze of glories from his head.

Imposuitque coma radios————— *Ibid.*

Then fix'd his beamy circle on his head.

—————*licet ignipedum frenator equorum*
Ipse tuis alte radiantem crinibus arcum
Imprimat————— *Statius. Theb. 1. ad Domitianum.*

Tho'

Tho' *Phœbus* longs to mix his rays with thine ;
And in thy glories more serenely shine Mr. Pope.

In his right hand he holds the whip with which he is supposed to drive the horses of the Sun : as in a pretty passage of *Ovid*, that some of his editors must needs fancy spurious.

*Colligit amentes , & adhuc terrore paventes ,
Phœbus equos , stimuloque dolens & verbere sævit :
Sævitur enim , natumque objectat , & imputat illis.*

Ov. Met. Lib. 2.

Prevail'd upon at length , again he took
The harness'd steeds , that still with horror shook,
And plies 'em with the lash , and whips 'em on ,
And as he whips , upbraids 'em with his son.

The double-pointed dart in his left hand is an emblem of his beams , that pierce through such an infinite depth of air , and enter into the very bowels of the earth. Accordingly *Lucretius* calls them the darts of the day , as *Ausonius* to make a sort of witticism has followed his example.

Non radii solis , neque lucida tela Diei. Lurc.

*Exultant ude super arida saxa rapina ,
Luciferique pavent letalia tela Diei.*

de piscibus captis. Auf. Eid. 10.

*Caligo terra scinditur ,
Percussa solis spiculo.*

Prud. Hym. 2.

I have now given you a sample of such emblematical Medals as are unriddled by the *Latin* Poets ,
and

and have shown several passages in the *Latin* Poets that receive an illustration from Medals. Some of the Coins we have had before us have not been explained by others, as many of them have been explained in a different manner. There are indeed others that have had very near the same explication put upon them, but as this explication has been supported by no authority, it can at best be looked upon but as a probable conjecture. It is certain, says *Eugenius*, there cannot be any more authentic illustrations of *Roman* Medals, especially of those that are full of fancy, than such as are drawn out of the *Latin* Poets. For as there is a great affinity between Designing and Poetry, so the *Latin* Poets, and the Designers of the *Roman* Medals, lived very near one another, were acquainted with the same customs, conversant with the same objects, and bred up to the same relish for wit & fancy. But who are the Ladies that we are next to examine? These are, says *Philander*, so many Cities, Nations and Provinces that present themselves to you under the shape of women. What you take for a fine Lady at first sight, when you come to look into her will prove a town, a country, or one of the four parts of the world. In short, you have now *Afric*, *Spain*, *France*, *Italy*, and several other nations of the earth before you. This is one of the pleasantest Maps, says *Cynthio*, that I ever saw. Your Geographers now and then fancy a country like a leg or a head, a Bear or a Dragon, but I never before saw them represented like Women. I could not have thought your mountains, seas and promontories could have made up an assembly of such well-shaped persons. This therefore, says *Philander*, is a Geography particular to the Medallists. The Poets however have sometimes given into it, and furnish us with very good lights for the explication of it. The first Lady you see on the List is *Africa*. She carries an Elephant's tooth by her side.

*Third
Series.
Fig. 1.*

Den-

*Dentibus ex illis quos mittit porta Syenes ,
 Et Mauri celeres , & Mauro obscurior Indus :
 Et quos deposuit Nabathæo bellua saltu ,
 Jam nimios , capitique graves——* Juv. Sat. 11.

She is always quoiff'd with the head of an Elephant,
 to show that this animal is the breed of that country ,
 as for the same reason she has a Dragon lying at
 her feet.

*Huic varias pestes , diversaque membra ferarum ,
 Concessit bellis natura infesta futuris ;
 Horrendos angues , habitataque membra veneno ,
 Et mortis partus , viventia crimina terra ;
 Et vastos Elephantes habet , sævosque Leones ,
 In pœnas fecunda suas , parit horrida tellus.*

Manil. Lib. 4. de Africâ.

Here Nature , angry with mankind , prepares
 Strange monsters , instruments of future wars ;
 Here Snakes , those cells of poyson , take their
 birth

Those living crimes and grievance of the earth ;
 Fruitful in its own plagues , the desert shore
 Hears Elephants , and frightful Lions roar.

Mr. Creech.

Lucan in his description of the several noxious ani-
 mals of this country , mentions in particular the
 flying Dragon that we see on this Medal.

*Vos quoque , qui cunctis innoxia numina terris
 Serpitis , aurato nitidi fulgore dracones ,*

Pesti-

*Pestiferos ardens facit Africa : ducitis altum
Aëra cum pennis , armentaque tota secuti
Rumpitis ingentes amplexi verbere tauros.
Nec tutus spatium est Elephas . datis omnia letho :
Nec vobis opus est ad noxia fata veneno. Luc. Lib. 9.*

And you , ye Dragons ! of the scaly race ,
Whom glittering gold and shining armours grace ,
In other nations harmless are you found ,
Their guardian Genii and Protectors own'd ;
In *Afric* only are you fatal ; there ,
On wide-expanded wings , sublime you rear
Your dreadful forms , & drive the yielding air. }
The lowing Kine in droves you chase , and cull
Some master of the herd , some mighty Bull :
Around his stubborn sides your tails you twist ,
By force compress , and burst his brawny chest.
Not Elephants are by their larger size
Secure , but with the rest become your prize.
Resistless in your might , you all invade ,
And for destruction need not poison's aid.

Mr. Rowe.

The Bull that appears on the other side of the Dragon , shows us that *Afric* abounds in agriculture.

————— *tibi habe frumentum , Alledius inquit ;
O Libye , disjunge boves dum tubera mittas.*

Juv. Sat. 5.

————— No more plough up the ground
O *Libya* , where such mushrooms can be found ,

Alledius cries, but furnish us with store
Of mushrooms, and import thy corn no more.

Mr. Bowles.

This part of the world has always on Medals something to denote her wonderful fruitfulness, as it was indeed the great granary of *Italy*. In the two following figures, the handful of wheat, the *Cornu-copia*, and basket of corn, are all emblems of the same signification.

*Sed quâ se campis squalentibus Africa tendit,
Serpentum largo coquitur facunda veneno:
Felix quâ pingues mitis plaga temperat agros;
Nec Cerere Ennaâ, Phario nec victa colono.*

Sil. It. Lib. 1.

Frumenti quantum metit Africa—————

Hor. Sat. 3. Lib. 2.

————— *segetes mirantur Iberas
Horrea; nec Libya senserunt damna rebellis
Jam transalpinâ contenti messe Quirites.*

Claud. in Eutrop. Lib. 1.

Fig. 2. The Lion on the second Medal marks her out for the

————— *Leonum
Arida nutrix.*

Hor.

Fig. 3. The Scorpion on the third is another of her productions, as *Lucan* mentions it in particular, in the long catalogue of her venomous animals.

————— *quis fata putaret
Scorpion, aut vires matura mortis habere?*

Ille

*Ille minax nodis, & recto verberesavus,
Teste tulit cælo victi decus Orionis:* Luc. Lib. 2.

Who, that the Scorpion's insect form surveys,
Would think that ready death his call obeys?
Threat'ning he rears his knotty tail on high,
The vast *Orion* thus he doom'd to die,
And fix'd him, his proud trophy, in the sky.

Mr. Rowe.

The three figures you have here shown, says *Eugenius*, give me an idea of a description or two in *Claudian*, that I must confess I did not before know what to make of. They represent *Africa* in the shape of a woman, and certainly allude to the corn and head-dress that she wears on old Coins.

——— *mediis apparet in astris*

Africa, rescissa vestes, & spica passim

Serta jacent, lacero crinales vertice dentes,

Effractum pendebat ebur—— Claud. de Bel. Gild.

Next *Afric*, mounting to the blest abodes,
Pensive approach'd the Synod of the Gods:
No arts of dress the weeping Dame adorn;
Her garments rent, and wheaten garlands torn:
The fillets, grac'd with teeth in ivory rows,
Broke and disorder'd dangle on her brows.

Tum spicis & dente comas illustris eburno,

Et calido rubicunda die, sic Africa fatur.

Claud. de Conf. Stil. Lib. 2.

I think, says *Philander*, there is no question but the Poet has copied out in his description the figure that

Fig. 4. *Africa* made in ancient sculpture and painting. The next before us is *Egypt*. Her basket of wheat shows us the great fruitfulness of the country, which is caused by the inundations of the *Nile*.

*Syrtibus hinc Libycis tuta est Ægyptus : at inde
Gurgite septeno rapidus mare summovet amnis :
Terra suis contenta bonis , non indiga mercis ,
Aut Jovis ; in solo tanta est fiducia Nilo. Luc. Lib. 8.*

By Nature strengthned with a dang'rous strand ,
Her Syrts and untry'd channels guard the land.
Rich in the fatness of her plenteous soil ,
She plants her only confidence in *Nile*. Mr. Rowe.

The instrument in her hand is the *Sistrum* of the *Egyptians*, made use of in the worship of the Goddess *Isis*.

————— *Nilotica sistris*

Ripa sonat ————— Claud. de 4^{to} Conf. Honor.

On Medals you see it in the hand of *Egypt*, of *Isis*, or any of her worshippers. The Poets too make the same use of it ; as *Virgil* has placed it in *Cleopatra's* hand , to distinguish her for an *Egyptian*.

Regina in mediis patrio vocat agmina sistro.
Virg. Æn. Lib. 8.

The Queen her self , amidst the loud alarms ,
With Cymbals toss'd , her fainting soldiers warms.
Mr. Dryden.

————— *restabant Ætia bella ,*

Atque ipsa Isiaco certârunt fulmina sistro.

Manil. Lib. 1.

---imi-

— *imitataque Lunam*
Cornua fulserunt, crepuitque sonabile sistrum
 de Iside. Ov. Met. Lib. 9.

— The lunar horns, that bind
 The brows of *Isis*, cast a blaze around;
 The trembling Timbrel made a murm'ring sound.
 Mr. Dryden.

Quid tua nunc Isis tibi, Delia? quid mihi profunt
Illæ tuâ toties ara repulsa manu? Tib. Lib. 1. El. 3.

Nos in templa tuam Romana accepimus Isin,
Semideosque canes, & sistræ jubentia luctus.
 Luc. Lib. 8.

Have we with honours dead *Osiris* crown'd,
 And mourn'd him to the Timbrel's tinkling sound?
 Receiv'd her *Isis* to divine abodes,
 And rank'd her dogs deform'd, with Roman Gods?
 Mr. Rowe.

The bird bird before her is the *Egyptian Ibis*. This figure however does not represent the living bird, but rather an idol of it, as one may guess by the pedestal it stands upon, for the *Egyptians* worshipped it as a God.

Quis nescit, Volusi Bithynice, qualia demens
Ægyptus portenta colat? crocodilon adorat
Pars hæc, illa pavet saturam serpentibus Ibin;
Effigies sacri nitet aurea Cercopitheci. Juv. Sat. 15.

How *Egypt*, mad with superstition grown,
 Makes Gods of monsters, but too well is known:

One sect devotion to Nile's serpent pays:

Others to *Ibis*, that on serpents preys.

Where *Thebes*, thy hundred gates lie unrepair'd,

And where maim'd *Memnon*'s magick harp is heard,

Where these are mould'ring left, the sots combine

With pious care a Monkey to enshrine. Mr. Tate.

Venerem precaris? comprecare & Simiam.

Placet sacratus aspis Æsculapii?

Crocodilus, Ibis & Canes cur displicent?

Prudentius. Pas. i. Romani.

Fig. 5. We have *Mauritania* on the fifth Medal, leading a horse with something like a thread, for where there is a bridle in old Coins you see it much more distinctly. In her other hand she holds a switch. We have the design of this Medal in the following descriptions that celebrate the *Moors* and *Numidians*, Inhabitants of *Mauritania*, for their horsemanship.

Hic passim exultant Numidæ, gens inscia fræni:

Queis inter geminas per ludum mobilis aures

Quadrupedum flectit non cedens virga lupatis:

Altrix bellorum bellatorumque virorum,

Tellus—————

Sil. It. Li. i.

On his hot Steed, unus'd to curb or rein,

The black *Numidian* prances o'er the plain:

A wand betwixt his ears directs the course,

And as a bridle turns th'obedient horse.

———*an Mauri fremitum raucosque repulsus*

Umbonum & nostros passuri cominus enses?

Non

Non contra clypeis teetos, galeisque micantes

Ibitis; in solis longè fiducia telis.

Exarmatus erit, cum missile torserit, hostis.

Dextra movet jaculum, pratentat pallia lava;

Cetera nudus Eques. sonipes ignarus habena:

Virga regit. non ulla fides, non agminis ordo.

Arma oneri. ————— Claud. de Bel. Gildon.

Can Moors sustain the press, in close-fought fields,

Of shorten'd fauchions, and repelling shields?

Against a host of quiv'ring spears ye go,

Nor helm nor buckler guard the naked foe;

The naked foe, who vainly trusts his art,

And flings away his armour in his dart:

His dart the right hand shakes, the left uprears

His robe, beneath his tender skin appears.

Their Steeds un-rein'd, obey the horseman's wand,

Nor know their legions when to march, or stand:

In the war's dreadful laws untaught and rude,

A mob of men, a martial multitude.

The Horse too may stand as an emblem of the
warlike genius of the people.

Bello armantur Equi, bella hæc armenta minantur.

Virg. Æn. Li. 3.

From *Africa* we will cross over into *Spain*. There Fig. 6.
are learned Medallists that tell us, the Rabbet
which you see before her feet, may signifie either
the great multitude of these Animals that are
found in *Spain*, or perhaps the several mines that are
wrought within the bowels of that country; the *La-*
tin word *Cuniculus* signifying either a Rabbet or a

Mine. But these Gentlemen do not confider, that it is not the word but the figure that appears on the Medal. *Cuniculus* may stand for a Rabbet or a Mine, but the picture of a Rabbet is not the picture of a Mine. A pun can be no more engraven than it can be translated. When the word is construed into its idea the double meaning vanishes. The figure therefore before us means a real Rabbet, which is there found in vast multitudes.

Cuniculosa Celtiberia fili.

Catul. in Egnatium.

The Olive-branch tells us, it is a country that abounds in Olives, as it is for this reason that *Claudian* in his description of *Spain* binds an Olive-branch about her head.

—glaucis tum prima Minerva
Nexa comam foliis, fulvâque intexta micantem
Veste Tagum, tales profert Hispania voces.

Claud. de Laud. Stil. Li. 2.

Thus *Spain*, whose brows the olive wreaths infold,
And o'er her robe a *Tagus* streams in gold.

Martial has given us the like figure of one of the greatest rivers in *Spain*.

Bætis oliviferâ crinem redimite coronâ,
Aurea qui nitidis vellera tingis aquis:
Quem Bromius quem Pallas amat

Mar. Li. 12. Ep. 99.

Fair *Bætis*! Olives wreath thy azure locks;
In fleecy gold thou cloath'st the neighb'ring flocks:
Thy fruitful banks with rival-bounty smile,
While *Bacchus* wine bestows, and *Pallas* oil.

And

And *Prudentius* of one of its eminent towns,

*Tu decem sanctos revehes & octo ,
 Cesar Augusta studiosa Christi ,
 Verticem flavis oleis revincta
 Pacis honore.* Prudent. Hymn. 4.

France, you see, has a Sheep by her, not only as Fig. 7.
 a sacrifice, but to shew that the riches of the coun-
 try consisted chiefly in flocks and pasturage. Thus
Horace mentioning the commodities of different
 countries,

*Quaquam nec Calabra mella ferunt apes ,
 Nec Lastrigonia Bacchus in amphora
 Languescit mihi , nec pinguis Gallicis
 Crescunt vellera pascuis.* Hor. Od. 16. Li. 2.

Tho' no *Calabrian* Bees do give
 Their grateful tribute to my hive;
 No wines by rich *Campania* sent,
 In my ignoble casks ferment;
 No flocks in *Gallic* plains grown fat; —————
 Mr. Creech.

She carries on her shoulders the *Sagulum* that *Virgil*
 speaks of as the habit of the ancient *Gauls*.

*Aurea casaries ollis , atque aurea vestis :
 Virgatis lucent sagulis* ————— Virg. Æn. Lib. 8.

The gold dissembled well their yellow hair ;
 And golden chains on their white necks they wear;
 Gold are their vests ————— Mr. Dryden.

She is drawn in a posture of sacrificing for the safe

arrival of the Emperor, as we may learn from the inscription. We find in the several Medals that were struck on *Adrian's* progress through the Empire, that at his arrival they offered a sacrifice to the Gods for the reception of so great a blessing. *Horace* mentions this custom.

Tum mea (si quid loquar audiendum)

Vocis accedet bona pars ; & O Sol

Pulcher , ô laudande , canam , recepto

Cæsare felix.——

Te decem tauri , totidemque vacca ;

Me tener solvet vitulus——

Hor. Od. 2. Lib. 4.

And there , if any patient ear

My Muse's feeble song will hear

My voice shall sound thro' *Rome* :

Thee , Sun , I'll sing , thee lovely fair ,

Thee , thee I'll praise , when *Cæsar's* come.——

Ten large fair bulls , ten lusty cows ,

Must die , to pay thy richer vows ;

Of my small stock of kine

A calf just wean'd——

Mr. Creech.

Fig. 8. *Italy* has a *Cornu-copia* in her hand , to denote her fruitfulness ;

——*magna parens frugum Saturnia tellus.*

Virg. Geor. 3.

and a crown of towers on her head , to figure out the many towns and cities that stand upon her.

Lib.

Lucan has given her the like ornament, where he represents her addressing her self to *Julius Caesar*.

*Ingens visa duci patriæ trepidantis Imago :
Clara per obscuram vultu mastissima noctem ,
Turrihero canos effundens vertice crines ,
Cæsarie , lacerâ nudisque adstare lacertis ,
Et gemitu permista loqui——* Lucan. Lib. i.

Amidst the dusky horrors of the night ,
A wondrous vision stood confest to fight ;
Her awful head *Rome's* rev'rend image rear'd ,
Trembling and sad the matron form appear'd ;
A tow'ry crown her hoary temples bound ,
And her torn tresses rudely hung around :
Her naked arms uplifted e're she spoke ,
Then groaning thus the mournful silence broke.

Mr. Rowe.

She holds a scepter in her other hand, and sits on a globe of the heavens, to shew that she is the Sovereign of nations, and that all the influences of the Sun and Stars fall on her dominions. *Claudian* makes the same compliment to *Rome*.

Ipsa triumphatis quæ possidet æthera regnis.

Claud. in Prob. & Olyb. Conf.

*Jupiter arce suâ totum dum spectat in orbem ,
Nil nisi Romanum quod tueatur habet.*

Ov. de fast. Lib. i.

Jove finds no realm, when he the globe surveys ,
But what to *Rome* submissive homage pays.

Or-

*Orbem jam totum victor Romanus habebat ,
Quà mare , quà tellus , quà sidus currit utrumque.*

Petron.

Now Rome , sole Empress , reign'd from pole to
Wherever earth extends , or oceans roll. (pole ,

Fig. 9. The picture that Claudian makes of Rome one
would think was copied from the next Medal.

——*innuptæ ritus imitata Minervæ :*

Nam neque cesariem crinali stringere cultu ,

Colla nec ornatu patitur mollire retorto :

Dextrum nuda latus , niveos exerta lacertos ,

Audacem reteggit mammam , laxumque coercens

Mordet gemma sinum.——

Clipeus Titana luceſſit

Lumine , quem totâ variarat Mulciber arte ;

Hic patrius , Mavortis amor , fœtusque notantur

Romulei. post amnis inest , & bellua nutrix.

Claud. in Prob. & Olyb. Conf,

No costly fillets knot her hair behind ,

Nor female trinkets round her neck are twin'd ,

Bold on the right her naked arm she shows ,

And half her bosom's unpolluted snows ;

Whilst on the left is buckled o'er her breast ,

In diamond clasps the military vest.

The Sun was dazled as her shield she rear'd ,

Where , varied o'er by Mulciber , appear'd

The loves of Mars her Sire , fair Ilia's joys ,

The wolf , the Tyber , and the infant boys.

Fig. 10. The next figure is Achaia.

I am sorry, says *Cynthia*, to find you running farther off us. I was in hopes you would have shown us our own nation, when you were so near us as *France*. I have here, says *Philander*, one of *Augustus's Britannias*. You see she is not drawn like other countries, in a soft peaceful posture, but is adorned with emblems that mark out the military genius of her Inhabitants. This is, I think, the only commendable quality that the old Poets have touched upon in the description of our country. I had once made a collection of all the passages in the *Latin* Poets, that give any account of us; but I find them so very malicious, that it would look like a libel on the nation to repeat them to you. We seldom meet with our Forefathers, but they are coupled with some epithet or another to blacken them. Barbarous, Cruel and Inhospitable are the best terms they can afford us; which it would be a kind of injustice to publish, since their posterity are become so polite, good-natured, and kind to strangers. To mention therefore those parts only that relate to the present Medal. She sits on a globe that stands in water, to denote that she is Mistress of a new world, separate from that which the *Romans* had before conquered, by the interposition of the sea. I think we cannot doubt of this interpretation, if we consider how she has been represented by the ancient Poets.

Ex penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos. Virg. Ec. i.

The rest among the *Britons* be confin'd;
A race of men from all the world disjoin'd.

Mr. Dryden.

Adspice, confundit populos impervia tellus:

Con-

Conjunctum est, quod adhuc orbis, & orbis erat.

Vet. Poet. apud Scalig. Catul.

At nunc oceanus geminos interluit orbis.

Id. de Britannia & opposito Continente.

— *nostro diducta Britannia mundo.*

Claud.

Nec stetit oceano, remisque ingressa profundum,

Vincendos alio quasivit in orbe Britannos.

Id.

The feet of *Britannia* are washed by the waves, in the same Poet.

— — — *cujus vestigia verrit*

Cœrulus, oceanique æstum mentitur, amictus.

Id. de Laud. Stil. Lib. 2.

She bears a *Roman* Ensign in one of her hands, to confess her self a conquered province.

— — — *victricia Cæsar*

Signa Caledonios transvexit ad usque Britannos

Sidon. Apollin.

Fig. 10. But to return to *Achaia*, whom we left upon her knees before the Emperor *Adrian*. She has a pot before her with a sprig of Parsly rising out of it. I will not here trouble you with a dull story of *Hercules's* eating a sallade of Parsly for his refreshment, after his encounter with the *Nemean* Lion. It is certain, there were in *Achaia* the *Nemean* Games, and that a garland of Parsly was the Victor's reward. You have an account of these Games in *Ausonius*.

*Quattuor antiquos celebravit Achaia Ludos ,
Coelicolum duo sunt , & duo festa hominum.
Sacra Jovis , Phœbique , Palamonis , Archemorique :
Serta quibus pinus , malus , oliva , apium.*

Auf. de Lustral. Agon.

Greece, in four games thy martial youth were train'd;
For Heroes two , and two for Gods ordain'd :
Jove bade the Oliveround his Victor wave ;
Phœbus to his an Apple-garland gave :
The Pine , *Palamon* ; nor with less renown ,
Archemorus conferr'd the Parsly-crown.

Archemori Nemeæa colunt funebria Thebæ.

Id. de locis Agon.

————— *Alcides Nemeæa sacravit honorem.*

de Auct. Agon. Id.

Archemori Nemeæa colunt funebria Thebæ.

Id.

One reason why they chose Parsly for a Garland , was doubtless because it always preserves its verdure , as *Horace* opposes it to the short-lived Lilly.

Neu vivax apium , nec breve lilium. Lib. 1. Od. 36.

Let fading Lillies and the Rose
Their beauty and their smell disclose ;
Let long-liv'd Parsly grace the feast ,
And gently cool the heated guest Mr. Creech.

Juvenal mentions the Crown that was made of it , and which here surrounds the head of *Achaia*.

----Graie-

——— *Graiaque apium meruisse corona.* Juv. Sat. 8.

And winning at a Wake their Parsly crown.

Mr. Stepney.

She presents herself to the Emperor in the same posture that the *Germans* and *English* still salute the Imperial and Royal family.

——— *jus imperiumque Phraatés*

Cæsaris accepit genibus minor. ———

Hor. Epist. 12. Li. 1.

The haughty *Parthian* now to *Cæsar* kneels.

Mr. Creech.

Ille qui donat diadema fronti

Quem genu nixa tremuere gentes. Senec Thyest. Act 3.

——— *Non, ut inflexo genu.*

Regnantem adores, petimus.

Idem.

Tē linguis variæ gentes, missique rogatum

Fœdera Persarum procures cum patre sedentem,

Hac quondam videre domo; positâque tiarâ

Submisere genu. ——— Claud. ad Honorium.

Thy infant Virtue various climes admir'd,
And various tongues to sound thy praise conspir'd:
Thee next the Sovereign seat, the *Persians* view'd,
When in this Regal Dome for peace they su'd:
Each Turban low, in sign of worship, wav'd:
And every knee confest the boon they crav'd.

Fig. 12. *Sicily* appears before *Adrian* in the same posture.
She

She has a bundle of corn in her hand, & a Garland of it on her head, as she abounds in wheat, and was consecrated to *Ceres*.

*Utraque frugiferis est Insula nobilis arvis :
Nec plus Hesperiam longinquis messibus ulla ,
Nec Romana magis complerunt horrea terra.*

de Sicilia & Sardinia. Lu. Li. 2.

Sardinia too, renown'd for yellow fields,
With *Sicily* her bounteous tribute yields;
No lands a glebe of richer tillage boast,
Nor waft more plenty to the *Roman* coast.

Mr. Rowe.

*Terra tribus scopulis vastum procurrit in aquor
Trinacris, a positu nomen adept a loci.*

*Grata domus Cereri: multas ibi possidet urbes;
In quibus est culto fertilis Henna solo.*

Ov. de Fast. Li. 4.

To *Ceres* dear, the fruitful land is fam'd
For three tall capes, and thence *Trinacria* nam'd:
There *Henna* well rewards the tiller's toil,
The fairest Champian of the fairest Isle.

We find *Judea* on several coins of *Vespasian* and *Titus*, in a posture that denotes sorrow and captivity. The first figure of her is drawn to the life, in a picture that *Seneca* has given us of the *Trojan* Matrons bewailing their captivity. Fig 13.

—————*paret exertos*

Turba lacertos. Veste remissa

Substringe sinus, uteroque tenus

Pateant artus —————

G^g

----cadat

—————*cadat ex hameris*

Vestis apertis : imumque tegat

Suffulta latus. jam nuda vocant

Pectora dextras. nunc nunc vires

Exprome, Dolor, tuas

Hecuba ad Trojanarum
chorum. Sen. Troas. Act. 1.

—————Bare

Your arms, your vestures slackly ty'd

Beneath your naked bosoms, slide

Down to your wastes—————

—————Let

From your divested shoulders slide

Your garments, down on either side.

Now bared bosoms call for blows,

Now, Sorrow, all thy pow'rs disclose.

Sir Ed. Sherburn.

—————*aperta pectora matres*

Significant luctum—————

Ov. Met. Li. 13.

Who bar'd their breasts, & gave their hair to flow :

The signs of grief, and mark of publick woe.

The head is veiled in both figures, as another expression of grief.

—————*ipsa tristi vestis obtentu caput*

Velata, juxta praesides astat Deos.

Sen. Herc. fur. Act. 2.

Sic ubi fata, caput ferali obducit amictu,

Decrevitque pati tenebras, puppisque cavernis

Deli.

*Delituit : seivumque ardè complexa dolorem
Perfruitur lacrymis, & amat pro conjuge luctum.*

Luc. Li. 9. de Corneliâ.

So said the Matron ; and about her head
Her veil she draws , her mournful eyes to shade :
Resolv'd to shroud in thickest shades her woe ,
She seeks the ship's deep darksome hold below :
There lonely left , at leisure to complain ,
She hugs her sorrows , and enjoys her pain ;
Still with fresh tears the living grief wou'd feed ,
And fondly loves it in her husbands stead.

Mr. Rowe.

I need not mention her sitting on the ground , because we have already spoken of the aptness of such a posture to represent an extreme affliction. I fancy , says *Eugenius* the *Romans* might have an eye on the customs of the *Jewish* nation , as well as of those of their country , in the several marks of sorrow they have set on this figure. The Psalmist describes the *Jews* lamenting their captivity in the same pensive posture. *By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept ; when we remembred thee , O Sion.* But what is more remarkable , we find *Judea* represented as a woman in sorrow sitting on the ground , in a passage of the Prophet , that foretels the very captivity recorded on this Medal. The covering of the head , and the rending of garments , we find very often in Holy Scripture , as the expressions of a raging grief. But what is the tree we see on both these Medals ? We find , says *Philander* , not only on these , but on several other coins that relate to *Judea* , the figure of a Palm-tree , to show us that Palms are the growth of the country. Thus

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Silius Italicus, speaking of *Vespasian's* conquest, that is the subject of this Medal.

Palmiferamque senex bello domitabit Idumen.

Sil. It. Li. 3.

Martial seems to have hinted at the many pieces of painting and sculpture that were occasioned by this conquest of *Judea*, and had generally something of the Palm-tree in them. It begins an Epigram on the death of *Scorpus* a chariot-driver, which in those degenerate times of the Empire was looked upon as a public clamity.

Tristis Idumæas frangat Victoria palmas;

Plange Favor sæva pectora nuda manu.

Mart. Li. 10. Epig. 50.

The man by the Palm-tree in the first of these Medals, is supposed to be a *Jew* with his hands bound behind him.

Fig. 14. I need not tell you that the winged figure on the other Medal is a *Victory*. She is represented here as on many other coins, writing something on a shield. We find this way of registering a *Victory*, touched upon in *Virgil*, and *Silius Italicus*.

Ære cavo clypeum, magnigestamen Abantis,

Postibus adversis figo, et rem carmine signo;

Æneas hac de Danaïs victoribus arma.

Virg. Æn. Lib. 3.

I fix'd upon the Temple's lofty door
The brazen shield, which vanquish'd *Abas* bore:

The

The verse beneath my name and actions speaks,
 “ These arms *Æneas* took from conqu’ring *Greeks*.
 Mr. Dryden.

Pyrenes tumulo clypeum cum carmine figunt ;
Hasdrubalis spoliū Gradiuo Scipio victor.

Sil. ItaLi. 15.

High on *Pyrene*’s airy top they plac’d ,
 The captive shield , with this inscription grac’d :
 “ Sacred to *Mars* , these votive spoils proclaim
 “ The fate of *Asdrubal* , and *Scipio*’s fame.

Parthia has on one side of her the Bow and Fig. 15.
 Quiver which are so much talked of by the Poets.
Lucan’s account of the *Parthians* is very pretty and
 poetical.

—————*Parthoque sequente*
Murus erit , quodcunque potest obstare sagitta—————
Illita tela dolis , nec Martem comminus unquam
Ausa pati virtus , sed longè tendere nervos ,
Et , quo ferre velint , permittere vulnera ventis.

Luc. Li. 8.

Each fence , that can their winged shafts endure ,
 Stands , like a fort , impregnable, secure—————
 To taint their coward darts is all their care ,
 And then to trust them to the flitting air. Mr. Rowe.

—————*Sagittiferosque Parthos.* Catul.

The Crown she holds in her hand , refers to
 the crown of gold that *Parthia* , as well as other
 Gg 3 pro

provinces, presented to the Emperor *Antonine*. The presenting a Crown, was the giving up the sovereignty into his hands.

Ipse oratores ad me, regnique coronam,

Cum sceptro misit—————

Virg. *Æn.* Li. 8.

Tarchon, the *Tuscan* Chief, to me has sent
Their Crown, and ev'ry regal ornament.

Mr. *Dryden*.

Fig. 16. *Antioch* has an Anchor by her, in memory of her founder *Seleucus*, whose race was all born with this mark upon them, if you'll believe Historians. *Ausonius* has taken notice of it in his verses on this city.

————— *Ille Seleucum*

Nuncupat ingenuum, cujus fuit Anchora signum,

(*Qualis inusta solet*) generis nota certa: per omnem

Nam sobolis seriem nativa cucurrit imago.

Auf. Ordo Nobil. Urbium.

Thee, great *Seleucus*, bright in *Grecian* fame!

The tow'rs of *Antioch* for their founder claim:

Thee *Phœbus* at thy birth his son confest,

By the fair Anchor on the babe imprest;

Which all thy genuine off-spring went to grace,

From thigh to thigh transmissive thro' the race.

Fig. 17. *Smyrna* is always represented by an *Amazon*, that is said to have been her first foundress. You see her here ent'ring into a league with *Thyatira*. Each of them holds her tutelar Deity in her hand.

Ius ille, & iustifœderis testes Deos

Invocat.—————

Sen. Phœnissæ. Act. 1.

On

On the left arm of *Smyrna*, is the *Pelta* or Buckler of the *Amazons*, as the long weapon by her is the *Bipennis* or *Securis*.

*Non tibi Amazonia est pro me sumenda securis,
Aut excisa levi pelta gerenda manu.*

Ov. Li. 3. Epif. 1. ex Pont.

Lunatis agmina peltis.

Virg.

In their right hands a pointed dart they wield;
The left, for ward, sustains the lunar Shield.

Mr. Dryden.

*Videre Rhati bella sub Alpibus
Drusum gerentem, & Vindelici; quibus
Mos unde deductus per omne
Tempus Amazonia securi*

Dextras obarmet querere distuli. Hor. Od. 4. Li. 4.

Such *Drusus* did in arms appear,
When near the *Alps* he urg'd the war:
In vain the *Rhati* did their axes wield, field:
Like *Amazons* they fought, like women fled the
But why those savage troops this weapon chuse,
Confirm'd by long establish'd use,
Historians would in vain disclose.

The dress that *Arabia* appears in, brings to my mind the description *Lucan* has made of these eastern nations. Fig. 18.

*Quicquid ad Eos tractus, mundique teporem
Labitur, emollit gentes clementia coeli.*

*Illic & laxas vestes , & fluxa virorum
Velamenta vides.*—————

Luc. Lib. 8.

While *Asia's* softer climate , form'd to please ,
Dissolves her sons in indolence and ease.
Here filken robes invest unmanly limbs ,
And in long trains the flowing purple streams.

Mr. Rowe.

She bears in one hand a sprig of frankincense,

—————*solis est thurea virga Sabeis.*

Virg.

And od'rous frankincense on the *Sabean* bough.

Mr. Dryden.

Thuriferos Arabum saltus.

Claud. de 3. Conf. Honor.

Thurilegos Arabas—————

Ov. de Fas. Lib. 4.

In the other hand you see the perfumed reed , as
the garland on her head may be supposed to be
woven out of some other part of her fragrant pro-
ductions.

*Nec procul in molles Arabas terramque ferentem
Delicias , varieque novos radicis honores ;
Leniter adfundit gemmantia littora pontus ,
Es terra mare nomen habet*—————

de finu Arabico. Manil. Lib. 4.

More west the other soft *Arabia* beats ,
Where incense grows , and pleasing odour sweats :
The Bay is call'd th' *Arabian* gulf ; the name
The country gives it , and 'tis great in fame.

Mr. Creech.

Uran-

*Urantur pia thura focis, urantur odores,
Quos tener à terrâ divite mittit Arabs.*

Tibul. Lib. 2. El. 2.

————— *sit dives amomo,
Cinnamague, costumque suam, sudataque ligno
Thura ferat, floresque alios Panchaia tellus,
Dum ferat & Myrrham.* Ov. Met. Lib. 10.

Let *Araby* extol her happy coast,
Her Cinamon, and sweet *Amomum* boast;
Her fragrant flowers, her trees with precious
tears,
Her second harvests, and her double years:
How can the land be call'd so blest'd, that
Myrrha bears? Mr. Dryden.

————— *Odorate spirant medicamina Sylve.* Manil.

The trees drop balsam, and on all the boughs
Health fits, and makes it sovereign as it flows.
Mr. Creech.

Cinnami sylvas Arabes beatos
Vidit————— Sen. OEdip. Act. 1.

What a delicious country is this, says *Cynthio*?
a man almost smells it in the descriptions that are
made of it. The Camel is in *Arabia*, I suppose, a
beast of burden, that helps to carry off its spices.
We find the Camel, says *Philander*, mentioned in
Persius on the same account,

Tolle recens primus piper, è sitiente Camelo. Pers. Sat. 5.

———The precious weight
 Of pepper, and *Sabaan* incense, take
 With thy own hands, from the tir'd Camel's back.
Mr. Dryden.

He loads the Camel with pepper because the animal and its cargo are both the productions of the same country.

Mercibus hic Italis mutat sub sole recenti

Rugosum piper ————— Id. Sat. 5.

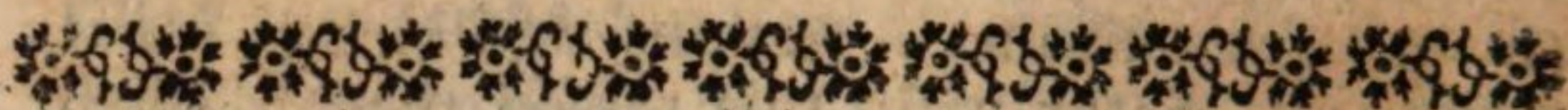
The greedy Merchants, led by lucre, run
 To the parch'd *Indies* and the rising Sun;
 From thence hot pepper, and rich drugs they bear,
 Bart'ring for spices their *Italian* ware. Mr. Dryden.

You have given us some quotations out of *Persius* this morning, says *Eugenius*, that in my opinion have a great deal of poetry in them. I have often wondered at Mr. Dryden for passing so severe a censure on this Author. He fancies the description of a Wreck that you have already cited, is too good for *Persius*, and that he might be helpt in it by *Lucan*, who was one of his contemporaries. For my part, says *Cynthio*, I am so far from Mr. Dryden's opinion in this particular, that I fancy *Persius* a better Poet than *Lucan*: and that had he been engaged on the same subject, he would at least in his Expressions and Descriptions have outwrit the *Pharsalia*. He was indeed employed on subjects that seldom led him into any thing like Description, but where he has an occasion of shewing himself, we find very few of the *Latin* Poets that have given a greater beauty to their Expressions. His obscurities are indeed sometimes af-

affected, but they generally arise from the remoteness of the customs, persons and things he alludes to: as Satyr is for this reason more difficult to be understood by those that are not of the same Age with it, than any other kind of Poetry. Love-verses and Heroics deal in images that are ever fixed and settled in the nature of things, but a thousand ideas enter into Satyr, that are as changeable and unsteady as the mode or the humours of mankind.

Our three friends had passed away the whole morning among their Medals and *Latin* Poets. *Philander* told them it was now too late to enter on another Series, but if they would take up with such a dinner as he could meet with at his lodgings, he would afterwards lay the rest of his Medals before them. *Cynthio* and *Eugenius* were both of them so well pleased with the novelty of the subject, that they would not refuse the offer *Philander* made them.





DIALOGUE III.

— *causa est descriminis hujus*
Concisum argentum in titulos faciesque minutas.

Juv. Sat. 14.

A PARALLEL between the Ancient
 and Modern MEDALS.

PHILANDER used every morning to take a walk in a neighbouring wood, that stood on the borders of the *Thames*. It was cut through by abundance of beautiful alleys, which terminating on the water, looked like so many painted views in perspective. The banks of the river and the thickness of the shades drew into them all the birds of the country, that at Sun-rising filled the wood with such a variety of notes, as made the prettiest confusion imaginable. I know in descriptions of this nature the scenes are generally supposed to grow out of the Author's imagination, and if they are not charming in all their parts, the Reader never imputes it to the want of sun or soil, but to the Writer's barrenness of invention. It is *Cicero's* observation on the Planetree, that makes so flourishing a figure in one of *Plato's* Dialogues, that it did not draw its nourishment from the fountain that ran by it and watered its roots, but from the richness of the stile that describes it. For my
 own

own part, as I design only to fix the scene of the following Dialogue, I shall not endeavour to give it any other ornaments than those which nature has bestowed upon it.

Philander was here enjoying the cool of the morning, among the dews that lay on every thing about him, and that gave the air such a freshness as is not a little agreeable in the hot part of the year. He had not been here long before he was joyned by *Cynthia* and *Eugenius*. *Cynthia* immediately fell upon *Philander* for breaking his night's rest. You have so filled my head, says he, with old Coins, that I have had nothing but figures and inscriptions before my eyes. If I chanced to fall into a little slumber, it was immediately interrupted with the vision of a *Caduceus* or a *Cornucopia*. You will make me believe, says *Philander*, that you begin to be reconciled to Medals. They say it is a sure sign a man loves money, when he is used to find it in his dreams. There is certainly, says *Eugenius*, something like avarice in the study of Medals. The more a man knows of them, the more he desires to know. There is one subject in particular that *Cynthia*, as well as my self, has a mind to engage you in. We would fain know how the Ancient and Modern Medals differ from one another, and which of them deserves the preference. You have a mind to engage me in a subject, says *Philander*, that is perhaps of a larger extent than you imagine. To examine it thoroughly, it would be necessary to take them in pieces, and to speak of the difference that shews it self in their Metals, in the occasion of stamping them, in the Inscriptions, and in the Figures that adorn them. Since you have divided your subject, says *Cynthia*, be so kind as to enter on it without any further preface.

We should first of all, says *Philander*, consider
the

the difference of the Metals that we find in ancient and modern Coins, but as this speculation is more curious than improving, I believe you will excuse me if I do not dwell long upon it. One may understand all the learned part of this science, without knowing whether there were Coins of iron or lead among the old *Romans*; and if a man is well acquainted with the Device of a Medal, I do not see what necessity there is of being able to tell whether the Medal itself be of copper or *Corinthian* brass. There is however so great a difference between the antique and modern Medals, that I have seen an Antiquary lick an old Coin among other trials, to distinguish the age of it by its taste. I remember when I laugh'd at him for it, he told me with a great deal of vehemence, there was as much difference between the relish of ancient and modern brass, as between an apple and a turnep. It is pity, says *Eugenius*, but they found out the Smell to of an ancient Medal. They would then be able to judge of it by all the senses. The Touch, I have heard, gives almost as good evidence as the Sight, and the ringing of a Medal is, I know, a very common experiment. But I suppose this last proof you mention relates only to such Coins as are made of your baser sorts of metal. And here, says *Philander*, we may observe the prudence of the Ancients above that of the Moderns, in the care they took to perpetuate the memory of great actions. They knew very well that silver and gold might fall into the hands of the covetous or ignorant, who would not respect them for the Device they bore, but for the Metal they were made of. Nor were their apprehensions ill founded; for it is not easily imagined how many of these noble monuments of history have perished in the goldsmiths hands, before they came to be collected together by the
lear-

learned men of these two or three last Centuries. Inscriptions, Victories, Buildings, and a thousand other pieces of antiquity were melted down in these barbarous Ages, that thought figures and letters only served to spoil the gold that was charged with them. Your Medallists look on this destruction of Coins, as on the burning of the *Alexandrian* Library, and would be content to compound for them, with almost the loss of a *Vatican*. To prevent this in some measure, the ancients placed the greatest variety of their devices on their brass and copper coins, which are in no fear of falling into the clippers hands, nor in any danger of melting till the general conflagration. On the contrary, our modern Medals are most in silver or gold, and often in a very small number of each. I have seen a golden one at *Vienna*, of *Philip* the second, that weighed two and twenty pound, which is probably singular in its kind, and will not be able to keep it self long out of the furnace when it leaves the Emperor's Treasury. I remember another in the King of *Prussia's* collection, that has in it three pound weight of gold. The Princes who struck these Medals, says *Eugenius*, seem to have designed them rather as an ostentation of their wealth, than of their virtues. They fancied probably, it was a greater honour to appear in gold than in copper, and that a Medal receives all its value from the rarity of the metal. I think the next subject you proposed to speak of, were the different Occasions that have given birth to ancient and modern Medals.

Before we enter on this particular, says *Philander*, I must tell you by way of preliminary, that formerly there was no difference between Money and Medals. An old *Roman* had his purse full of the same pieces that we now preserve in Cabinets. As soon as an Emperor had done any thing remarkable,

kable, it was immediately stamped on a Coin, and became current through his whole Dominions. It was a pretty contrivance, says *Cynthia*, to spread abroad the virtues of an Emperor, and make his actions circulate. A fresh Coin was a kind of a *Gazette*, that published the latest news of the Empire. I should fancy your *Roman* Bankers were very good Historians. It is certain, says *Eugenius*, they might find their profit and instruction mixed together. I have often wondered that no nation among the moderns has imitated the ancient *Romans* in this particular. I know no other way of securing these kinds of monuments, and making them numerous enough to be handed down to future ages. But where Statesmen are ruled by a spirit of faction & interest, they can have no passion for the glory of their country, nor any concern for the figure it will make among posterity. A man that talks of his nation's honour a thousand years hence, is in very great danger of being laughed at. We shall think, says *Cynthia*, you have a mind to fall out with the Government, because it does not encourage Medals. But were all your ancient Coins that are now in Cabinets once current money? It is the most probable opinion, says *Philander*, that they were all of them such, excepting those we call Medallions. These in respect of the other Coins were the same as modern Medals, in respect of modern money. They were exempted from all commerce, and had no other value but what was set upon them by the fancy of the owner. They are supposed to have been struck by Emperors for presents to their Friends, foreign Princes, or Ambassadors. However, that the smallness of their number might not endanger the loss of the devices they bore, the *Romans* took care generally to stamp the subject of their Medallions on their ordinary Coins that were the running cash of the nation. As if in

England we should see on our half-peny and farthing pieces ; the several designs that show themselves in their perfection on our Medals.

If we now consider, continued *Philander*, the different occasions or subjects of ancient and modern Medals, we shall find they both agree in recording the great actions and successes in war, allowing still for the different ways of making it, and the circumstances that attended it in past ages, and in the present. I shall instance one. I do not remember in any old Coin to have seen the taking of a town mentioned: as indeed there were few Conquerors could signalize themselves that way before the invention of powder and fortifications, a single battle often deciding the fate of whole kingdoms. Our modern Medals give us several sieges and plans of fortified towns, that show themselves in all their parts to a great advantage on the reverse of a Coin. It is indeed, a kind of justice, says *Eugenius*, that a Prince owes to posterity, after he has ruined or defaced a strong place, to deliver down to them a model of it as it stood whole and entire. The Coin repairs in some measure the mischiefs of his Bombs and Canons. In the next place, says *Philander*, we see both on the ancient and modern Medals the several noble pieces of Architecture that were finished at the time when the Medals were stamped. I must observe however, to the honour of the latter, that they have represented their buildings according to the rules of perspective. This I remember to have seen but in very few of the plans on ancient Coins, which makes them appear much less beautiful than the modern, especially to a mathematical eye. Thus far our two sets of Medals agree as to their subject. But old Coins go farther in their compliments to their Emperor, as they take occasion to celebrate his distinguishing Virtues; not as they

showed themselves in any particular action, but as they shone out in the general view of his character. This humour went so far, that we see *Nero's* fiddling, and *Commodus's* skill in fencing, on several of their Medals. At present, you never meet with the King of *France's* generosity, nor the Emperor's devotion recorded after this manner. Again, the *Romans* used to register the great actions of Peace that turned to the good of the people, as well as those of War. The remission of a Debt, the taking off a Duty, the giving up a Tax, the mending a Port, or the making a Highway, were not looked upon as improper subjects for a Coin. They were glad of any opportunity to encourage their Emperors in the humour of doing good, and knew very well, that many of these acts of beneficence had a wider and more lasting influence on the happiness and welfare of a people, than the gaining a Victory, or the Conquest of a nation. In *England* perhaps it would have looked a little odd, to have stamped a Medal on the abolishing of Chimney-money in the last Reign, or on the giving a hundred thousand pound a year towards the carrying on a war, in this. I find, says *Eugenius*, had we struck in with the practice of the ancient *Romans*, we should have had Medals on the fitting up our several Docks, on the making of our Rivers navigable, on the building our men of War, and the like subjects, that have certainly very well deserved them. The reason why it has been neglected, says *Philander*, may possibly be this. Our Princes have the coining of their own Medals, and perhaps may think it would look like vanity to erect so many Trophies and Monuments of praise to their own merit; whereas among the ancient *Romans*, the Senate had still a watchful eye on their Emperor, and if they found any thing in his life and actions that

that might furnish out a Medal, they did not fail of making him so acceptable an offering. 'Tis true, their flatteries betray often such a baseness of spirit, as one would little expect to find among such an order of men. And here by the way we may observe, that you never find any thing like satyr or raillery on old Coins.

Whatever victories were got on foreign enemies, or the several pretenders to the Empire obtained over one another, they are recorded on Coins without the least bitterness or reflection. The Emperors often jested on their rivals or predecessors, but their Mints still maintained their gravity. They might publish invectives against one another in their discourses or writings, but never on their Coins. Had we no other histories of the *Roman* Emperors, but those we find on their money, we should take them for the most virtuous race of Princes that mankind were ever blessed with: whereas, if we look into their lives, they appear many of them such monsters of lust and cruelty, as are almost a reproach to human nature. Medals are therefore so many compliments to an Emperor, that ascribe to him all the Virtues and Victories he himself pretended to. Were you to take from hence all your informations, you would fancy *Claudius* as great a Conqueror as *Julius Caesar*, and *Domitian* a wiser Prince than his brother *Titus*. *Tiberius* on his Coins is all Mercy and Moderation; *Caligula* and *Nero* are Fathers of their Country; *Galba* the patron of public Liberty, & *Vitellius* the restorer of the city of *Rome*. In short, if you have a mind to see the religious *Commodus*, the pious *Caracalla*, and the devout *Heliogabalus*, you may find them either in the inscription or device of their Medals. On the contrary, those of a modern make are often charged with irony and satyr. Our Kings no sooner fall out, but their mints

make war upon one another, & their malice appears on their Medals. One meets sometimes with very nice touches of Raillery; but as we have no instance of it among the ancient Coins, I shall leave you to determine, whether or no it ought to find a place there. I must confess, says *Cynthia*, I believe we are generally in the wrong, when we deviate from the ancients: because their practice is for the most part grounded upon reason. But if our fore-fathers have thought fit to be grave and serious, I hope their posterity may laugh without offence. For my part, I cannot but look on this kind of Raillery as a refinement on Medals; & do not see why there may not be some for diversion, at the same time that there are others of a more solemn and majestic nature, as a Victory may be celebrated in an Epigram as well as in an Heroic Poem. Had the ancients given place to raillery on any of their Coins, I question not but they would have been the most valued parts of a collection. Besides the entertainment we should have found in them, they would have shown us the different state of Wit, as it flourished or decayed in the several ages of the *Roman* Empire. There is no doubt, says *Philander*, but our fore-fathers, if they had pleased, could have been as witty as their posterity: but I am of opinion, they industriously avoided it on their Coins, that they might not give us occasion to suspect their sincerity. Had they run into mirth or satyr we should not have thought they had designed so much to instruct as to divert us. I have heard, says *Eugenius*, that the *Romans* stamped several Coins on the same occasion. If we follow their example, there will be no danger of deceiving posterity: since the more serious sort of Medals may serve as comments on those of a lighter character. However it is, the raillery of the Moderns cannot be worse than the flattery of the Ancients. But
hither-

hitherto you have only mentioned such Coins as were made on the Emperors; I have seen several of our own time that have been made as a compliment to private persons. There are pieces of money, says *Philander*, that during the time of the *Roman* Emperors, were coined in honour of the Senate, Army or People. I do not remember to have seen in the upper Empire the face of any private person that was not some way related to the Imperial family. *Sejanus* has indeed his Consulship mentioned on a Coin of *Tiberius*, as he has the honour to give a name to the year in which our Saviour was crucified. We are now come to the Legend or Inscription of our Medals, which as it is one of the more essential parts of them, it may deserve to be examined more at length. You have chosen a very short text to enlarge upon, says *Cynthio*: I should as soon expect to see a critique on the Poësie of a Ring, as on the Inscription of a Medal.

I have seen several modern Coins, says *Philander*, that have had part of the Legend running round the edges, like the *Decus & Tutamen* in our milled money; so that a few years will probably wear out the action that the Coin was designed to perpetuate. The ancients were too wise to register their exploits on so nice a surface. I should fancy, says *Eugenius*, the moderns may have chosen this part of the Medal for the inscription, that the figures on each side might appear to a greater advantage. I have observed in several old Coins a kind of confusion between the legend and the device. The figures and letters were so mingled together, that one would think the Coiner was hard put to it on what part of the money to bestow the several words of his inscription. You have found out something like an excuse, says *Philander*, for your milled Medals, if they carried

the whole legend on their edges. But at the same time that they are lettered on the edges, they have other inscriptions on the face and the reverse. Your modern Designers cannot contract the occasion of the Medal into an inscription that is proper to the volume they write upon: so that having scribed over both sides, they are forced, as it were, to write upon the margin. The first fault therefore that I shall find with a modern legend, is its diffusiveness. You have sometimes the whole side of a Medal over-run with it. One would fancy the Author had a design of being *Ciceronian* in his *Latin*, and of making a round period. I will give you only the reverse of a Coin stampd by the present Emperor of *Germany*, on the raising of the siege of *Vienna*. VIENNA AVSTRIAE $\frac{4}{14}$ IVLII AB ACHMETE II. OBSESSA $\frac{2}{11}$ SEPT. EX INSPERATO AB EO DESERTA EST. I should take this, says *Cynthio*, for the paragraph of a *Gazette*, rather than the inscription of a Medal. I remember you represented your ancient Coins as abridgments of history; but your modern, if there are many of them like this, should themselves be epitomized. Compare with this, says *Philander*, the brevity and comprehensiveness of those legends that appear on ancient Coins.

Salus Generis humani. Tellus stabilita. Gloria orbis Terra. Pacator Orbis. Restitutor Orbis Terrarum. Gaudium Reipublicae. Hilaritas populi Romani. Bono Reipub. nati. Roma renascens. Libertas restituta. Sæculum Aureum. Puella Faustiniæ. Rex Parthis datus. Victoria Germanica. Fides Mutua. Asia Subacta. Judæa capta. Amor mutuus. Genetrix orbis. Sideribus recepta. Genio Senatûs. Fides exercitûs. Providentia Senatûs. Restitutori Hispania. Adventui Aug. Britannia. Regna Adsignata. Adlocutio. Disciplina Augusti. Felicitas publica. Rex Armenis datus.

What

What a majesty and force does one meet with in these short Inscriptions! Are not you amazed to see so much history gathered into so small a compass? You have often the subject of a Volume in a couple of words.

If our modern Medals are so very prolix in their prose, they are every whit as tedious in their verse. You have sometimes a dull Epigram of four lines. This, says *Cynthio*, may be of great use to immortalize Punns and Quibbles, and to let posterity see their forefathers were a parcel of block-heads. A Coin, I find, may be of great use to a bad Poet. If he cannot become immortal by the goodness of his verse, he may by the durableness of the metal that supports it. I shall give you an instance, says *Philander*, from a Medal of *Gustavus Adolphus*, that will stand as an eternal monument of dullness and bravery.

Miles ego Christi, Christo duce sterno tyrannos,

Hereticos simul & calco meis pedibus.

Parcere Christicolis me, debellare feroces

Papicolas Christus dux meus en animat.

It is well, says *Cynthio*, you tell us this is a Medal of the Great *Gustavus*: I should have taken it for some one of his Gothic Predecessors. Does it not bring into your mind *Alexander* the Great's being accompanied with a *Charilus* in his *Persian* expedition? If you are offended at the homeliness of this inscription, says *Philander*, what would you think of such as have neither sense nor grammar in them? I assure you I have seen the face of many a great Monarch hemmed in with false *Latin*. But it is not only the stupidity and tediousness of these Inscriptions that I find fault with; supposing them of a moderate length and proper sense, why

must they be in verse? We should be surprized to see the title of a serious book in rhyme, yet it is every whit as ridiculous to give the subject of a Medal in a piece of an hexameter. This however is the practice of our modern Medallists. If you look into the ancient Inscriptions, you see an air of simplicity in the words, but a great magnificence in the thought; on the contrary, in your modern Medals you have generally a trifling thought wrapt up in the beginning or end of an heroic verse. Where the sense of an Inscription is low, it is not in the power of *Dactyls* and *Spondees* to raise it; where it is noble, it has no need of such affected ornaments. I remember a Medal of *Philip* the second, on *Charles le Quint's* resigning to him the Kingdom of *Spain*, with this Inscription; *Ut Quiescat Atlas*. The Device is a *Hercules* with the Sphere on his shoulders. Notwithstanding the thought is poetical, I dare say you would think the beauty of the Inscription very much lost, had it been ———— *requiescat ut Atlas*. To instance a Medal of our own nation. After the conclusion of the peace with *Holland*, there was one stamp with the following Legend ———— *Redeant Commercia Flandris*. The thought is here great enough, but in my opinion it would have looked much greater in two or three words of prose. I think truly, says *Eugenius*, it is ridiculous enough to make the Inscription run like a piece of a verse, when it is not taken out of an old Author. But I would fain have your opinion on such Inscriptions as are borrowed from the *Latin* Poets. I have seen several of this sort that have been very prettily applied, and I fancy when they are chosen with art, they should not be thought unworthy of a place in your Medals

Which ever side I take, says *Philander*, I am like to have a great party against me. Those who

who have formed their relish on old Coins, will by no means allow of such an innovation ; on the contrary , your men of wit will be apt to look on it as an improvement on ancient Medals. You will oblige us however to let us know what kind of rules you would have observed in the choice of your quotations , since you seem to lay a stress on their being chosen with art. You must know then , says *Eugenius* , I do not think it enough that a quotation tells us plain matter of fact , unless it has some other accidental ornaments to set it off. Indeed if a great action that seldom happens in the course of human affairs , is exactly described in the passage of an old Poet , it gives the Reader a very agreeable surprize , and may therefore deserve a place on a Medal.

Again , if there is more than a single circumstance of the action specified in the quotation , it pleases a man to see an old exploit copied out as it were by a Modern , and running parallel with it in several of its particulars.

In the next place , when the quotation is not only apt , but has in it a turn of wit or satyr , it is still the better qualified for a Medal , as it has a double capacity of pleasing.

But there is no Inscription fitter for a Medal , in my opinion , than a quotation that besides its aptness has something in it lofty and sublime : for such a one strikes in with the natural greatness of the soul , and produces a high idea of the person or action it celebrates , which is one of the principal designs of a Medal.

It is certainly very pleasant , says *Eugenius* , to see a verse of an old Poet , revolting as it were from its original sense , and siding with a modern subject. But then it ought to do it willingly of its own accord , without being forced to it by any change in the words , or the punctuation : for

when this happens, it is no longer the verse of an ancient Poet, but of him that has converted it to his own use.

You have, I believe, by this time exhausted your subject, says *Philander*; and I think the criticisms you have made on the poetical quotations that we so often meet with in our modern Medals, may be very well applied to the Mottos of books, and other Inscriptions of the same nature. But before we quit the Legends of Medals, I cannot but take notice of a kind of wit that flourishes very much on many of the modern, especially those of *Germany*, when they represent in the Inscription the year in which they were coined. As to mention to you another of *Gustaphus Adolphus*. CHRISTVS DVX ERGO TRIVMPHVS. If you take the pains to pick out the figures from the several words, and range them in their proper order, you will find they amount to 1627, the year in which the Medal was coined; for do not you observe some of the letters distinguish themselves from the rest, and top it over their fellows? these you must consider in a double capacity, as letters or as cyphers. Your laborious *German* Wits will turn you over a whole Dictionary for one of these ingenious devices. You would fancy perhaps they were searching after an apt classical term, but instead of that, they are looking out a word that has an L. an M. or a D. in it. When therefore you see any of these Inscriptions, you are not so much to look in them for the thought, as for the year of the Lord. There are foreign Universities where this kind of wit is so much in vogue, that as you praise a man in *England* for being an excellent Philosopher or Poet, it is an ordinary character among them to be a great Chronogrammatist. These are probably, says *Cynthia*, some of those mild provinces of Acrostic land, that Mr.

Dry-

Dryden has assigned to his Anagrams, Wings and Altars. We have now done, I suppose, with the Legend of a Medal. I think you promised us in the next place to speak of the Figures.

As we had a great deal of talk on this part of a Coin, replied *Philander*, in our discourse on the usefulness of ancient Medals, I shall only just touch on the chief heads wherein the ancient & the modern differ. In the first place, the *Romans* always appear in the proper dress of their country, insomuch that you see the little variations of the Mode in the drapery of the Medal. They would have thought it ridiculous to have drawn an Emperor of *Rome* in a *Grecian* Cloak or a *Phrygian* Mitre. On the contrary, our modern Medals are full of *Toga's* and *Tunica's*, *Trabea's* and *Paludamentums*, with a multitude of the like antiquated garments, that have not been in fashion these thousand years. You see very often a King of *Engeland* or *France* dressed up like a *Julius Caesar*. One would think they had a mind to pass themselves upon posterity for *Roman* Emperors. The same observation may run through several customs and religions, that appear in our ancient and modern Coins. Nothing is more usual than to see Allusions to *Roman* customs and ceremonies on the Medals of our own nation. Nay very often they carry the figure of a heathen God. If posterity takes its notions of us from our Medals, they must fancy one of our Kings paid a great devotion to *Minerva*, that another was a professed worshipper of *Apollo*, or at best that our whole religion was a mixture of Paganism and Christianity. Had the old *Romans* been guilty of the same extravagance, there would have been so great a confusion in their Antiquities, that their Coins would not have had half the uses we now find in them. We ought to look on Medals as so many monuments consigned over to Eternity, that may possibly

sibly last when all other memorials of the same Age are worn out or lost. They are a kind of present that those who are actually in being make over to such as lie hid within the depths of futurity. Were they only designed to instruct the three or four succeeding generations, they are in no great danger of being misunderstood: but as they may pass into the hands of a posterity, that lie many removes from us, and are like to act their part in the world, when its governments, manners, and religions, may be quite altered; we ought to take a particular care not to make any false reports in them, or to charge them with any Devices that may look doubtful or unintelligible.

I have lately seen, says *Eugenius*, a Medallic history of the present King of *France*. One might expect, methinks, to see the medals of that nation in the highest perfection, when there is a society pensioned and set apart on purpose for the designing of them.

We will examine them, if you please, says *Philander*, in the light that our foregoing observations have set them: but on this condition, that you do not look on the faults I find in them any more than my own private opinion. In the first place then, I think it is impossible to learn from the *French* Medals either the religion, custom, or habits of the *French* nation. You see on some of them the Cross of our Saviour, and on others *Hercules's* Club. In one you have an Angel, and in another a *Mercury*. I fancy, says *Cynthia*, posterity would be as much puzzled on the religion of *Louis le Grand*, were they to learn it from his Medals, as we are at present on that of *Constantine* the Great. It is certain, says *Philander*, there is the same mixture of Christian and Pagan in their Coins; nor is there a less confusion in their customs. For example, what relation is there between the figure of a Bull, and the planting

ting of a *French* colony in *America*? The *Romans* made use of this type in allusion to one of their own customs at the sending out of a colony: but for the *French*, a Ram, a Hog, or an Elephant, would have been every whit as significant an emblem. Then can any thing be more unnatural than to see a King of *France* dressed like an Emperor of *Rome*, with his arms stripped up to the elbows, a Laurel on his head, and a *Chlamys* over his shoulders? I fancy, says *Eugenius*, the society of Medallists would give you their reasons for what they have done. You your self allow the Legend to be *Latin*, and why may not the customs and ornaments be of the same country as the language? especially since they are all of them so universally understood by the learned. I own to you, says *Philander*, if they only design to deliver down to posterity the several parts of their Great Monarch's history, it is no matter for the other circumstances of a Medal; but I fancy it would be as great a pleasure and instruction for future ages, to see the Dresses and Customs of their ancestors, as their Buildings and Victories. Besides, I do not think they have always chosen a proper occasion for a Medal. There is one struck, for example, on the *English* failing in their attempts on *Dunkirk*, when in the last reign they endeavoured to blow up a Fort, and bombard the town. What have the *French* here done to boast of? A Medal however you have with this inscription, DVNKIRKA ILLÆSA. Not to cavil at the two K's in *Dunkirka*, or the impropriety of the word *Illæsa*, the whole Medal, in my opinion, tends not so much to the honour of the *French* as of the *English*,

quos opimus

Fallere & effugere est triumphus.

I could mention a few other faults, or at least what I take for such. But at the same time must be forced to allow, that this Series of Medals is the most perfect of any among the moderns, in the beauty of the work, the aptness of the Device, and the propriety of the Legend. In these and other particulars, the *French* Medals come nearer the ancients than those of any other country, as indeed it is to this nation we are indebted for the best lights that have been given to the whole science in general.

I must not here forget to mention the Medalic history of the Popes, where there are many Coins of an excellent workmanship, as I think they have none of those faults that I have spoken of in the preceding sett. They are always *Roman-Catholic* in the Device and in the Legend, which are both of them many times taken out of the holy Scriptures, and therefore not unsuitable to the character of the Prince they represent. Thus when *Innocent XI.* lay under terrible apprehensions of the *French* King, he put out a Coin, that on the reverse of it had a ship tossed on the waves to represent the Church. Before it, was the figure of our Saviour walking on the waters, and *St. Peter* ready to sink at his feet. The inscription, if I remember, was in *Latin*. *Help Lord, or else I perish.* This puts me in mind, says *Cynthio*, of a pasquinade, that at the same time was fixed up at *Rome*. *Ad Galli cantum Petrus flet.* But methinks, under this head of the figures on ancient and modern Coins, we might expect to hear your opinion on the difference that appears in the workmanship of each. You must know then, say *Philander*, that till about the end of the third century, when there was a general decay in all the arts of designing, I do not remember to have seen the head of a *Roman* Emperor drawn with a full face. They always ap-

appear in *profil*, to use a *French* term of art, which gives us the view of a head, that, in my opinion, has something in it very majestic, and at the same time suits best with the dimensions of a Medal. Besides that it shows the nose and eyebrows, with the several prominencies and fallings in of the features, much more distinctly than any other kind of figure. In the lower Empire you have abundance of broad *Gothic* faces, like so many full Moons on the side of a Coin. Among the moderns too, we have of both sorts, though the finest are made after the antique. In the next place, you find the figures of many ancient Coins rising up in a much more beautiful *relief* than those on the modern. This too is a beauty that fell with the grandeur of the *Roman* Emperors; so that you see the face sinking by degrees in the several declensions of the Empire, till about *Constantine's* time it lies almost even with the surface of the Medal. After this it appears so very plain and uniform, that one would think the Coiner look'd on the flatness of a figure as one of the greatest beauties in sculpture. I fancy, says *Eugenius*, the Sculptors of that age had the same relish as a *Greek* Priest that was buying some religious pictures at *Venice*. Among others he was shown a noble piece of *Titian*. The priest having well survey'd it, was very much scandalized at the extravagance of the *relief*, as he termed it. You know, says he, our religion forbids all idolatry; we admit of no Images but such as are drawn on a smooth surface: The figure you have here shown me, stands so much out to the eye, that I would no sooner suffer it in my Church than a Statue. I could recommend your *Greek* Priest, says *Philander*, to abundance of celebrated Painters on this side of the *Alps* that would not fail to please him. We must own however, that the figures on several of our modern Medals are raised

raised and rounded to a very great perfection. But if you compare them in this particular with the most finished among the ancients, your men of art declare univerrally for the latter.

Cynthio and *Eugenius*, though they were well pleased with *Philander's* discourse, were glad however to find it at an end: for the Sun began to gather strength upon them, and had pierced the shelter of their walks in several places. *Philander* had no sooner done talking, but he grew sensible of the heat himself, and immediately proposed to his friends the retiring to his lodgings, and getting a thicker shade over their heads. They both of them very readily closed with the proposal, and by that means give me an opportunity of finishing my Dialogue.



THREE SETTS OF MEDALS

Illustrated by the

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In the foregoing DIALOGUES.

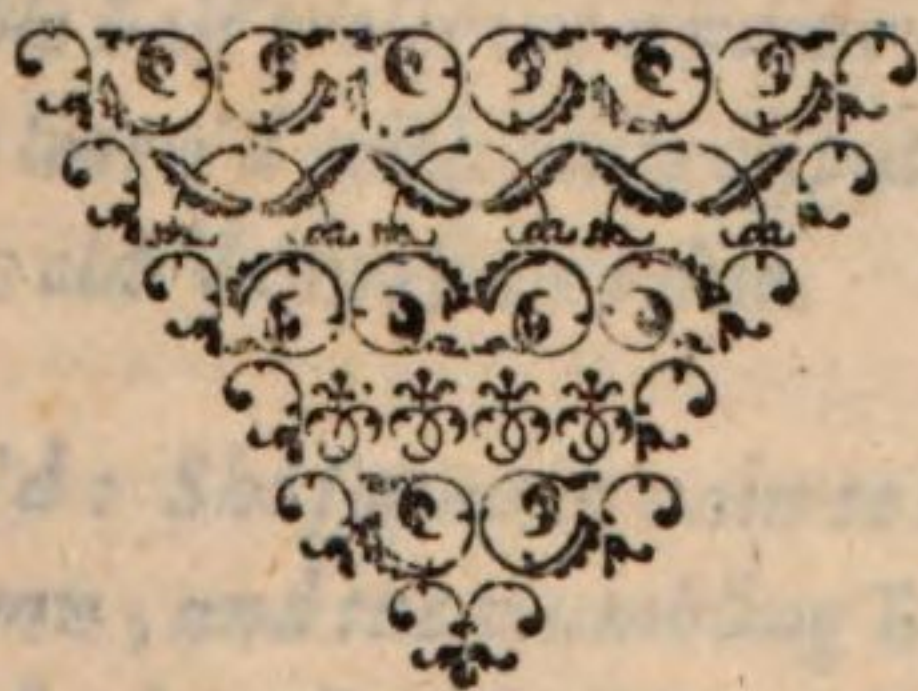
—————decipit

Frons prima multos ; rara mens intelligit

Interiori condidit quæ cura angulo. Phædr.

Multa Poetarum veniet manus, auxilio quæ

Sit mihi————— Hor.



Printed in the Year M. DCC. XXII.

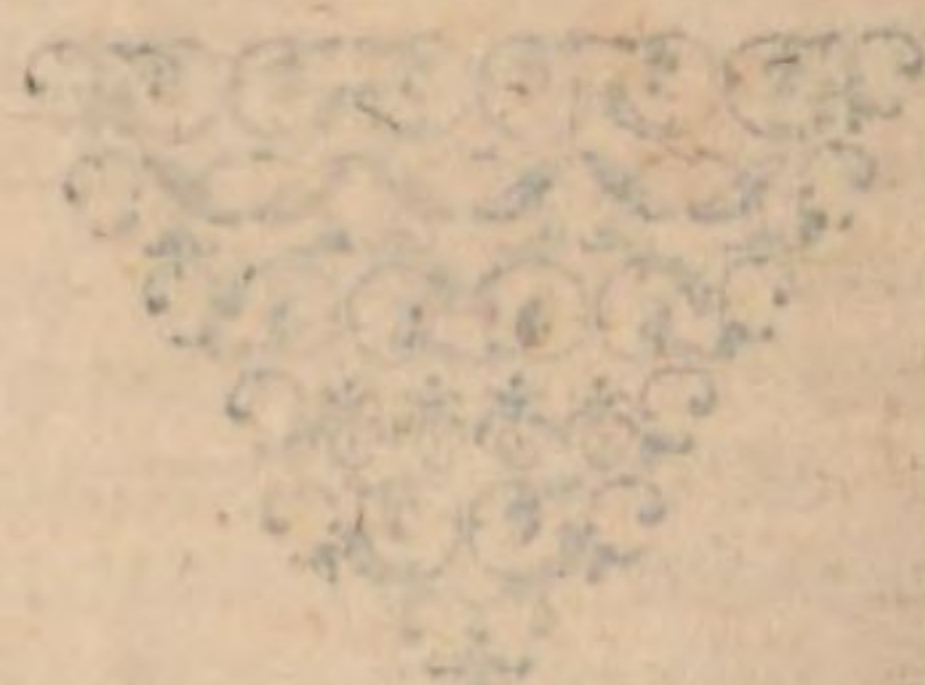
THREE SETS OF

MEDALS

ANCIENT POTTS

In the foregoing DIALOGUES

Prosa prima mutor; et sic sunt ista
Interius cordis que sunt agula.
Alia Porcum dicitur etiam, etiam
Et mibi



Printed in the Year M. DCC. XXII



V E R S E S

OCCASIONED BY

Mr. ADDISON's Treatise of

M E D A L S.

SE E the wild waste of all-devouring years!
How Rome her own sad sepulchre appears:
With nodding arches, broken Temples spread!
The very tombs now vanish'd like their dead!
Some felt the silent stroke of mould'ring age;
Some, hostile fury, some, religious rage;
Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal conspire,
And Papal piety, and Gothick fire.
Perhaps by its own ruins sav'd from flame,
Some bury'd marble half preserves a name;
That Name, the learn'd with fierce disputes pursue,
And give to Titus old Vespasian's due.

Ambition sigh'd: She found it vain to trust
The faithless Column, and the crumbling Bust;
Huge moles whose shadow stretch'd from shore to shore,
Their ruins perish'd, and their place no more!

Convinc'd, she now contracts her vast design ;
 And all her triumphs shrink into a Coin.
 A narrow orb each crowded conquest keeps ;
 Beneath her Palm here sad Judæa weeps : 20
 Now scantier limits the proud Arch confine ,
 And scarce are seen the prostrate Nile and Rhine :
 A smal Euphrates thro' the piece is roll'd ;
 And little Eagles wave their wings in Gold.

The Medal, faithful to its charge of fame , 25
 Thro' climes and ages bears each form and name:
 In one short view, subjected to our eye ,
 Gods, Emp'rors, Heroes, Sages, Beauties lye.
 With sharpen'd sight pale Antiquaries pore ,
 Th' Inscription value, but the Rust adore : 30
 This, the blue vernish, that, the green endears ,
 The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years.
 To gain Pescennius one employs his schemes ;
 One grasps a Cecrops in extatic dreams.
 Poor Vadius, long with learned spleen devour'd, 35
 Can taste no pleasure since his Shield was scour'd ;
 And Curio, restless by the fair one's side ,
 Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his Bride.

Theirs is the vanity, the learning thine.
 Touch'd by thy hand, again Rome's glories shine : 40
 Her Gods, and godlike Heroes rise to view ,
 And all her faded garlands bloom anew.
 Nor blush, these studies thy regard engage ;
 These pleas'd the Fathers of poetic rage ;
 The Verse and Sculpture bore an equal part , 45
 And Art reflected images to Art.

Oh when shall Britain, conscious of her claim,
 Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame?
 In living Medals see her wars onroll'd,
 And vanquish'd realms supply recording Gold? 50
 Here, rising bold, the Patriot's honest face;
 There Warriors frowning in historic brass.
 Then future ages with delight shall see,
 How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's looks agree:
 Or in fair series laurel'd Bards be shown, 55
 A Virgil there, and here an Addison.
 Then shall thy Craggs (and let me call him mine)
 On the cast ore, another Pollio, shine;
 With aspect open shall erect his head,
 And round the orb in lasting notes be read. 60
 " Statesman, yet friend to truth! in soul sincere,
 " In action faithful, and in honour clear;
 " Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
 " Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend;
 " Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd, 65
 " And prais'd, unenvy'd, by the Muse he lov'd.

A. POPE.



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Pl. I.

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Pl. II.

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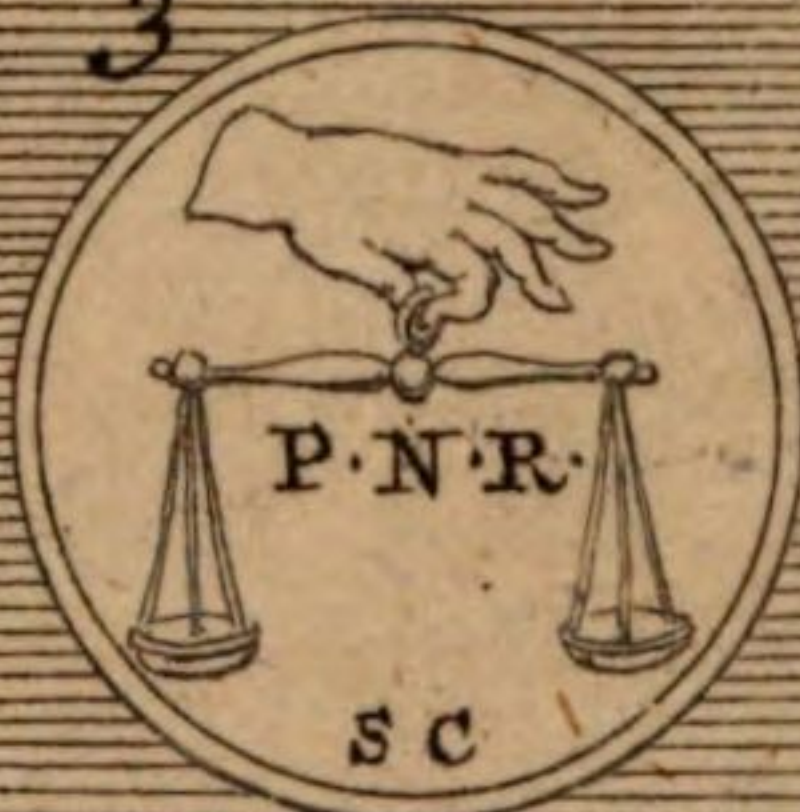
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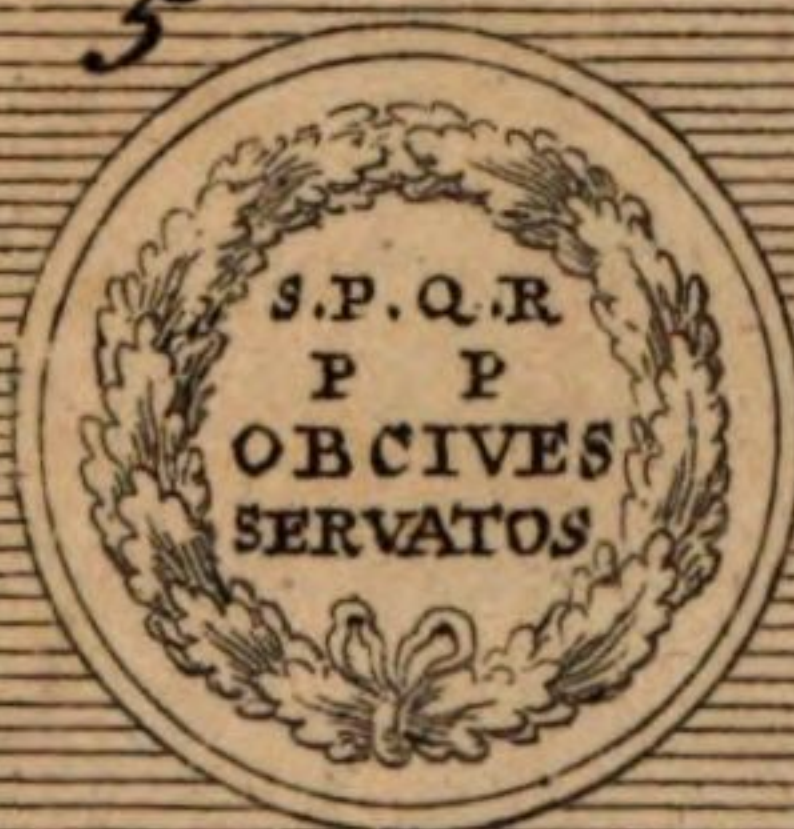
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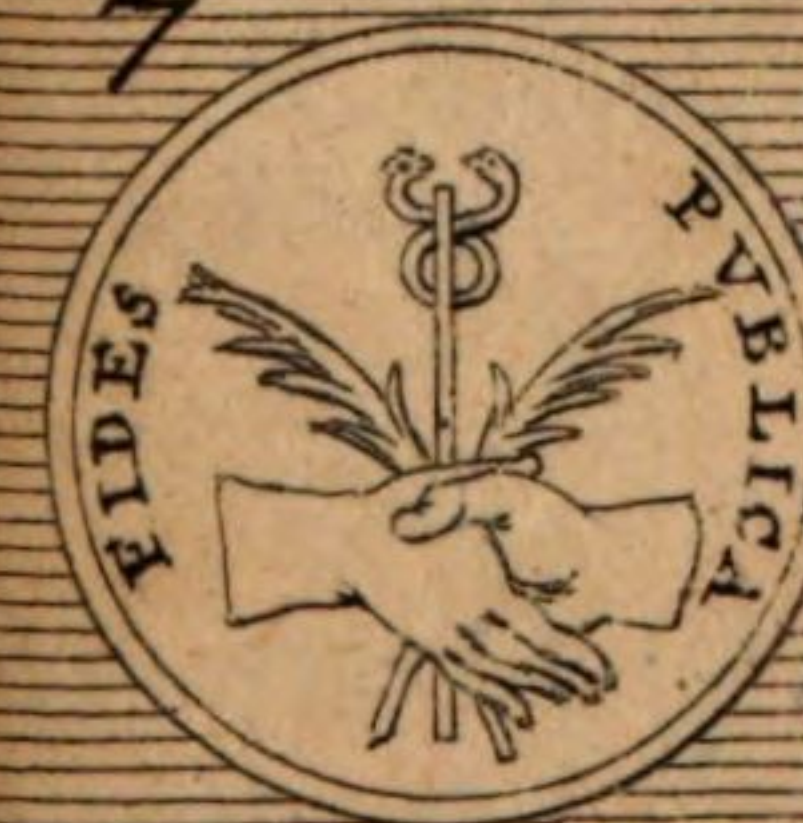
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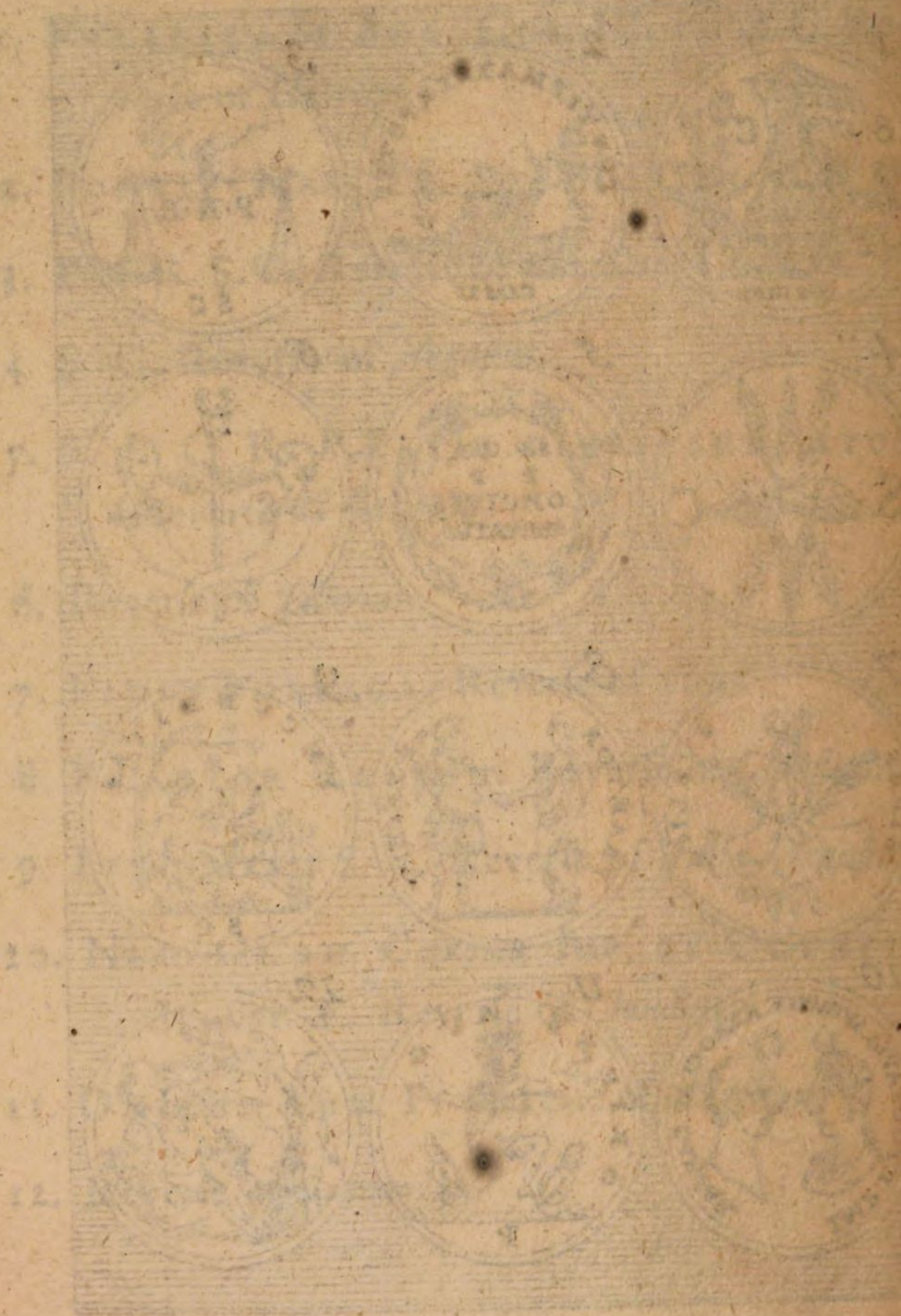


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14. Principal Investment. S. C. P. T. R. Revenue of Commerce.

15. M. Cato. I. V. T. T. A. C. U. S. I. V. L. L. E. V. L. L. E. X. C. C. A. Revenue of Commerce.

16. T. R. P. V. L. I. M. P. I. I. C. O. S. V. P. P. S. C. Revenue of Commerce.

17. T. R. P. V. I. M. P. I. I. C. O. S. H. V. T. P. S. C. Revenue of Commerce.

18. P. A. X. A. R. G. S. C. Revenue of Commerce.

19. I. M. P. V. I. I. C. O. S. H. P. P. S. C. Revenue of Commerce.

20. I. M. P. V. I. I. C. O. S. H. P. P. S. C. Revenue of Commerce.

21. Revenue of Commerce.

22. T. R. P. V. I. I. C. O. S. H. P. P. S. C. Revenue of Commerce.

23. D. I. V. I. D. U. S. A. U. G. U. S. T. U. S. P. A. T. A. R. Coined under

24. C. O. S. H. I. I. S. C. Revenue of Commerce.

The Second S E R I E S

13. GLORIA EXERCITUS. E. S. I. S. Reverse
of *Constantine*.
14. PRINCIPI JUVENTUTIS. S. C. P. T. R.
Reverse of *Constantine*.
15. M. CATO. L. VETTIACUS II VIR. LEG. IV.
LEG. VI. LEG. X. C. C. A. Reverse of
Tiberius.
16. TR. P. VII. IMP. III. COS. V. P. P. S. C.
Reverse of *Trajan*.
17. TR. POT. V. IMP. III. COS. II. V. P. P. S. C.
Reverse of *Lucius Verus*.
18. PAX AUG. S. C. Reverse of *Vespasian*.
19. IMP. VIII. COS. III. P. P. S. C. }
DE GERMANIS } Reverses
20. IMP. VIII. COS. III. P. P. S. C. } of *Marcus*
DE SARMATIS } *Aurelius*.
21. Reverse of *Trajan*.
22. TR. POT. XIII. P. P. COS. II. Reverse of
M. Aurelius.
23. DIVUS AUGUSTUS PATER. Coined under
Tiberius.
24. COS. III. S. C. Reverse of *Antoninus Pius*.

of MEDALS.

Pl. IV.

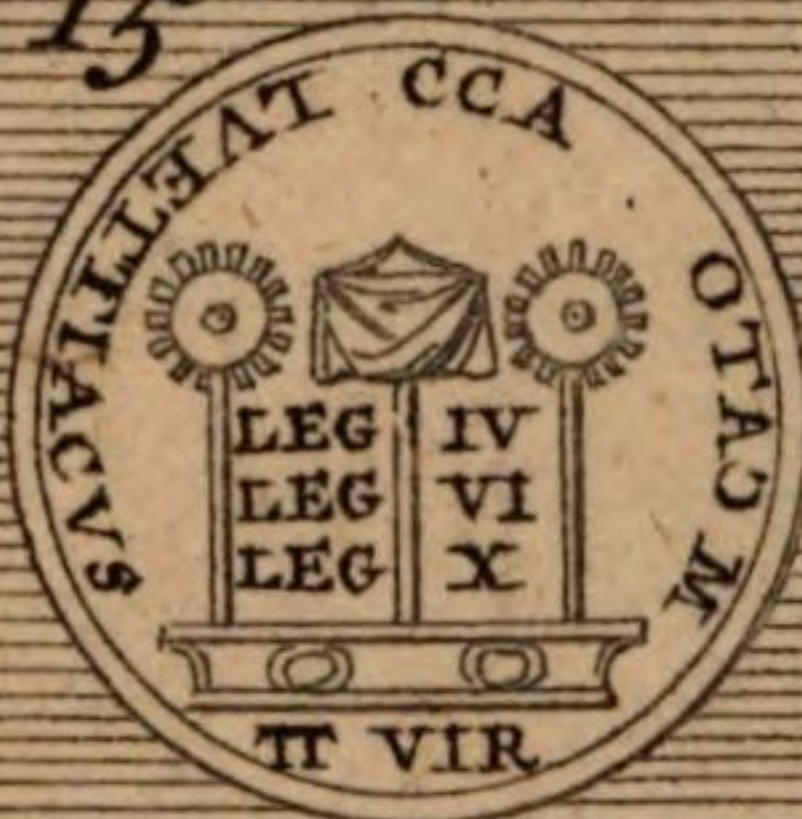
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14



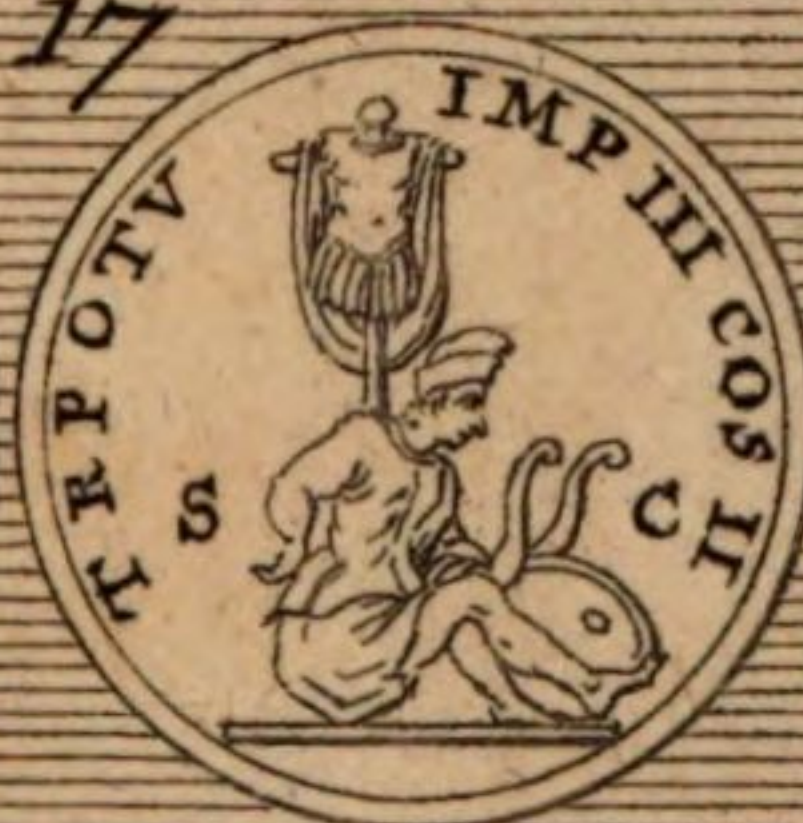
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17



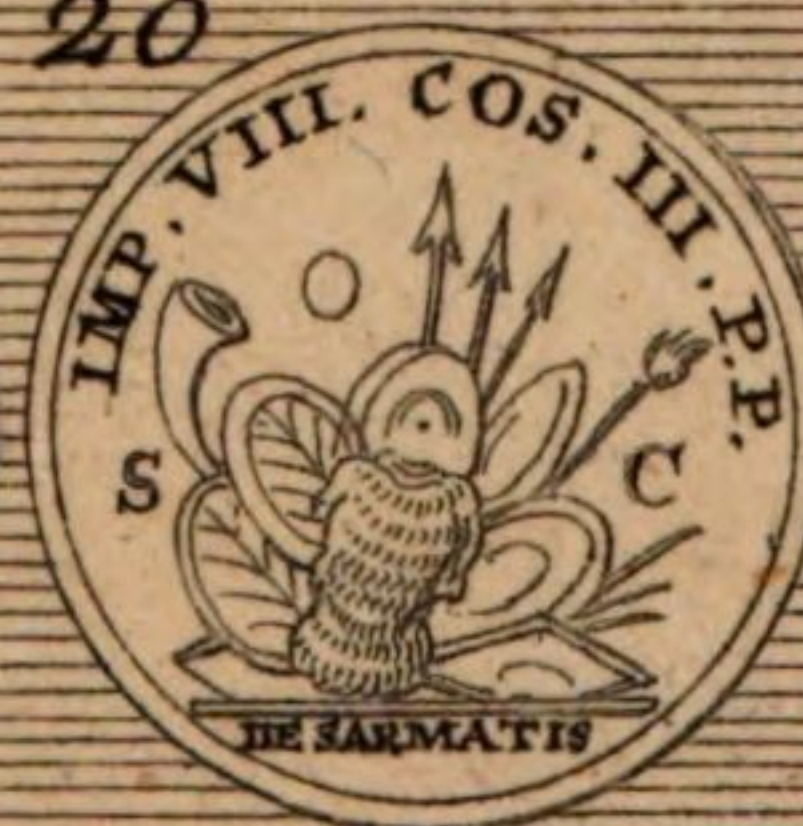
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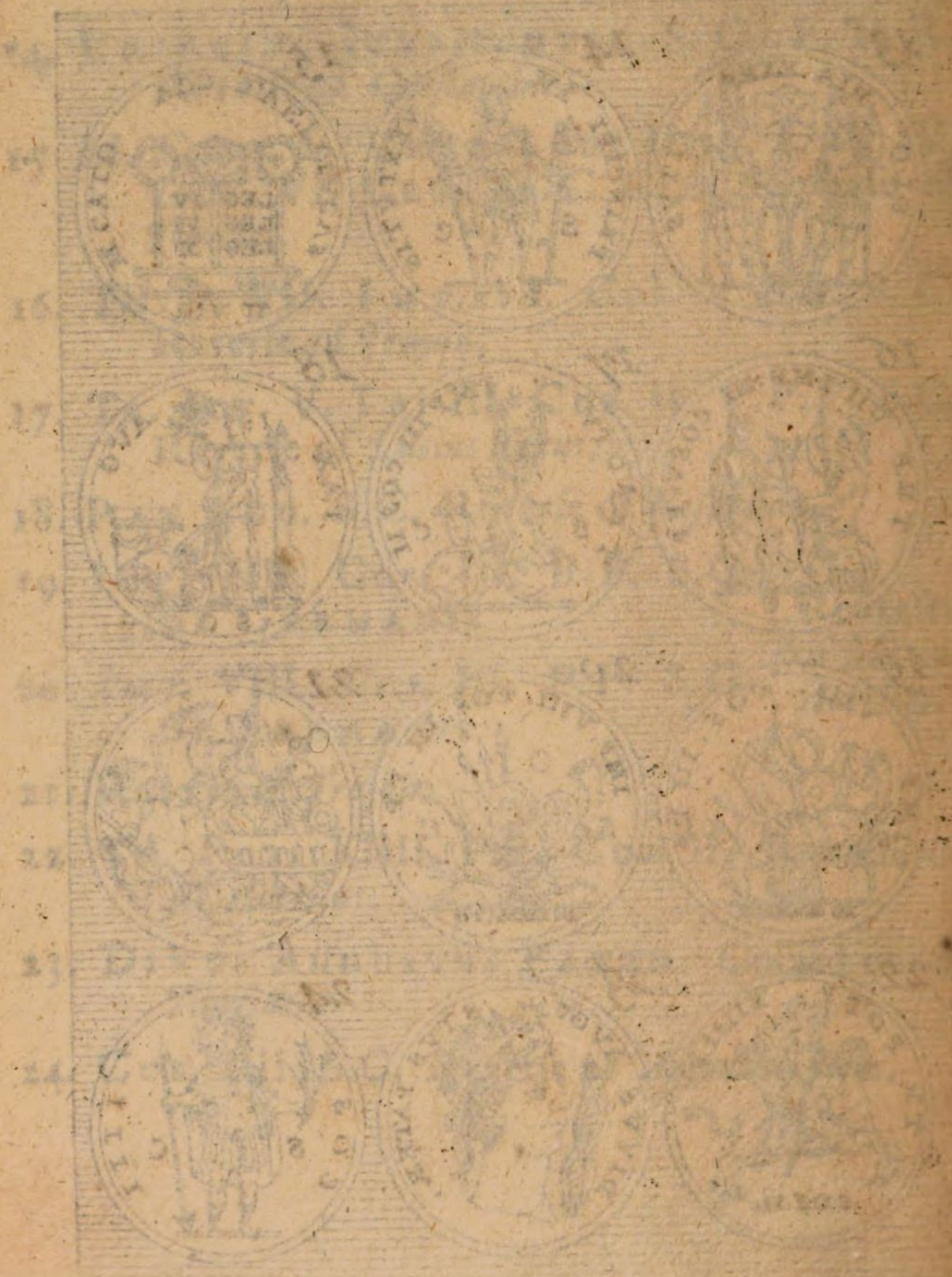


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MEDALS

THE MEDALS OF THE
ROYAL SOCIETY



1. THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION

2. THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

3. THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

4. THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

5. THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

6. THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

7. THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

8. THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

9. THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

The third S E R I E S

1. FELIX ADVENT. AUG. G.N.N. PEN. Reverse of *Dioclesian*.
2. AFRICA. S. C. Reverse of *Septimius Severus*.
3. AFRICA. S. C. Reverse of *Adrian*.
4. AEGIPTOS. S. C. Reverse of *Adrian*.
5. MAURETANIA. S. C. Reverse of *Adrian*.
6. HISPANIA. S. C. Reverse of *Adrian*.
7. ADVENTUI AUG. GALLIAE. S. C. Reverse of *Adrian*.
8. ITALIA. S. C. Reverse of *Antoninus Pius*.
9. ROMA. S. C. Reverse of *Nero*.

of MEDALS.

Pl. V.

1



2



3



4



5



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7



8



9



THE NEW S. H. I. S.

1. RESISTANCE AGAINST S. C. REVENUE OF

ARMY

2. IMPERIAL S. C. BRITANNIA, REVENUE OF

ARMY

3. RESISTANCE AGAINST S. C. REVENUE OF

ARMY

4. JUDICIAL S. C. REVENUE OF

5. VICTORIA AUGUSTA S. C. REVENUE OF

ARMY

6. PARTIAL S. C. REVENUE OF

ARMY

7. ANTIQUITY S. C. REVENUE OF

8. STATISTICAL S. C. REVENUE OF

ARMY

9. S. P. O. S. C. REVENUE OF

ARMY

The third S E R I E S

10. RESTITUTORI ACHAEA. S.C. Reverse of
Adrian.

11. IMPERAT. S. C. BRITANNIA. Reverse of
Antoninus Pius.

12. RESTITUTORI SICILIAE. S. C. Reverse
of *Adrian.*

13. JUDEA CAPTA. S.C. Reverse of *Vespasian.*

14. VICTORIA AUGUSTI. S. C. Reverse of
Vespasian.

15. PARTHIA. S.C. Cos. II. Reverse of *Anto-*
ninus Pius.

16. ANTIOCHIA.

17. ΘΥΑΤΕΙΡΗΝΩΝ. Κ. ΣΜΥΡΝ. ΣΤΡ. Τ. ΦΑΒ. ΑΛ. ΑΠΟΛΛ-
ΛΙΝΑΡΙΟΥ, Reverse of *Marc. Aurelius.*

18. S.P.Q.R. OPTIMO PRINCIPI. S.C. ARAB-
APQ. Reverse of *Trajan.*

of MEDALS.

Pl. VI.

10



11



12



13



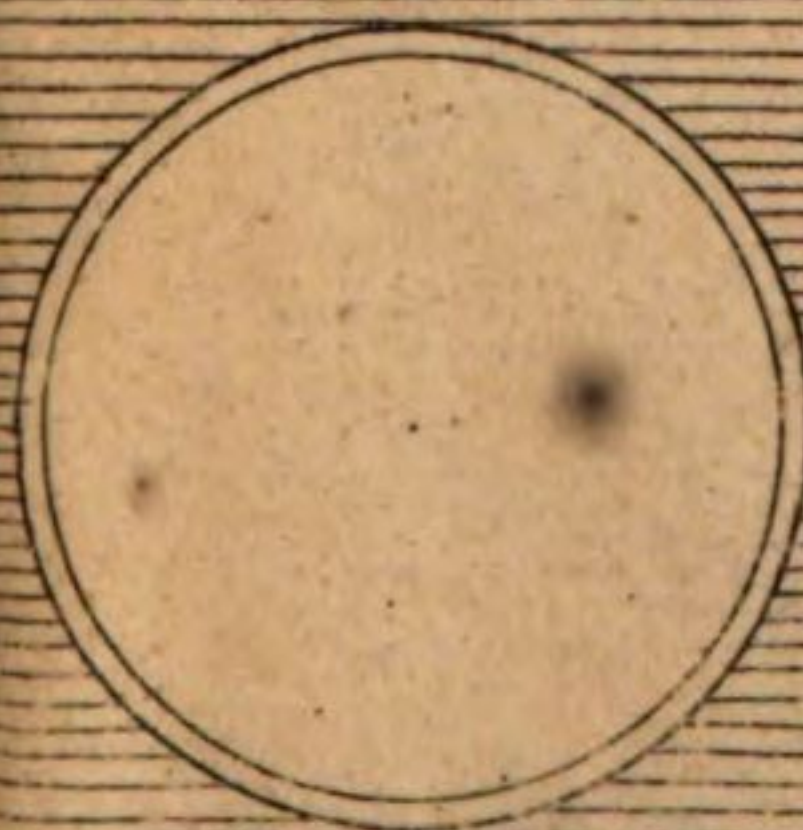
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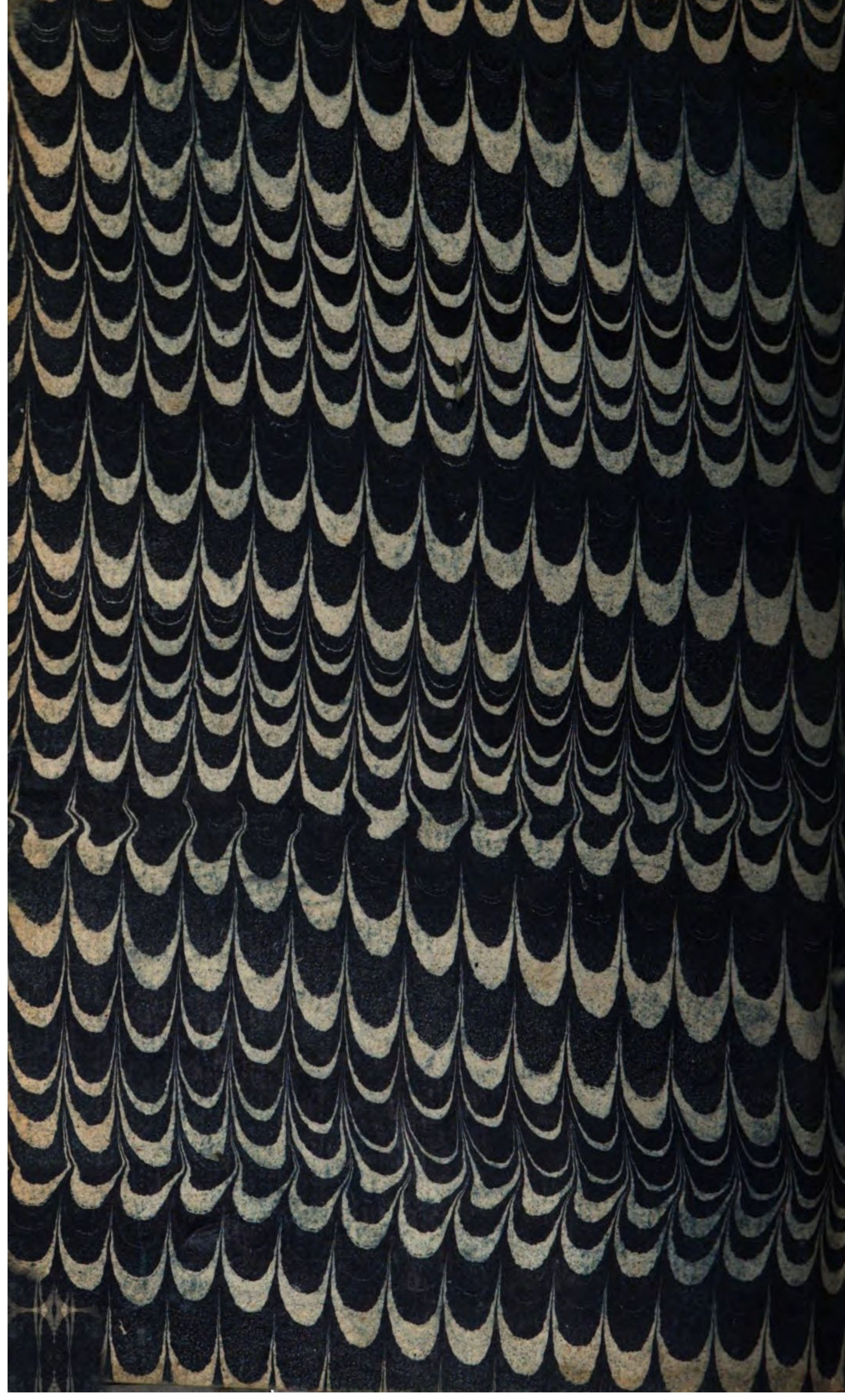
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OF MEDALS

M. N.







Addison, Joseph, 1672-1719

The Works Of The Right Honourable Joseph Addison, Esq

Bd.: 2.

London 1722

Opp. 582 z-2

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